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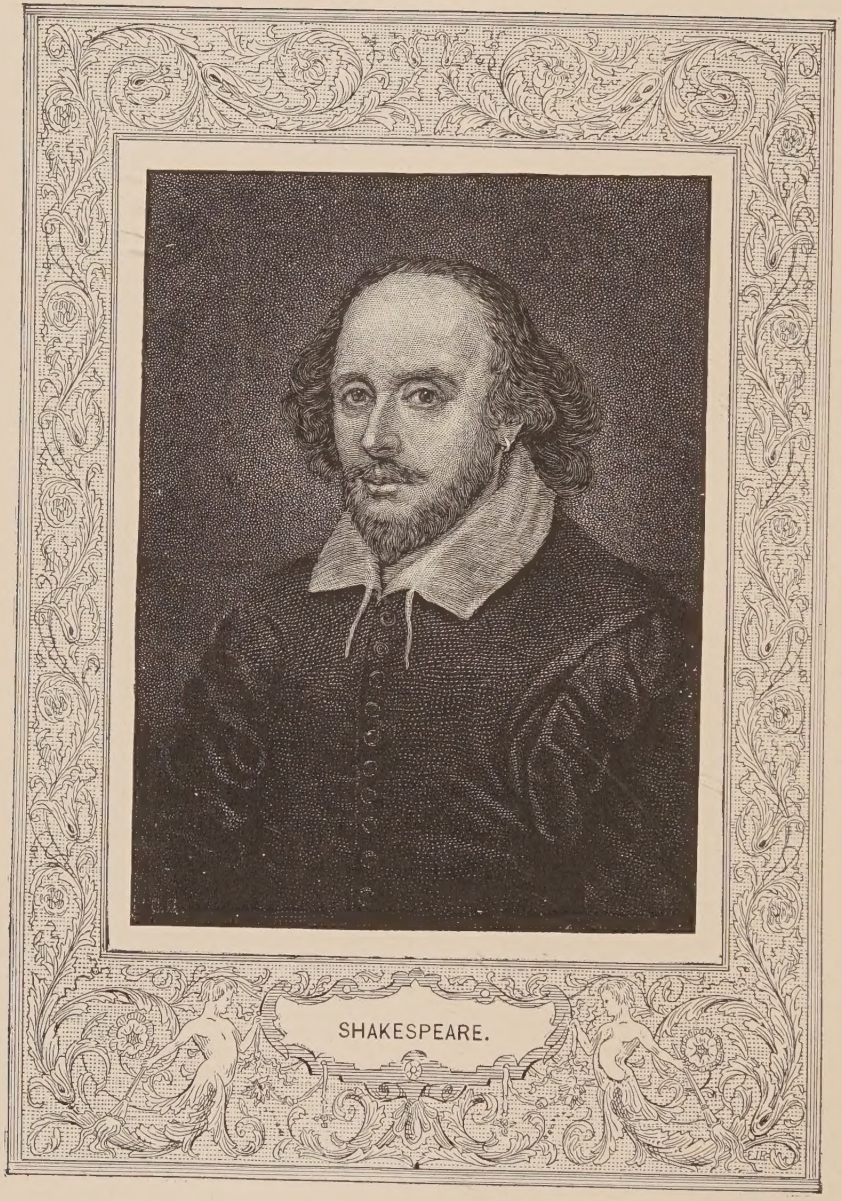

SHAKESPEARE.

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VOL. XXII

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HANS SACHS

(1494–1576)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

BETWEEN the brilliant age of Walther von der Vogelweide and the classic period of Goethe, the most national as well as the most winsome figure in the annals of German literature is Hans Sachs. He was a complete abstract of what his time actually contained, although he lacked the prophetic vision to see that he was living at the dawn of a new era. He represented the sixteenth century, and combined in himself all the homely virtues and amiable limitations of the burghers, who constituted the democracy in which the modern world took its rise. He was born on November 5th, 1494, at Nuremberg. His father was a tailor, and from the first Hans was destined for a trade. In his seventh year, nevertheless, he was sent to a Latin school, and passed through a rigid course of instruction. The knowledge thus acquired kept alive his sympathy with the Humanists, although he was himself deflected into the intellectually reactionary movement of Luther. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and it was from a linen-weaver that he received his first lessons in the mastersinger's art. In 1511 he went forth upon his travels as a journeyman; but upon his return five years later he settled in his native town, and there lived to celebrate his eighty-first birthday. He died on January 19th, 1576. During these sixty years he seems never to have left Nuremberg. His life ran the honorable, uneventful course of a citizen diligent in business and prosperous. He became master in his guild in 1517. In 1519 he married Kunigunde Kreuzer, who was so entirely a woman of human mold that in 'The Bitter-Sweet of Wedded Life,' Sachs is obliged to describe her by antitheses,—she was all things to him, at once his woe and weal; but the simple pathos of his sorrow when she died, in 1560, is very touching. Untrue, however, to the cautious principles

HANS SACHS

that Wagner has put into his mouth, the real Sachs married, one year and a half after his first wife's death, a widow of twenty-seven, whose charms he celebrates in song with refreshing frankness. He was then a hale and healthy man of sixty-eight. He continued to write with unremitting energy until 1573. His mastersongs numbered between four and five thousand; of tales and farces there were some seventeen hundred, besides two hundred and eight dramas. These writings filled thirty-four manuscript volumes, of which twenty have been preserved. Three volumes of a handsome folio edition of his complete works appeared before his death, and two more afterwards. This in itself is an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. No citizen of Nuremberg except Dürer ever won more honorable distinction in the annals of that ancient city than

«Hans Sachs, the Shoe-
Maker and Poet, too.»

The rise of cities, and of the bourgeoisie, had placed Germany in the front rank of commercial nations. For the products of the Orient, coming by way of Venice to the west, Nuremberg had become the mart and dépôt. With material wealth came luxury for merchants as well as nobles, and a higher cultivation in the arts of living. Through the Humanistic movement and the Reformation, Germany also assumed the spiritual leadership of Europe. Everywhere there was a deepening of the national consciousness. Of all these elements in their clearest manifestations, Hans Sachs was the representative. He was the type of the well-to-do, patriarchal citizen of the wealthiest among German cities. He had had glimpses of the austere charms of scholarship, and had himself translated Reuchlin's 'Henno' and Macropedius's 'Hecastus.' The Humanists therefore, although their successors despised the cobbler-bard, spoke to him in an intelligible tongue. And he stood in the forefront of the Reformation. Finally, Sachs was wholly and quintessentially German. In him that «incomprehensible century» found its most complete and characteristic expression.

And yet, although it was in the full flower of that municipal democracy that the seed of our modern civilization lay, Hans Sachs was a mediæval man. It is in this respect that he, and even Luther, were inferior to men like Dürer, Hutten, and Reuchlin. The Reformation was a matter of ecclesiastical administration: it marked no important intellectual advance. The man of the sixteenth century was interested in the Here and Now; he delighted in his daily life, and it presented no problems; theology was accepted as a fact, and no questions were asked. It was only in the souls of the Humanists that the future lay mirrored; and it was through them that the revival of the

eighteenth century was made possible. Sachs was the last of a passing generation. He did indeed advance the German drama until it far surpassed the contemporary drama of England; but he left behind him only the banal imitator of the English, Jacob Ayrer: while in England, before Sachs died, Shakespeare had been born. In Sachs the literary traditions of three centuries came to an end. Walther von der Vogelweide had lived to deplore the gradual degradation of courtly poetry: the peasants' life and love became the poet's theme. In the years that followed, it sank into hopeless vulgarity. From this it was rescued by Sachs. But the world meanwhile had traveled a long road: poetry had left the court and castle for the cottage and the chapel; the praise of women was superseded by the praise of God. It is a striking contrast between the knightly figure of Walther, with the exquisite music of his love lyrics, and the dignified but simple shoemaker, with the tame jog-trot of his homely couplets. But Walther was chief among the twelve masters whose traditions the mastersingers pretended to preserve; and the mastersong itself was the mechanical attempt of a matter-of-fact age to reproduce the melodious beauty of the old minnesang. Thus Hans Sachs, the greatest of the mastersingers, was in a sense the last of the minnesingers; and German literature, which had waited three centuries, had two more yet to wait before it should again bloom as in those dazzling days of the Hohenstaufen bards.

Hans Sachs was a most prolific and many-sided poet. Before his twentieth year he had fulfilled the exacting conditions of the mastersingers, and had invented a new air, which, after the affected manner of the guild, he called 'Die Silberweise' (Silver Air). Sixty years of uninterrupted productivity followed, during which he filled sixteen folios with mastersongs. These he never published, but kept for the use of the guild, of which he was the most zealous and distinguished member. But the strait-jacket of form imposed by the leathern rules of the «Tabulatur» impeded the free movement of the poet. The real Sachs is in the dramas and poetic tales. All are written in rhymed couplets. He read omnivorously; and chose his subjects from all regions of human interest and inquiry. He often treated the same theme in several forms. 'Die Ungleichen Kinder Evă' (Eve's Unlike Children), for instance, he took from a prose fable of Melanchthon's, and rendered in four different versions. It seeks to account for and justify the existence of class distinctions; and is perhaps the best as it is the most delightfully characteristic of all his compositions. It is one of the chief merits of Sachs that he purified the popular Fastnachtspiele (Shrovetide Plays). Of these plays Nuremberg was the cradle; and those of Hans Sachs are by far the best that German literature has to show. He shunned the vulgarity that had characterized them; and made them the medium of his homely wisdom, of

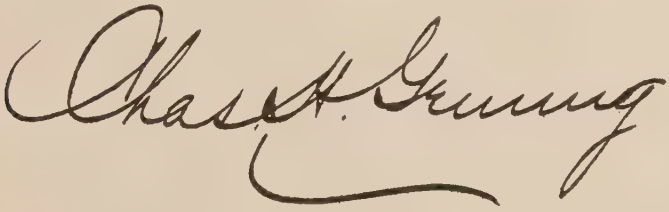
his humorous and shrewd observation of life, and of his simple philosophy. Each is a delicious *genre* picture of permanent historic interest.

As the Reformation advanced, there came a deeper tone into the poetry of Hans Sachs. He read Luther's writings as early as 1521, and two years later publicly avowed his adherence in the famous poem of 'Die Wittenbergisch Nachtigall' (The Nightingale of Wittenberg). It was a powerful aid in the spread of Lutheran ideas. The dialogue, so closely allied in form with the drama, was a popular form of propaganda in that age; and the four dialogues that Sachs wrote are among his most important contributions to literature. Their influence was as great as that of Luther's own pamphlets; and in form they were inferior only to the brilliant and incisive dialogues of Hutten. One of them was translated into English in 1548. The city council, alarmed at the strongly Lutheran character of these writings, bade the cobbler stick to his last; but the council itself soon turned Lutheran, and Sachs continued his work amid ever-increasing popular applause.

The impression made by Hans Sachs upon his time was ephemeral: his imitators were few and feeble; all literary traditions were obliterated by the Thirty Years' War. Goethe at last revived the popular interest in him by his poem, 'The Poetical Vocation of Hans Sachs'; and Wagner's beautiful characterization in 'The Mastersingers' has endeared him to thousands that have never read a single couplet from his pen. There is a natural tendency to overestimate a man whose real worth has long lain unrecognized; but when all deductions have been made, there remains a man lovable and steadfast, applying the wisdom of a long experience to the happenings of each common day, exhibiting a contagious joy in his work, and avowedly working for "the glory of God, the praise of virtue, the blame of vice, the instruction of youth, and the delight of sorrowing hearts." It is the manifest genuineness of the man, his amiable roguishness, his shrewd practical sense, that give to his writings their vitality, and to his cheerful hobbling measures their best charm. But the appeal is not direct; one must project oneself back into the sixteenth century, and live the life of Nuremberg in her palmiest days. That city was for Hans Sachs the world; in this concentration of his mind upon his immediate surroundings lay at once his strength and his limitations. He is at his best when he relates what he has himself seen and experienced. His humorous pictures have a sparkling vivacity, beneath which lurks an obvious moral purpose. The popularity of these simply conceited tales gives point to the description of the German peasant's condition at the time of the Reformation as "misery solaced by anecdote." It was such solace that Hans Sachs supplied in a larger quantity and of a better quality

than any other man of his time. A grateful posterity, upon the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, erected to his memory a stately statue in the once imperial city; and his humbler fame is as indissolubly associated with Nuremberg as is the renown of his greater contemporary.

"Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard."



UNDER THE PRESSURE OF CARE OR POVERTY

WHY art thou cast down, my heart?
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God; be not afraid:
He is thy Friend, who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers he doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need,
And heaven and earth are his;
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

Since thou my God and Father art,
I know thy faithful loving heart
Will ne'er forget thy child;
See, I am poor; I am but dust;
On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my trust abides;
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that he hath taught,—
Who trusts in God shall want for naught. . . .

Yes, Lord, thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast been and shalt be aye:
I rest on thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
That through thy bitter death
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me:
For this, for this, I cry to thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
The best that this world can bestow,
Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
That thou hast taught me by thy word
To know this truth and thee;
Oh, grant me also steadfastness
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honor, thanks, to thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
By thy great mercy, Christ.
This one thing only still I pray,—
Oh, cast me ne'er from thee away.

Translation of Catherine Winkworth.

FROM 'THE NIGHTINGALE OF WITTENBERG'

AWAKE, it is the dawn of day!
I hear a-singing in green byway
The joy-o'erflowing nightingale;
Her song rings over hill and dale.
The night sinks down the occident,
The day mounts up the orient,
The ruddiness of morning red
Glows through the leaden clouds o'erhead.
Thereout the shining sun doth peep,
The moon doth lay herself to sleep;

For she is pale, and dim her beam,
Though once with her deceptive gleam
The sheep she all had blinded,
That they no longer cared or minded
About their shepherd or their fold,
But left both them and pastures old,
To follow in the moon's wan wake,
To the wilderness, to the break:
There they have heard the lion roar,
And this misled them more and more;
By his dark tricks they were beguiled
From the true path to deserts wild.
But there they could find no pasturage good,
Fed on rankest weeds of the wood;
The lion laid for them many a snare
Into which they fell with care;
When there the lion found them tangled,
His helpless prey he cruelly mangled.
The snarling wolves, a ravenous pack,
Of fresh provisions had no lack;
And all around the silly sheep
They prowled, and greedy watch did keep.
And in the grass lay many a snake,
That on the sheep its thirst did slake,
And sucked the blood from every vein.
And thus the whole poor flock knew pain
And suffered sore the whole long night.
But soon they woke to morning light,
Since clear the nightingale now sings,
And light once more the daybreak brings.
They now see what the lion is,
The wolves and pasture that are his.
The lion grim wakes at the sound,
And filled with wrath he lurks around,
And lists the nightingale's sweet song,
That says the sun will rise ere long,
And end the lion's savage reign.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

THE UNLIKE CHILDREN OF EVE: HOW GOD THE LORD TALKS TO THEM

ACT I

The Herald comes in, bows, and speaks

HEALTH and grace from God the Lord
Be to all who hear his Word,
Who come from far or come from near
This little comedy to hear,
Which first in Latin speech was done
By good Philippus Melanchthon;
And now I put in good plain speech,
That so the commonfolk it reach;
And thus I go without delay
In brief the Argument to say.

When Adam out of Paradise
Was driven after God's device,
And set to labor in the field,
Then God did of his mercy yield
And came to pay him a visit,
And trust and comfort him a bit;
And specially to better know
If obediently or no
His children feared their heavenly Lord,
And rightly studied in his Word.
And so without more preparation
He came and held examination.
And when the Lord did Abel find,
He and his lads quite pleased his mind,
And straightway blessed He him on earth,
And all who from him should get birth.
But when thereafter did the Lord
His brother Cain see and his herd,
He found them all so stupid dumb
And godless that they ne'er might come
Into his favor, but must live
In hardest toil if they would thrive
At all, and at all times must be
Subject to Abel's mastery.
At this did Cain so angry get,
While Satan stirred still more his fit,

That out he went and Abel slew,
For nothing less his wrath let do.
And then to punish him God said
That wheresoe'er on earth he fled,
He ne'er should find a resting-place.
But when the angels by God's grace
Good Abel's body had interred,
Then came to Adam and Eve the word
That Seth should in his place be born,
Whose death had left them all forlorn,
And comfort them in this world's pain,
And be through loss the greater gain.
And this you all shall straightway see
In speech and act conveniently.

[Here follows the scene in the house of the First Pair. Eve, alone, laments the hardships of her lot, driven from Paradise, and condemned to bear children in pain and to be obedient to her husband. Adam enters and asks the reason for her unhappy looks, and learns that she bemoans their being doomed to live under the unending curse of the offended God. Adam comforts her with the assurance that after proper penance, God will pardon and restore them to happiness; and indeed that he has just heard from the angel Gabriel that the Lord will on the morrow pay them a visit.]

To-morrow will the Lord arrive
To look in and see how we thrive,
And give us pleasant holiday,
And leave his promise as I say;
He'll look around the house to find
If we do manage to his mind,
And teach the children as they need
To say their Bible and their Creed.
So wash the children well, and dress
Them up in all their comeliness,
And sweep the house and strew the floor,
That it may give him sweet odor,
When God the Lord, so morn begin,
With his dear angels shall walk in.

Eve speaks

O Adam, my beloved man,
I will do all the best I can;
If God the Lord will but come down,
And cheer the heart that fears his frown.

All praise to my Creator be,
That so in mercy pityeth me.
Quick will I make the children clean,
And all the house fit to be seen
By him who comes by morrow's light,
That he may find it sweet and right,
And so his blessing deign to leave.
That so he'll do I hope and b'lieve.

Adam speaks

And where is Abel, my dear son?

Eve speaks

He out to feed the sheep is gone.
Pious he is and fears his God,
Obedient to his every nod,
And with him do his children go,
Who are obedient also.

Adam speaks

And where is Cain, our other son,
That wretch for whom the halter's spun?

Eve speaks

Oh, when of him I hopeless think,
Woeful in me my heart does sink.
Belial's child, he's always done
The part of disobedient son.
When told to bring the wood from shed,
He cursed and out the house he fled;
And now with angry words and noise
Out in the street he fights the boys.
I can't endure him in the room:
Above him hangs each day his doom,
And with it I'm near overcome.

[Abel soon enters, and is asked by his mother to go and bring in Cain, from whom Abel fears violence. Encouraged by the news that the Lord is coming to visit them, Abel promises to go, and Adam thus closes the scene:—]

Adam speaks

So in the house we now will go,
And put it all in finest show,

To please God and the angels dear.
Sweet shall it smell and wear good cheer
With wreaths of green and May bedeckt
For the high Guests we dare expect.

[*They all go out.*

ACT II

[This act represents Abel's interview with Cain; in which, later, Adam and Eve both take part, urging him to come and be washed and ready for the expected Visitor.]

Abel speaks

Cain, Cain, come quickly here with me.
That you by mother washed may be!

Cain speaks

That fellow got well washed by me!
And could they catch me now, you'd see
What for a washing they'd me give!

Abel speaks

In quarrel wilt thou always live!
I fear a murderer thou'lt grow!

Cain speaks

And if I should, I'd prove it so
On thee, thou miserable knave!

Abel speaks

To-morrow to our house draws near
The Lord God with his angels dear;
So come and let yourself be dressed
To welcome him in all our best!

Cain speaks

The feast may go on high or low:
I care not for it, but will go
To play and with my comrades be. . . .
Who says that God will to us come?

Abel speaks

The mother just sent word from home.

Cain speaks

The Lord stay up there where he is!

Abel speaks

How can you blaspheme God that way!
That he will come do not we pray,
And keep us safe from every ill?

Cain speaks

I too have prayed, when 'twas my will,
But never that he should come near.
I take the life God gave us here,
But leave eternity to him.
Who knows what all up there may be!

Abel speaks

How dar'st thou speak so godlessly!
Hast thou no fear of endless hell?

Cain speaks

What you do call damnation's spell!
O boy, the father talketh so,
But little of it all I know.

Abel speaks

The more thou'rt likely to be there!

Cain speaks

Poor fool, thou mayest thy teaching spare!
I know quite well what I'll believe.
If God no angel wants to make me,
The Devil's glad enough to take me! . . .

Adam [calls]

Where art thou, Cain? Come quick to me!

Eve speaks

Come, Cain, thy father calls for thee.

Cain speaks

I'm sitting here: where should I be?

Adam speaks

Come, and be washed and combed and clean,
Fit by the Lord God to be seen,
To offer sacrifice and pray,
And hear what the good preachers say.

Cain speaks

Unwashed will I forsooth remain.
Just let those rogues catch me again,
My head will be in such a flood
That mouth and eyes shall run with blood!

Eve speaks

Just hear the idle fellow's speech:
What water can such vileness bleach?

Cain speaks

Yes, mother, there you speak the truth!
But so I will remain forsooth.

Eve speaks

Then, Abel, come and washèd be
With the other sons, obediently.
And when the Lord God shall come in,
Stand you before him pure and clean.
And then the Lord will find out Cain,
Where he all careless doth remain,
With those who to rebel incline,
And live as stupid as the swine:
There be they in the straw and rot,—
A ragged, miserable lot.

Abel speaks

Mother, unto my God and thee
I ever will obedient be;
With all good children will I strive
To please thee all days that I live.

ACT III

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *and afterward* Abel *and* Cain

Adam speaks

Eva, is the house set right,
So that in the Master's sight
All shall fine and festive stand,
As I gave you due command?

Eve speaks

In readiness was all arrayed
By time our vesper prayer was said.

Adam speaks

Children, behold the Lord draws near,
Surrounded by the angels dear;
Now stand all nicely in a row,
And when the Lord shall see you so,
Bow low and offer him the hand.
See how at the very end dô stand
Cain and his gallows-doomèd herd,
As if to flee before their Lord.

The Lord *enters with two* Angels, *gives* Adam *his blessing, and speaks*

Peace, little ones, be to you all!

Adam raises his hand and speaks

O Father mine, who art in heaven,
We thank thee for this mercy given,
That thou in all our need and pain
Shouldst deign to visit us again.

Eve raises her hand and speaks

O thou true Father and true God,
Wherein have we deserved this lot?
That thou so graciously shouldst come
And visit this our humble home?

[The pious salutations continue; Adam bidding all his sons to offer the word of welcome, beginning with Cain, who offers the Lord his left hand, and forgets to take off his hat. Then follows the greeting of Abel and all the good

children, including Seth, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, and Lamech; each one repeating in turn a petition out of the Lord's Prayer, concluding with Lamech's:—]

Deliver us from evil, through
That blessed Seed thou'st promised true: Amen.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means that word "Amen"?

Abel speaks

That we may be assured then
That God will do our prayer, without
We yield to unbelieving doubt.

The Lord speaks

Seth, tell me how on earth you know
That all you pray will be heard so?

Seth speaks

We know it by thy promise sure,
Which ever faithful must endure;
For since the God of truth thou art,
Thy word is done at very start.

The Lord speaks

Jared, when God acts not so swift,
What shall a man do in the rift?

Jared speaks

Hope must he still in God's good word,
And trust him to his gracious Lord,
That in good time he'll find a way
Wherein his mercy to display. . . .

[So continues the catechizing on the Lord's Prayer; which being ended, that on the Ten Commandments is taken up.]

The Lord speaks

Abel, the First Commandment say!

Abel speaks

To one God shalt thou bow and pray,
Nor any strange God have in mind.

The Lord speaks

And in that word what dost thou find?

Abel speaks

God above all we honor must;
Fear him and love, and in him trust.

The Lord speaks

And Seth, how reads the Second Law?

Seth speaks

Thy God's name must thou have in awe,
And never speak in vanity.

[The children rehearse and explain the Ten Commandments in their turn. Then follows in like manner the recitation and explanation of the Creed.]

The Lord speaks

Your answers are in all ways good;
You speak as pious children should.
You now may show me if as right
You can the holy Creed recite.

[They all say Yes.]

The Lord speaks

Let each in turn his portion say.

Abel speaks

I b'lieve in God of highest worth,
Maker of heaven and the earth.

Seth speaks

The Savior too in faith I own,
Who was from heaven to earth sent down.
The head of Satan bruisèd he,
And so the human race set free.

Jared speaks

I trust too in the Holy Ghost,
Who peace and comfort giveth most.

Enoch speaks

And I in holy Church believe,
Who shall in heaven her place receive.

Methuselah speaks

All sins' forgiveness do we know,
For the good Lord hath promised so.

Lamech speaks

And that our bodies shall arise
And live forever in the skies.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means in God t' have creed?

Abel speaks

That we to him in all our need
Commit ourselves, and on him rest
In heart and soul as Father best. . . .

The Lord speaks

What is the bodies' rising up?

Lamech speaks

When we have drainèd sorrow's cup,
From realm of death we free shall go,
The bliss of endless life to know.

The Lord speaks

Children, right well my Word ye know,—
Now take ye heed therein to go.
Thereto shall ye my spirit share,
To teach and keep you free from care,
That so ye come above to live;
And here will I full blessing give:
On earth, health and prosperity,
That you a mighty folk shall be,
As kings and priests and potentates
And learned preachers and prelates,
So that the world shall know your fame,
And every land admire your name.
Thereto your father's blessing take,
Which nevermore shall you forsake.

The Angel Raphael speaks

To God arise your praises let
With harp and song and glad quintette,
The while his grace and mercy stand
Displayed to man on every hand,
To guide you to the heavenly land.

[*They all depart.*

ACT IV

[In this act Cain takes counsel with his evil companions Dathan, Nabal, Achan, Esau, Nimrod the Tyrant, and Satan the Devil, as to how they, who have always held the Lord's name and worship in contempt, shall answer his questions. Satan bids them instead to accept his rule and guidance, and assures them the possession of all worldly goods and pleasures in so doing.]

Enter the Lord *with* Adam *and* Eve. Satan *hides himself*

The Lord speaks

Cain, come hither with thy crew,
And tell me how ye pray God to?

Cain speaks

O Lord, we've him forgotten quite.

The Lord speaks

If I thy speech can read aright,
Thou hast of him but little learned;
His Word in folly hast thou spurned.
But let me hear what you can say.

Cain speaks

O Father of our heaven, we pray,
Let us right here thy kingdom see;
Give us our debts and bread plenty,
And evil want and misery. Amen.

The Lord speaks

Who taught him such a twisted prayer?

Eve speaks

O Lord, to teach him I despair.
No whipping helped what I might say:
He drove it to the winds away;

And so did those who with him stand,—
All threw contempt on my command.

The Lord speaks

Thou, Dathan, canst thou say the Creed?

Dathan speaks

I believe in God and heaven and earth,
In woman who of him has birth;
And in the name of Holy Ghost.
Sin and flesh I b'lieve in most.

The Lord speaks

So briefly has thy faith been told?

Dathan speaks

And that is more than I can hold!

The Lord speaks

Nabal, tell me the Ten Commands.

Nabal speaks

Lord, none I know, for so it stands;
To learn I never thought 'twas need.

The Lord speaks

But Achan, thou canst tell me this:
Dost thou have hope of heavenly bliss?

Achan speaks

I know quite well how here it goes,
But up there what will be, who knows?
If God shall so forgiving be
That I that happy state shall see,
So good! What matters what I do?

The Lord speaks

Esau, now thou canst tell me true,
What good shall holy offerings do?

Esau speaks

I hold that God will take the price
Of endless life in sacrifice,

And so we can with offerings buy
Our right to his eternity!

The Lord speaks

Nimrod, now answer me this minute,
Eternal life, believ'st thou in it?

Nimrod speaks

Now I will tell you straight and plain,
My heart trusts what my eyes have seen.
I lift it not to things on high;
I take of earth's good my supply,
And leave to thee Eternity.

[After the Lord administers the Divine reproof for such godlessness and indifference, and warns these wicked children of the awful results of their profanity and idleness, he appoints Abel to the duty of instructing these his wicked brothers; and on his accepting the office with meek obedience, the angel Gabriel closes the Act with an exhortation to praise.]

The Angel Gabriel speaks

That so these poor souls may repent,
Come down ye hosts from heaven sent,
With all your loveliest melody,
To sound abroad God's majesty,
Who hath done all things righteously!

ACT V

Enter Cain *with* Satan, *and speaks*

My brother Abel is filled with glee
That he will now our bishop be.
The Lord with him will play great rôle
And give him over us control.
Him must we all in worship greet,
And be like slaves beneath his feet.

[Satan shows Cain that he, being the first-born, has the right to rule; and advises him to kill Abel. Cain admits that he has long had it in mind to do this. Abel entering asks Cain if they shall go and offer the sacrifice. As they are offering, the Lord comes and admonishes Cain, and departs. Abel kneels by his sacrifice.]

Cain, his brother, speaks

Brother, in swinging my flail about
My offering's fire have I put out;
But thine with fat of lambs flames high.

Abel speaks

In all be praised God's majesty,
Who life and good and soul doth give,
And by whose grace alone we live!

[Satan gives the sign to Abel; Cain strikes him down; Satan helps to conceal him, and flees. The Lord comes and speaks:—]

Cain, tell me where thy brother is!

Cain speaks

Shall I my brother's keeper be?
What is my brother's lot to me?

The Lord speaks

O Cain! Alas! What hast thou done?
Through heaven the voice of blood has run;
The earth the curse has understood,
In that she drank thy brother's blood!

Satan whispers in Cain's ear, and speaks

Now Cain, forever thou art mine,
And bitter martyr's lot is thine.
Within thy conscience endless pain
And biting grief without refrain.
The world for thee is all too small,—
Thou art accursed by one and all.
God and mankind are now thy foe,
And all creation this shall show,
For thou thy brother's blood hast taken:
Hence be thou hated and forsaken;
Thy doom by no deed can be shaken.

Cain speaks

My sin is far too great that I
Should dare for God's forgiveness cry.
So must I wander on and on,
My life the prey of every one.

The Lord speaks

No, Cain: who deals to thee a blow
Shall seven times its misery know.
And so I put a mark on thee,
That none may do thee injury.

Satan leads Cain away, and speaks

Cain, hang thyself upon a tree,
Or else in water drownèd be;
That so thyself from pain thou save,
And I in thee a firebrand have.

[*They both depart.*

[Adam and Eve now enter, weeping and lamenting the death of their good son. The Lord comforts them by ordering the angels to bury Abel's body, and by assuring them that Seth, who shall now be to them as their first-born, shall be the father of a blessed race.]

The Lord speaks

Till comes that day when shall be born
That holy Seed, of earth forlorn
And cursed with sin,— the Savior,
Whom every one shall bow before,—
So ye to heavenly kingdom come,
And find with me eternal home.

[*They all depart.*

The Herald *comes and concludes*

So is the Comedy at end,
And four good lessons may it send.
And first, all people that do live
We see in Adam and in Eve.
These are the fallen human race,
Accursed by God and in disgrace,
E'en as to-day we see it so.
We all in misery do go,
In sorrow eat our daily bread,
As God the same hath truly said.
And next in Abel may we see,
Described and pictured cleverly,
All people that do fear the Lord,
And give good heed unto his word.

And these by Holy Ghost do strive
In love with fellow-man to live,
In soul and body so to prove
What is the heavenly Father's love,
Whose mercy is to them always:
That do they to God's thank and praise.
Thirdly, however, by this Cain,
The godless people are made plain,
Who mock and jeer at holy grace,
And faithless are in every place;
By their own reason, flesh and blood,
Taught what is right and what is good.
And so they know no fear nor shame,
And cast themselves in passion's flame;
In sin and blasphemy forget
What love hath God upon them set.
To them it is but idle sport
That men should bid them heed God's Word;
And so with murder, envy, hate,
On Satan's wicked will they wait.
His word into their ear is blown,
And safe he claims them as his own.
Fourthly, in God we plainly see
How great is his benignity;
How he doth stoop to all mankind
A way from sin and curse to find,
Through that same holy Seed foretold
To Adam and to Eve of old:
And this is Christ, our Savior Lord,
Who by the heavenly Father's word
From Mary's body has come forth,
And crushed the serpent's head to earth.
By cruel death upon the cross
He took away all wrath that was
'Twixt God and man by Adam's fall,
That we after earth's pain may all
Forever come with him to live:
That God may this in mercy give,
When endless joy our soul awakes,
With angels all, so prays Hans Sachs.

Translated by Frank Sewall.

TALE. HOW THE DEVIL TOOK TO HIMSELF AN OLD WIFE

ONE day the Devil came to earth,
To try what is a husband's worth:
And so an aged wife he wed;
Rich but not fair, it must be said.
But soon as they two married were,
There rose but wretchedness and fear.
The old wife spent the livelong day
In nagging him in every way;
Nor could he rest when came the night,
For so the fleas and bugs did bite.
He thought, Sure here I cannot stay,—
To wood and desert I'll away;
There shall I find the rest I need.
So fled he out, and with all speed
Into the wood, and sat him down
Upon a tree, when passed from town
A doctor with his traveling-sack
Of remedies upon his back.
To him the Devil now did speak:—
"We both are doctors, and do seek
Men of their troubles to relieve,
And in one fashion, I believe."
"Who are you?" then the doctor said.—
"The Devil: and woe be on my head,
That I have taken to me a wife,
That makes a torment of my life;
Therefore take me to be your slave,
And I will handsomely behave."
He showed the doctor then the way
That he his devilish arts could play.
In short, they soon agreed, and so
The Devil said:—"Now I will go
Unto a burgher in your town,
Who's rich enough to buy a crown:
And I will give him such a pain
That soon as you come by again,
You enter in, and pray me out;
That is, upon a ransom stout,—
Some twenty gulden fair laid down,
At which the rich man will not frown.
So then between yourself and me
The money even shared shall be."

[The tale goes on to state how the plot was successfully carried out. The doctor, however, obtaining thirty instead of twenty gulden for his reward, thought to deceive the Devil, whom he found again in the wood; and he offered him the ten gulden as his share, retaining the twenty for himself. The Devil detecting the doctor's trick, to avenge himself purposes now to go and infest with pain the rich owner of a fortress near by; which being done, and the doctor being called in to allay the dreadful pain in the baron's stomach, the Devil now refuses to come out. In this unlooked-for emergency, the doctor now bethinks himself of the Devil's wife: and running into the chamber he cries out to the Devil, telling him that his wife is down-stairs with a summons from the court of justice, bidding him return to his marital duty; whereupon the Devil is so frightened that he flees without more delay, and hastens back to hell and to his companions there, where he finds more rest than he could ever hope to in the house of the old woman he had taken as a wife. Thereupon the poet adds this:—]

Conclusion

By this tale every one shall know
How it with man and wife will go,
When every day there's quarreling,
And neither yields in the least thing,
But ever one the other scolds,
In fear and hate and anger holds,
With endless fretting and complaining,
No peace nor sunshine entertaining.
Truly such married life might be
Of devils in hell for aught we see.
From which may God keep us away,
And grant us rather in our day,
In marriage peace and unity,
And kindness's opportunity,
That to this virtue e'er may wax
True wedded love,—so prays Hans Sachs.

Anno Salut. 1557. On the 13th day of July.

Translation of Frank Sewall.

SA'DĪ

(1184–1291?)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

SA'DĪ of Shīrāz, the moral teacher and didactic poet,—the "Nightingale of a Thousand Songs," as he has been termed in the Orient,—is one of the Persian authors whose name is best known in the Occident. He may rightly claim a place in "the world's best literature" for the excellence of his short moral stories in prose intermingled with rhyme, and for the merit of his poetical reflections, which abound in sound wisdom presented in a charming and appropriate style. His "discourse is commingled with pleasantry and cheerful wit," as he says of himself in his masterpiece, the 'Gulistān'; and he adds that "the pearls of salutary counsel are strung on the thread of his diction, and the bitter medicine of advice is mixed up with the honey of mirthful humor." These words of his own admirably characterize his work; because good sense, high thought, religious feeling, human sympathy, and knowledge of man, combined with a general naturalness and simplicity, mark his best productions.

Sa'dī has not the epic force nor the romantic strain of Firdausī or Nizāmī, nor again the mystic elevation and abstract introspection of Jāmī and Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, nor has he the lyric ecstasy for which Hāfiz is renowned; but he possesses certain qualities that none of the others can claim, and which give to his writings a peculiar attractiveness, an enduring element, that insures their lasting throughout time. Flourishing at a period when Europe had yet to feel the quickening touch of the revival of learning, Sa'dī stands in the East as a bright light of higher aim and nobler purpose, as a character of generous open-heartedness and liberal-minded thought. In his long life devoted to study and travel, or spent in productive activity and repose, he gave to the world a vast fund which he had gathered, of sound wisdom, wholesome philosophy, broad ethics, good judgment, and common-sense. Enjoying the personal favor of potentates, he seems to have availed himself of the privileges which money confers, chiefly for the purpose of bestowing gifts in charity or for advancing worthy causes; he religiously felt and practiced what he preached—the doctrine of contentment and resignation.

Sa'dī's life was of such unusual length that it could not but be somewhat eventful. He was born in 1184 at Shīrāz, then the capital of Persia. His father died while he was still a child, as we know from the touching lines on the orphan in the 'Būstān' (ii. 2, 11). The boy now received the exalted patronage of the ruling Atābeg Sa'd bin Zangī of Fars, and he was educated upon a fellowship foundation at the Nizāmiah College of Baghdad. For thirty years (1196–1226) he was a student and earnest worker, imbibing the principles of Sūfīism, and gaining a deep insight into the doctrines and tenets of the Moslem faith. It was his pious good fortune to make no less than fourteen pilgrimages, at different times, to the shrine of Mecca. The second period of his life, from the age of forty to seventy (1226–1256), was spent in travel, east and west, north and south. He not only visited the cities of the land of Iran, but he journeyed abroad to India, Asia Minor, and Africa. Among other places he resided at Damascus, Baalbec, and Jerusalem; and was taken prisoner by the Crusaders in Tripolis, as is shown by the incident connected with his married life that is recorded in the selections given below. When already a septuagenarian he returned to his native city of Shīrāz, and there he spent the third or remaining part of his life (1256–1291). He once more enjoyed courtly favor, this time from the son of his former royal patron; and he devoted his time to producing or completing the literary work which was prepared for, or doubtless partly composed, during the long preceding period of his career.

In the world of letters, therefore, Sa'dī presents the peculiar phenomenon of one whose writing seems to have been done late in life. The 'Būstān' (Garden of Perfume) was finished in one year (1257). It is written in verse, and comprises ten divisions. Sa'dī's themes are justice, government, beneficence and compassion, love, humility, good counsel, contentment, moral education and self-control, gratitude, repentance and devotion, or the like, as a summary of the titles of the work shows. The 'Gulistān' (Rose-Garden) was completed in the following year (1258); and this work, by which Sa'dī's name is best known, has been familiar to Western students since the days when Gentius published a Latin version entitled 'Rosarium Politicum,' in Amsterdam, 1651. The 'Gulistān' is written in prose, with intermingled verses, and it comprises eight chapters. Like the 'Būstān' it is didactic in tendency, but it is lighter and more clever; it is a perfect storehouse of instructive short stories with moral design, entertainingly presented, and abounding in aptly put maxims, aphorisms, or sententious sayings, which make the work entertaining reading. Sa'dī's productiveness, however, was not confined to the ethical and didactic field; he was also under the influence of the lyrical strain, and he composed a series of odes, dirges, elegies, and short poems,

which have warm feeling and a distinctly human touch. A book of good counsel, 'Pandnāmah,' bears Sa'dī's name; but its authenticity has been open to some doubt. Some jests of a lower order in poetical vein are said to be his; and he is also the author of several shorter prose treatises known as 'Risālah.' Besides his native Persian, he could compose in Arabic, and he was acquainted with Hindūstānī.

Sa'dī was twice married; and his lament over the loss of a beloved son, who died before him, is preserved in the 'Būstān.' His own death occurred at a very advanced age in 1291 (or 1292) in his native city, where his tomb is still seen; and Sa'dī's name and fame have contributed to making Shīrāz renowned in Persian literature.

Abundant material is accessible, in English and in other languages, to those who may be interested in Sa'dī. The best information on the subject is given by Ethé in Geiger and Kuhn's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' ii. 295–6. English translations of the 'Būstān' have been made by H. Wilberforce Clarke (London, 1879), and G. S. Davie, 'The Garden of Fragrance' (London, 1882); and selections have been rendered by S. Robinson, 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (Glasgow, 1883), specimens of which are given below. There are German renderings by K. H. Graf (Jena, 1850), by Schlechta-Wssehrd (Vienna, 1852), and by Fr. Rückert (Leipzig, 1882); and a French version by Barbier de Meynard (Paris, 1880). Among the English translations of the 'Gulistān' may be mentioned those by Dumoulin (Calcutta, 1807), Gladwin (London, 1822), J. Ross (London, 1823), Lee (London, 1827), J. T. Platts (London, 1873), the Kama Shastra Society (Benares, 1888); and the translation by Eastwick in Trübner's Oriental Series (London, 1880), which has also been drawn upon for the present article, as well as S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry' (Glasgow, 1883), mentioned above. Material in French and in German may easily be obtained, as a glance at Ethé's bibliography will show; Ethé should also be consulted by those who desire references on the subject of Sa'dī's lyrical and miscellaneous pieces.

A. V. Williams Jackson

A MEDITATION

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

IN THE name of the Lord, who created the soul; who gave to the tongue words of wisdom;

The Lord, the Benevolent, the Sustainer, who generously accepteth excuses and forgiveth sins;

The Mighty One, from whose door whoever turneth away will find Might at no other door;

In whose court the most exalted monarchs must humble themselves as suppliants;

Who is not quick to repress the arrogant, nor repulseth with violence those who sue for pardon;

Who, when he is angry for some evil deed, if thou turnest to him again, writeth it amongst the things of the past;

Who, when he beholdeth the sin, covereth it with the veil of his mercy; in the ocean of whose omniscience the universe is but a drop.

If a son is at variance with a father, thou wilt immediately behold the father in the glow of passion;

And if he doth not soon give him satisfaction, will drive him forth from his presence like a stranger.

If the slave doth not bestir himself actively at his work, his master will deem him but of little value;

Or if thou art not amiable amongst thy companions, thy companions will flee from thee to a mile's distance;

Or if a soldier deserteth his duty, his commander will speedily dismiss him from the service.

But he who is Lord of the high and of the low shutteth not the door of his riches against even the rebellious.

The expanse of the earth is the table of his people; and to his free banquet, friend and foe are alike welcome.

If he hurried to involve him in trouble, who would be secure from the hand of his power?

Independent in his essence of the judgment of any one of his creatures, his dominion is rich in the obedience of men and spirits.

Every thing and every person must bow down to his mandate: the sons of Adam, and the bird, and the ant, and the worm.

So broadly is the table of his bounty spread, that the vulture on the Caucasus receiveth his portion.

Benevolent and beneficent, and the dispenser of blessings, he is the Lord of Creation, and knoweth every secret.

This man he judgeth worthy of grandeur and a high destiny, for his kingdom is ancient, and his race is wealthy.

On the head of one he setteth the diadem of fortune; another he bringeth down from a throne to the dust.

On the head of one he placeth the crown of prosperity; another he clothes in the weeds of poverty.

For his friend [Abraham] he turned fire into a bed of roses, and cast into the flames the host from the waters of the Nile.

If he did that, it was marked with his favor; and if he did this, it was signed with his order.

He throweth his veil over evil deeds, and hideth behind it his own benefits;

If he unsheath his sword of power in wrath, the very Cherubim are dumb with terror;

But if he giveth victuals from the table of his bounty, even the Evil One says: "I too shall have a portion."

In the court of his benignity and greatness the greatest must lay their greatness aside;

But to such as are cast down he is nigh with his mercy, and he ever lendeth his ear to the prayer of the suppliant.

By his prescience he foreseeth what hath not yet been; in his goodness he provideth for what hath not yet been spoken.

By his power he is the keeper of the heights and the depths, and he is master of the Book of the Day of Account.

No one's back is strong enough to throw off obedience; nor is there room for any one to lay a finger on a letter.

The Ancient Benefactor is still ever beneficent; by decree upon decree he fashioned the beautiful image in the womb.

From east to west he set in motion sun and moon, and spread out the earth on the face of the waters.

And though it trembleth sometimes and dreadeth its ruin, he hath nailed down the roots of the mountains to its skirts.

He who hath imprinted its form upon the waters gave to the pearl its Peri-like semblance.

He hid the ruby and the turquoise in the bosom of the stone, and hung the ruby-colored rose on the turquoise-tinted branches.

Of one globule he maketh a pearl-white lily, and fashioneth another into the lofty cypress.

From his knowledge not an atom lieth concealed; for the hidden and open are both to him but one.

For the ant and for the serpent he hath alike provided its food; and for that which hath no hand, nor feet, nor strength.

At his decree non-existence hath been embellished with existence, for no one knoweth but he how to change nonentity into being.

So at one time he burieth an act in silence, and bringeth it forth again in the Plain of the Last Judgment.

The universe is agreed in the acknowledgment of his Deity, but is confounded when it attempteth to investigate his Essence.

Man cannot comprehend the extent of his majesty; the sight hath not penetrated to the limits of his excellence.

The wing of bird hath not soared to the summits of his knowledge, nor the hand of intelligence touched the skirts of his attributes.

In this whirlpool have been sunk a thousand vessels, of which not a single plank hath come to the shore.

How many a night have I sat completely lost, till I have exclaimed in terror: "Up, and be doing."

Of the kingdoms of the earth the knowledge is attainable; but the knowledge of him with thy measure thou canst not attain.

The bounds of his knowledge thy intellect cannot reach; nor can thy thoughts fathom the depths of his attributes.

To equal Sohlan in eloquence is possible: but innumerable are they who have fallen exhausted in the race.

To urge thy steed over every ground is impossible; and there are occasions on which thou must throw away thy shield.

If the traveler is forbidden to penetrate to the secret place, he will find the door barred, and will have to return.

To many a one at this banquet is offered the goblet, who findeth it to be but a stupefying drug.

Let every one tremble who hath trusted himself to this ocean of blood, from which no one yet ever brought back his vessel.

One falcon soareth up, but with bandaged eyes; another returneth, but with singed eyes and feathers.

No one hath found his way to the treasure of Karūn; or if he hath found it, hath he brought anything back.

Seekest thou to survey this country? as well mayest thou begin by hamstringing the horse on which thou wouldst return.

Let each one look into the mirror of his own soul, and gradually it will acquire the same clearness.

Perhaps the odor of love will inebriate thee, and seeking for a compact with the Divine, thou mayest thyself become divine.

Proceed on the road of inquiry on foot, till thou reach the goal, and thence fly upwards on the pinions of affection.

Truth will rend in twain the veils of illusion; yea, even the veil which concealeth the glory of God.

But the courser of intellect can run no further. Astonishment tighteneth the reins, and exclaimeth, "STAND!"

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

THE ORPHAN

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

CAST protection over the head of the one father-dead;
Scatter his dust of affliction, and pluck out his thorn.

Knowst thou not how very dejected his state was?
May a rootless tree be ever green?

When thou seest an orphan, head lowered in front [from grief],
Give not a kiss to the face of thy own son.

If the orphan weeps, who buys for his consolation?
And if he becomes angry, who leads him back [to quietude]?

Beware that he weep not; for the great throne of God
Keeps trembling when the orphan weeps.

Pluck out with kindness the tear from his pure eye;
Scatter with compassion the dust of affliction from his face.

If his [father's] protection departed from over his head,
Do thou cherish him with thy own protection.

I esteemed my head crown-worthy at that time
When I held my head in my father's bosom.

If a fly had sat on my body,
The heart of some would have become distressed.

If now enemies should bear me away captive,
None of my friends is a helper.

For me [there] is acquaintance with the sorrows of orphans,
For in childhood my father departed in death, from my head.

Translation of H. Wilberforce Clarke.

HUMILITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A YOUTH, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day:—

"Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque."

As soon as the young traveler heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying:—

"This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

The following day one of the society met him in the road, and said to him:—

"Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition. Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honor?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path,—to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

MORAL EDUCATION AND SELF-CONTROL

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

My theme is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits; not the practicing-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth with thyself; why seek in a stranger one to contend with?

He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Sām in valor.

Chastise thou thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

The body is a city full of good and evil; thou art the Sultan, and reason is thy wise Vizier.

In this city, side by side, live base men, self-exalted,—Pride and Sensuality, fierce Passions;

Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name; Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest?

Appetite, and Greediness, and Pride, and Envy, cleave to thyself as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals.

If these enemies have once obtained the mastery of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with appetite and passion, if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

Sultan Takish once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed: "Beware! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

"Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain? What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent?"

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

Thy jewels thou mayst consign to the keeping of thy treasurer; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it; when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchained demon in the pit of the heart; let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning," but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant:—

"Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

BRINGING UP A SON

From 'The Garden of Perfume'

WHEN a boy has passed ten years of age,
Say: "Sit apart from those not unlawful" [to him in marriage].

It is not right to kindle a fire on cotton;
For while thou wink'st the eye, the house is burned.

When thou wishest that thy name may remain in place [of honor]
Teach the son wisdom and judgment.

When his skill and judgment are insufficient
Thou wilt die, and none of thy family will remain.

He endures severity for much time,—
The son whom the father tenderly cherishes.

Keep him wise and abstinent;
If thou lovest him, keep him not by endearing expressions.

Rebuke and instruct him in childhood;
Exercise promise and fear as to his good deeds.

For the young student, commendation and reward
[Are] better than the master's reprimand and threatening.

Teach the one matured, hand-toil,
Even if, Kārūn-like, thou hast command as to wealth.

How knowest thou? The revolution of time
May cause him to wander in exile in the country.

Rely not on that resource which is;
For it may be that wealth may not remain in thy hand.

When for him there are the resources of trade,
How may he bear the hand of beggary before any one?

The purse of silver and gold reaches its limit;
The purse of the trader becomes not empty.

Know'st thou not how Sa'dī obtained his object?
He neither traversed the desert nor plowed the sea.

In childhood he suffered slaps from the great;
In matureness God gave him purity.

Whosoever places his neck [in submission] to order,
Not much time passes but he gives orders.

Every child who the violence of the teacher
Experiences not, will suffer the violence of time.

Keep the son good and cause ease to reach him
That his eyes [of expectation] may not remain on the hands of others.

Whosoever endured not grief for his son,
Another suffered grief and abused him.

Preserve him from the bad teacher,
For the unfortunate and road-lost one makes him like himself.

. . . . . .

Suffer not regret as to the destruction and ruin [of a wicked son],
For the degenerate son dead before his father [is] best.

Translation of H. Wilberforce Clarke.

HUMANITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A MAN found in the desert a thirsty dog, which from want of drink was at its last gasp.

The worthy man made a bucket of his cap, and twisted his muslin sash into a rope;

Then he girded his waist and extended his arms for service, and gave to the feeble dog a sup of water.

The Prophet revealed of his future condition, that the Supreme Judge had for this act pardoned his sins.

Oh, if thou hast been a hard man, bethink thee; learn to be kind, and make beneficence thy business!

If a kindness done to a dog is not lost, how should that be which is done to a worthy man?

Do good as you find it offered to your hand; the Master of the Universe hath closed against no one the door for doing some good.

To give from your treasury a talent of gold is of less worth than a carat bestowed by the hand of labor.

Each one shall bear the burthen proportioned to his strength: the foot of a locust would be heavy for an ant.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DI AND THE RING

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

I RECALL to my memory how, during the life of my father,—may the rain of mercy every moment descend upon him!—

He bought for me in my childhood a tablet and a writing-book, and for my finger a golden seal-ring.

As it happened, a peddler came to the door, and in exchange for a date carried off the ring from my hand;

For a little child cannot estimate the value of a seal-ring, and will easily part with it for anything sweet.

And thou too dost not estimate the value of a life, who throwest it away in luxurious indulgences.

In the Resurrection, when the righteous arrive at the lofty place, and are raised from the damp pit to the region of the Pleiades,

Will thy head not be bowed down in abasement, when all *thy* works shall be assembled before thee?

O brother, be ashamed now to do the deeds of the bad, that thou mayest not need to be ashamed in the face of the good.

On that day when inquest shall be made into deeds and words, and the body even of those who have striven after holiness shall tremble,

With what excuse for thy sins wilt thou hear *thy* summons, when the very Prophets will be overwhelmed with terror?

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ AT THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

WHILST I was at Sanāa, I lost a child;—why talk of the blow which then fell upon my head?

Fate never formed an image of comeliness like Joseph's, that a fish did not become, like Jonah's, its tomb.

In this garden no cypress ever reached its full stature, that the blast of Destiny did not tear its trunk from the root.

It is not wonderful that roses should spring out of the earth, when so many rose-like forms sleep within its clay.

I said in my heart: "Die! for, shame to man, the child departeth unsullied, and the old man polluted!"

In my melancholy and distraction, whilst dwelling on his image, I erected a stone over the spot where he reposeth.

In terror of that place, so dark and narrow, my color paled, and my senses failed me.

When from that disturbance my understanding came back to me, a voice from my darling child struck mine ear:—

"If that dark spot make thee feel thy desolation, recall thy reason, and come out into the light.

"Wouldst thou make the night of the tomb bright as day, light it up with the lamp of good works."

The body of the gardener trembleth as in a fever, lest the palm-tree should not produce its date.

Crowds are there of those who, greedy of the world's pleasures, think that, not having scattered the grain, they can yet gather in the crop;

But Sa'dī telleth you: Only he who planteth a tree will eat the fruit of it; only he who casteth the seed will reap the harvest.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ THE CAPTIVE GETS A WIFE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

HAVING become weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis; till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way and recognized me, and said, "What state is this? and how are you living?" I replied:—

STANZA

"From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake;
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make."

COUPLET

Better to live in chains with those we love,
Than with the strange 'mid flow'rets gay to move.

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dīnārs redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter, whom he united to me in the marriage knot, with a portion of a hundred dīnārs. As time went on, the girl turned out to be of a bad temper, quarrelsome and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said:—

DISTICHS

In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well;
Save us, O God! from the pains of hell.

At length she gave vent to reproaches, and said, "Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dīnārs?" I replied, "Yes! he redeemed me with ten dīnārs, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred."

DISTICHS

I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he severed with a knife;
When thus complained the lamb's departing life:—
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then; but now,
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou."

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

HOW THE STUDENT SAVED TIME

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A DISCIPLE said to his spiritual master, "What shall I do? for I am in great straits because of the numbers of people who come to visit me; and my occupations are disturbed by their coming to and fro." He replied, "Lend something to those who are poor, and ask something of those who are rich, in order that they may not come about thee again."

If a mendicant were the leader of Islam's hosts,
The infidels would fly to China [itself] through fear of his soliciting something.

Translation of J. T. Platts.

A POWERFUL VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

ONCE on a time, in traveling through Arabia Petræa, a company of devout youths shared my aspirations and my journey. They used often to chant and repeat mystic verses; and there was a devotee *en route* with us, who thought unfavorably of the character of darweshes, and was ignorant of their distress. When we arrived at the palm grove of the children of Hallāl, a dark youth came out of one of the Arab families, and raised a voice which might have drawn down the birds from the air. I saw the camel of the devotee begin to caper, and it threw its rider, and ran off into the desert. I said, "O Shekh! it has moved a brute: does it not create any emotion in thee?"

VERSE

Knowest thou what said the bird of morn, the nightingale, to me?
"What meanest thou that art unskilled in love's sweet mystery?
The camels, at the Arab's song, ecstatic are and gay:
Feel'st thou no pleasure, then thou art more brutish far than they!"

COUPLET

When e'en the camels join in mirth and glee,
If men feel naught, then must they asses be.

COUPLET

Before the blast the balsams bend in the Arab's garden lone;
Those tender shrubs their boughs incline: naught yields the hard firm stone.

DISTICHS

All things thou seest still declare His praise;
The attentive heart can hear their secret lays.
Hymns to the rose the nightingale his name;
Each thorn's a tongue his marvels to proclaim.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

A VALUABLE VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A PERSON was performing gratis the office of summoner to prayer in the mosque of Sanjāriyah, in a voice which disgusted those who heard him. The patron of the mosque was a prince who was just and amiable. He did not wish to pain the crier, and said, "O sir! there are Mūazzins attached to this mosque to whom the office has descended from of old, each of whom has an allowance of five dīnārs, and I will give thee ten to go to another place." This was agreed upon, and he departed. After some time he returned to the prince and said, "O my lord! thou didst me injustice in sending me from this place for ten dīnārs. In the place whence I have come they offered me twenty dīnārs to go somewhere else, and I will not accept it." The prince laughed and said, "Take care not to accept it, for they will consent to give thee even fifty dīnārs."

COUPLET

No mattock can the clay remove from off the granite stone
So well as thy discordant voice can make the spirit moan.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

FOR GOD'S SAKE! READ NOT

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A MAN with a harsh voice was reading the Kur'ān in a loud tone. A sage passed by and asked, "What is thy monthly stipend?" He replied, "Nothing." "Wherefore, then," asked the sage, "dost thou give thyself this trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." "Then," said the sage, "for God's sake! read not."

COUPLET

If in this fashion the Kur'ān you read,
You'll mar the loveliness of Islām's creed.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

THE GRASS AND THE ROSE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said, "Be still! and know,
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance,—true;
But in the garden of the Lord I grew."
His ancient servant I,
Reared by his bounty from the dust:
Whate'er my quality,
I'll in his favoring mercy trust.
No stock of worth is mine,
Nor fund of worship, yet he will
A means of help divine;
When aid is past, he'll save me still.
Those who have power to free,
Let their old slaves in freedom live,
Thou Glorious Majesty!
Me, too, thy ancient slave, forgive.
Sa'dī! move thou to resignation's shrine,
O man of God! the path of God be thine.
Hapless is he who from this haven turns;
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

A WITTY PHILOSOPHER REWARDED

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A poet went to the chief of a band of robbers and recited a panegyric upon him. He commanded them to strip off his clothes and turn him out of the village. The dogs, too, attacked him in the rear. He wanted to take up a stone, but the ground was frozen. Unable to do anything, he said, "What a villainous set are these, who have untied their dogs and tied up the stones." The chieftain heard this from a window, and

said with a laugh, "Philosopher! ask a boon of me." He replied, "If thou wilt condescend to make me a present, bestow on me my own coat."

COUPLET

From some a man might favors hope: from thee
We hope for nothing but immunity.

HEMISTICH

We feel thy kindness that thou lett'st us go.

The robber chief had compassion on him. He gave him back his coat, and bestowed on him a fur cloak in addition; and further, presented him with some dirhams.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

THE PENALTY OF STUPIDITY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A MAN got sore eyes. He went to a horse-doctor, and said, "Treat me." The veterinary surgeon applied to his eyes a little of what he was in the habit of putting into the eyes of quadrupeds, [and] he became blind. They carried the case before the judge. He said, "No damages are [to be recovered] from him: if this fellow were not an ass, he would not have gone to a farrier." The object of this story is, that thou mayst know that he who intrusts an important matter to an inexperienced person will suffer regret, and the wise will impute weakness of intellect to him.

The clear-seeing man of intelligence commits not
Momentous affairs to the mean.
Although the mat-weaver is a weaver,
People will not take him to a silk factory.

Translation of J. T. Platts.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR IS REPOSE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I NOTICED the son of a rich man, sitting on the grave of his father, and quarreling with a Dervish-boy, saying: — "The sarcophagus of my father's tomb is of marble, tessellated with turquoise-like bricks! But what resembles thy father's grave? It consists of two contiguous bricks, with two handfuls of mud thrown over it." The Dervish-boy listened to all this, and then observed: "By the time thy father is able to shake off those heavy stones which cover him, mine will have reached Paradise."

An ass with a light burden
No doubt walks easily.
A Dervish who carries only the load of poverty
Will also arrive lightly burdened at the gate of death;
Whilst he who lived in happiness, wealth, and ease,
Will undoubtedly on all these accounts die hard;
At all events, a prisoner who escapes from all his bonds
Is to be considered more happy than an Amir taken prisoner.

Translation of the Kama Shastra Society.

THY WORST ENEMY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I ASKED an eminent personage the meaning of this traditionary saying, "*The most malignant of thy enemies is the lust which abides within thee.*" He replied, "It is because every enemy on whom thou conferrest favors becomes a friend, save lust; whose hostility increases the more thou dost gratify it."

STANZA

By abstinence, man might an angel be;
By surfeiting, his nature brutifies:
Whom thou obligest will succumb to thee —
Save lusts, which, sated, still rebellious rise.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

MAXIMS

From the 'Rose-Garden'

I saw with my eyes in the desert,
That a slow man overtook a fast one.
A galloping horse, fleet like the wind, fell back
Whilst the camel-man continued slowly his progress.

Nothing is better for an ignorant man than silence; and if he were to consider it to be suitable, he would not be ignorant.

If thou possess not the perfection of excellence,
It is best to keep thy tongue within thy mouth.
Disgrace is brought on a man by his tongue.
A walnut having no kernel will be light.

A fool was trying to teach a donkey,
Spending all his time and efforts in the task;
A sage observed: "O ignorant man, what sayest thou?
Fear blame from the censorious in this vain attempt.
A brute cannot learn speech from thee,
Learn thou silence from a brute."

He who acquires knowledge and does not practice it, is like him who drives the plow and sows no seed.

Translations of the Kama Shastra Society and J. T. Platts.

SHABLI AND THE ANT

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

Listen to one of the qualities of good men, if thou art thyself a good man, and benevolently inclined!

Shabli, returning from the shop of a corn dealer, carried back to his village on his shoulder a sack of wheat.

He looked and beheld in that heap of grain an ant which kept running bewildered from corner to corner.

Filled with pity thereat, and unable to sleep at night, he carried it back to its own dwelling, saying:—

"It were no benevolence to wound and distract this poor ant by severing it from its own place!"

Soothe to rest the hearts of the distracted, wouldst thou be at rest thyself from the blows of Fortune.

How sweet are the words of the noble Firdausi, upon whose grave be the mercy of the Benignant One! —

"Crush not yonder emmet as it draggeth along its grain; for it too liveth, and its life is sweet to it."

A shadow must there be, and a stone upon that heart, that could wish to sorrow the heart even of an emmet!

Strike not with the hand of violence the head of the feeble; for one day, like the ant, thou mayest fall under the foot thyself!

Pity the poor moth in the flame of the taper; see how it is scorched in the face of the assembly!

Let me remind thee that if there be many who are weaker than thou art, there may come at last one who is stronger than thou.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

SA'DĪ'S INTERVIEW WITH SULTAN ĀBĀQĀ-ĀN

From 'The Risālahs'

[Sa'dī, after describing the circumstances of his introduction to the Sultan, adds: —]

"When I was about to take my leave, his Majesty desiring me to give him some counsel for his guidance, I answered: "'In the end you will be able to carry nothing from this world but blessings or curses: now farewell.'"

The Sultan directed him to compose the purport of this in verse, on which he immediately repeated the following stanzas: —

"Sacred be the revenue of the king who protects his subjects from injury; for it is the earned hire of the shepherd.

"But poison be the portion of the prince who is not the guardian of his people; for whosoever he devours is a capitation tax exacted from the followers of Mohammed."

Ābāqā-ān wept, and several times said: "Am I the guardian of my subjects or not?" To which the Shaikh as often replied: "If you are, the first stanza is in favor of you; but if not, the second is applicable."

On taking his final leave, Sa'dī repeated the following verses:

"A king is the shadow of the Deity; and the shadow must be attached to the substance on which it depends.

"His people are incapable of doing good except under his all-governing influence.

"Every good action performed on earth is affected by the justice of its rulers.

"His kingdom cannot abound in rectitude, whose counsel is erroneous."

Ābāqā-ān highly applauded the above and the preceding verses; [and the Persian biographer adds a remark, that] "in these times none of the learned men or Shaikhs of the age would venture to offer such even to a shopkeeper or butcher; which accounts indeed for the present state of society!"

Translation of J. H. Harington.

SUPPLICATION

From 'The Garden of Perfume'

My body still trembleth when I call to memory the prayers of one absorbed in ecstasy in the Holy Place,

Who kept exclaiming to God, with many lamentations: Cast me not off, for no one else will take me by the hand!

Call me to thy mercy, or drive me from thy door; on thy threshold alone will I rest my head.

Thou knowest that we are helpless and miserable, sunk under the weight of low desires,

And that these rebellious desires rush on with so much impetuosity, that wisdom is unable to check the rein.

For they come on in the spirit and power of Satan; and how can the ant contend with an army of tigers?

O lead me in the way of those who walk in thy way; and from those enemies grant me thy asylum!

By the essence of thy majesty, O God; by thine attributes without comparison or likeness;

By the "Great is God" of the pilgrim in the Holy House; by him who is buried at Yathreb — on whom be peace!

By the shout of the men of the sword, who account their antagonists in the battle as woman;

By the devotion of the aged, tried, and approved; by the purity of the young, just arisen;

In the whirlpool of the last breath, O save us in the last cry from the shame of apostasy!

There is hope in those who have been obedient, that they may be allowed to make intercession for those who have not been obedient.

For the sake of the pure, keep me far from contamination; and if error escape me, hold me excused.

By the aged, whose backs are bowed in obedience, whose eyes, through shame of their past misdeeds, look down upon their feet,

Grant that mine eye may not be blind to the face of happiness; that my tongue may not be mute in bearing witness to the Faith!

Grant that the lamp of Truth may shine upon my path; that my hand may be cut off from committing evil!

Cause mine eyes to be free from blindness; withhold my hand from all that is unseemly.

A mere atom, carried about by the wind, O stay me in thy favor!

Mean as I am, existence and non-existence in me are but one thing.

From the sun of thy graciousness a single ray sufficeth me; for except in thy ray, no one would perceive me.

Look upon my evil; for on whomsoever thou lookest, he is the better; courtesy from a king is enough for the beggar.

If in thy justice and mercy thou receive me, shall I complain that the remission was not promised me?

O God, drive me not out on account of my errors from thy door, for even in imagination I can see no other door.

And if in my ignorance I became for some days a stranger to thee, now that I am returned shut not thy door in my face.

What excuse shall I bring for the disgrace of my sensuality, except to plead my weakness before the Rich One?

Leave me not — the poor one — in my crimes and sins! The rich man is pitiful to him who is poor.

Why weep over my feeble condition? If I am feeble, I have thee for my refuge.

O God, we have wasted our lives in carelessness! What can the struggling hand do against the power of Fate?

What can we contrive with all our planning? Our only prop is apology for our faults.

All that I have done thou hast utterly shattered! What strength hath our self-will against the strength of God?

My head I cannot withdraw from thy sentence, when once thy sentence hath been passed on my head.

Graf's Text. Translation of S. Robinson.

BE CONTENT

From 'The Rose-Garden'

I NEVER complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor suffered my face to be overcast at the revolution of the heavens, except once, when my feet were bare and I had not the means of obtaining shoes. I came to the chief mosque of Kūfah in a state of much dejection, and saw there a man who had no feet. I returned thanks to God and acknowledged his mercies, and endured my want of shoes with patience, and exclaimed:—

STANZA

Roast fowl to him that's sated will seem less
Upon the board than leaves of garden-cress;
While, in the sight of helpless poverty,
Boiled turnip will a roasted pullet be.

Translation of E. B. Eastwick.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

(1804–1869)

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, who was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23d, 1804, and died at Paris, October 13th, 1869, was one of the most brilliant French essayists and one of the finest critical minds of the world's literature. He takes in the France of the nineteenth century the place that Dr. Johnson held in the England of the eighteenth; while his culture was as delicate as, and his sympathies wider than, those of Matthew Arnold, with whom it is natural to compare him in our own day. He gave himself so wholly to the humane life, to the joy that he found in books, and to the views of human nature that they opened to him, that his literary studies, his 'Portraits' and 'Monday Chats,' form his best biography, and almost make superfluous the recollections of his secretaries, Levallois, Pons, and Troubat, or the labored biography of his fellow academician Haussonville. It is worth noting however that his first studies were medical; for it was to this that he attributed "the spirit of philosophy, the love of exactness and physiological reality," that always marked his critical method,—even in those first contributions to the Globe, the present 'Premiers Lundis,' where, as he said himself in later years, "youth painted youth."

C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE

The landmarks in Sainte-Beuve's uneventful life are his meeting with Victor Hugo in 1827, his election to the Academy in 1845, his nominations as Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1859 and as Senator in 1865. For a half-century he was almost continuously a resident of Paris. Twice he left it, to lecture at Lausanne and at Liège; but wherever he was and whatever his functions,—journalist, professor, senator,—he was always the unwearied "naturalist of human minds," the clear-sighted critic and generous advocate of literary freedom.

To most men, Sainte-Beuve is known as the author of fifteen volumes of 'Monday Chats' (the 'Causeries du Lundi') and of their continuation in the thirteen volumes of the 'New Monday Chats,' the 'Nouveaux Lundis.' And it is for these that he best deserves to be known; but before we turn to an attempt to estimate their qualities and worth, the reader may be reminded that he is also the author of two volumes of poetry (originally three), which are very significant in the history of French prosody, where his signature can often be recognized in the verses of Baudelaire and Banville, and in that of the lyric of democracy as it afterward came to be represented by Manuel and Coppée. He wrote also a novel, 'Volupté,' which found "fit audience though few"; and a 'History of Port-Royal,' the Jansenist seminary made illustrious by Pascal, of which the seven volumes are a monument of astounding industry and critical acumen. But the 'Monday Chats' by no means exhaust his purely literary work; which under various titles — 'Literary Critiques and Portraits,' 'Literary Portraits,' 'Contemporary Portraits,' 'Portraits of Women,' 'Châteaubriand and his Literary Group' — makes up a total of from forty to fifty volumes.

This imposing mass is divided by the Revolution of 1848. Before that date he is striving for the critical mastery, but making incursions also into other fields. After his return from Liège in 1849 he is the critical autocrat, always honored though not always beloved. Yet the work of his apprentice years was of great importance in its day. The portraits have not indeed the charm and winning grace of the mature artist who wrote the passages that have been chosen here to illustrate his genius; but they are full of art as well as scholarship, and constructed almost from the very first on the critical lines that he has laid down in his essay on Châteaubriand. To the young Sainte-Beuve is due, more than to any of his contemporaries, the revival of interest in the sixteenth century and in Ronsard. These studies influenced, and for a time guided, the development of romanticism, and stirred in Sainte-Beuve himself a faint poetic flame; but even in verse he was a critic of his own sensations, and wooed a refractory Muse.

With the weekly 'Monday Chats,' begun in Le Constitutionnel newspaper in 1850, and continued in various journals with but one considerable interruption until his death, began the epoch-making work that will long keep his memory green among all lovers of the humanities. Already he had made criticism a fine art; but he had been too generous in his praise of his fellow romanticists. Now the critical touch became more precise, the shading more exact. Nor was the least remarkable thing about these essays the speed and regularity of their production. Week after week, for year after year,

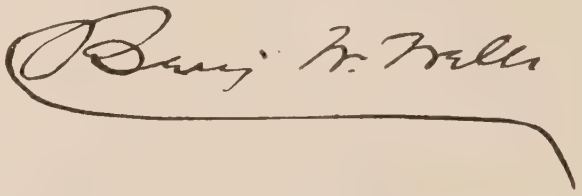
saw its acute and learned study of from 7,000 to 7,500 words, full of minute research and profound erudition, written, corrected, published. He became, as he said of himself, "a workman by the piece and the hour." This method of production left no place for correction and repentance. As the tree fell so it must lie. But this only seemed to enhance the spontaneity of his essays. As a contemporary said, "He had no time to spoil them." And under this pressure his style grew ever more supple, more concise and yet more popular, though it never ceased to be scholarly and profound.

What other writing has ever appeared in daily journals at regular intervals for a score of years, and has left such a permanent impress on the world of letters as this? In France Sainte-Beuve's works form the nucleus of every critical library. In England and in America selections continue to be translated and read; among which the most recent and perhaps the most representative are the 'Essays on Men and Women' edited by William Sharp (London, 1890), and 'Select Essays' translated by A. J. Butler (London, 1894). A reference to Poole and Fletcher's 'Index to Periodical Literature' reveals no less than thirty articles in English journals concerning the life and works of this genial lover of letters.

The subjects of his criticism were as world-wide as literature; and into everything that he touched he put, as he said he sought to do, "a sort of charm and at the same time more reality." To all his work he brought the calm temper of the scientific mind, rarely crossed by querulous clouds or heated by the passion of controversy, and not often roused to a glowing and self-forgetful enthusiasm. "I have but one diversion, one pursuit," he said: "I analyze, I botanize. I am a naturalist of minds. What I would fain create is literary natural history."

This mood is naturally drawn to the serious and austere. And so Pascal, Bossuet, Shakespeare, and the Lake Poets attract Sainte-Beuve more than Rabelais and Molière, or Chaucer and Byron. But nothing human is wholly foreign to this collector of talents. He passes with easy flight from Firdausī to General Jomini, from Madame Desbordes-Valmore to the Comte de Saxe. He is naturally tolerant of rising talent and of eccentric natures, and perhaps too stern to those contemporaries who have achieved success and need correction rather than encouragement. The unclassified attracts him; for to the last he remains essentially subjective in his judgments, praising what pleases him without measuring it on the procrustean bed of any critical code. And yet he felt that his method had in it the possibilities of an exact science; and with this prophetic vision he prepared the chosen people of literature to enter (with Taine for their Joshua) the Canaan of critical naturalism.

Sainte-Beuve was more consistent in criticism than in ethics. Fundamentally he thought he had most in common with the materialists of the eighteenth century: but while he was under the romantic spell of Hugo, the smiles of a fair proselyter almost won him to Catholicism; and later his restless mind seemed to sympathize, now with the communism of Saint-Simon, now with the spiritual absolutism of Calvin, now with the liberalism of Lamennais. But from each of these moral experiments he came back to his first conception of life; and in it he found perhaps as much mental repose as so restless a mind could hope to enjoy or attain. He was not, and did not aspire to be, a model of the distinctively Christian virtues; but he was always honorable, single-minded, kindly, cheerful, and ready to make great sacrifices for the integrity of his critical independence. If his manifold ethical experiments suggest a facile morality, yet they contributed to give him a deep insight into human nature and a catholic sympathy with it. Men may differ in their judgment of the man, but they are constrained to unite in their admiration of the critic.



A CRITIC'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN CRITICAL METHOD

From the 'Nouveaux Lundis'

It is understood then that to-day [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature — literary production — is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its environment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.

A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations,— a day when the science [of criticism] will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one

can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. To-day it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu and comparative anatomy before Cuvier,—in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when mental science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skillful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practices it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments,—to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment,—the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his

talent was revealed, took material form and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group; they make centres themselves; people gather around them: but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas, — a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers,— that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance,— its historic, literary significance; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation: and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring; nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date! Ineffable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators,— its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he

should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days.—I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Æschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Æneas in Virgil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man,—the young man confident and proud,—one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit. Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everybody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work,—that is to say, a book into which he enters at all. . . .

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last

easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. . . . Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. . . . The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Châteaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little further off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough to-day about the natural method in literature.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

From 'Causeries du Lundi,' May 11th, 1857. (Abridged.)

It is the duty of each generation, as it is of an army, to bury its dead and to do them the last honors. It would not be just that the charming poet who has just been taken away should disappear without receiving — amid all that has been said

and what will be said, true and heart-felt, of his talent — some special words of farewell from an old friend, from a witness of his first steps. The melodious strain of Alfred de Musset was so familiar to us, so dear from the very first; it had so penetrated our hearts in its freshness and buoyant novelty; it was, though more youthful, so part of our own generation, — a generation then all poetry and all devoted to feeling and expression. It is nineteen years ago; and I see him still making his entry in the literary world, — first in the intimate circle of Victor Hugo, then in that of Alfred de Vigny and the Deschamps brothers. What a début! What easy graciousness! and at the very first verses that he recited, — his 'Andalouse,' his 'Don Paez,' and his 'Juana,' — what surprise, what rapture he aroused among us! It was spring itself; a whole springtime of poetry that budded before our eyes. He was not eighteen. His forehead was strong and proud. His downy cheek still preserved the roses of childhood, his nostrils swelled with the breath of desire. He advanced with firm tread and eye upcast, as though sure of conquest and full of the pride of life. No one at the first sight gave a better idea of adolescent genius. All those brilliant couplets, those outpourings of verse that their very success has since caused to be outworn, but which were then so new in French poetry; all those passages marked as if with a Shakespearean accent, those furious rushes mingled with petulant audacities and smiles, those flashes of heat and precocious storm, — seemed to promise a Byron to France.

The graceful delicate songs that flitted each morning from his lips, and presently were running over the lips of all, were indeed of his age. But passion was to him a divination. He breathed it in with might, he sought to outrun it. He asked its secret of friends richer in experience, still dripping from their shipwreck. . . . At the dance, at receptions and gay festivals, when he met pleasure he did not restrain himself; he sought by reflection to distill its sadness, its bitterness. He said to himself, even as he gave himself up with an appearance of self-surrendering transport, and even as it were to increase its savor, that this was only a fleeting instant, soon to be irreparable, that would never recur in this same light. And in all he sought a stronger, keener sensation, in accord with the key to which he had tuned his soul. He found that the roses of a day did not fade fast enough. He would gladly uproot them all that

he might the better breathe them in and press from them their essence. . .

I only touch the subject; but if we take up and glance over again, now that he is no more, many of the pieces and personages of Alfred de Musset, we shall now perceive in this child of genius just the opposite of Goethe: of that Goethe who detached himself in time from his creations, even from those most intimate in their origin; who worked out his characters only to a certain point; who cut the bond in time, abandoned them to the world, being already himself altogether elsewhere; and for whom "poetry was a deliverance." Goethe, even from his youth, from the time of Werther, was preparing to live till past eighty. For Alfred de Musset, poetry was the opposite of that. His poetry was himself. He was riveted wholly to it. He cast himself into it recklessly. It was his youthful soul, it was his flesh and blood that flowed; and when he had cast to others these shreds, these glorious limbs of the poet, that seemed at times like limbs of Phaëthon and of a young god (recall, for instance, the magnificent apostrophes and invocations of 'Rolla'), he kept still his own shred, his bleeding heart, his burning weary heart. Why was he not patient? All would have come in due time. But he hasted to condense and to devour the years. . . .

Musset was poet only. He wished to feel. He was of a generation whose password, the first wish inscribed at the bottom of their hearts, had been, Poetry for its own sake, Poetry above all. "In all the period of my fair youth," one of the poets of that same epoch has said, "there was nothing that I desired or summoned so with prayers or adored as I did holy Passion,"—passion; that is to say, the living substance of poetry. So Musset was superlatively prodigal above all. Like a reckless soldier, he would not provide in advance for the second half of the journey. He would have disdained to accept what men call wisdom, and what seemed to him the gradual ebbing of life. It was not for him to transform himself. When he attained the summit, and even while he was still climbing the hillside, it seemed to him that he had reached and passed the goal of all desires. Satiety had laid hold on him. . . .

Recall his first songs of page or knightly lover, . . . and put opposite to this that admirable and pitiful final sonnet: the whole poetic career of Alfred de Musset is embraced between these two,—Glory and Pardon. What a brilliant track, boldly

traced; what light, what eclipse, and what shadow! Poet who was but a dazzling type of many obscurer souls of his age, who has symbolized their flights and their falls, their grandeurs and their miseries,—his name will not die. Let us guard it engraven with peculiar care; us to whom he left the burdens of age, and who could say that day, with truth, as we returned from his funeral, "For years our youth was dead, but we have just buried it with him." Let us admire, let us continue to love and honor in its better part, the spirit, deep or fleeting, that he breathed into his songs. But let us draw from it also this witness to the infirmity that clings to our being, and never let us presume in pride on the gifts that human nature has received.

GOETHE: AND BETTINA BRENTANO

From 'Portraits of Men'

IT MAY be remembered that we have already seen Jean Jacques Rousseau in correspondence with one of his admirers, whose partiality towards him ultimately developed into a warmer sentiment. After reading 'La Nouvelle Heloïse,' Madame de la Tour-Franqueville became extremely enthusiastic, believing herself to be a Julie d'Etange; and thereupon indited somewhat ardent love-letters to the great author, who in his misanthropical way treated her far from well. It is curious to note, in a similar case, how differently Goethe, the great poet of Germany, behaved to one of his admirers who declared her love with such wild bursts of enthusiasm. But not more in this case than in the other must we expect to find a true, natural, and mutual affection, the love of two beings who exchange and mingle their most cherished feelings. The adoration in question is not real love: it is merely a kind of worship, which requires the god and the priestess. Only, Rousseau was an invalid,—a fretful god, suffering from hypochondria, who had fewer good than bad days; Goethe, on the other hand, was a superior god, calm and equable, in good health and benevolent,—in fact, the Olympian Jupiter, who looks on smiling.

In the spring of 1807 there lived at Frankfort a charming young girl nineteen years of age,* though of such small stature

* She was in fact twenty-two, having been born April 4, 1785.—ED.

that she only appeared to be twelve or thirteen. Bettina Brentano, the child of an Italian father, who had settled and married at Frankfort, came of a family noted for its originality, each member having some singular or fantastic characteristic. It was said in the town that "madness only began in the Brentano family where it ended in other people." Little Bettina considered this saying as a compliment. "What others call eccentricity is quite comprehensible to me," she would remark, "and is part of some esoteric quality that I cannot define." She had in her much of the devil and the imp; in fact, all that is the reverse of the *bourgeois* and conventional mind, against which she waged eternal war. A true Italian as regards her highly colored, picturesque, and vivid imagination, she was quite German in her dreamy enthusiasm, which at times verged on hallucination. She would sometimes exclaim, "There is a demon in me, opposed to all practical reality." Poetry was her natural world. She felt art and nature as they are only felt in Italy; but her essentially Italian conceptions, after having assumed all the colors of the rainbow, usually ended in mere vagaries. In short, in spite of the rare qualities with which little Bettina was endowed, she lacked what might be called sound common-sense,— a quality hardly in keeping with all her other gifts. It seemed as if Bettina's family, in leaving Italy for Germany, had instead of passing through France come by the way of Tyrol, with some band of gay Bohemians. The faults to which I have just alluded grow sometimes graver the older one becomes; but at nineteen they merely lend an additional charm and piquancy. It is almost necessary to apologize in speaking so freely in relation to Bettina; for Signorina Brentano — having become Frau d'Arnim, and subsequently widow of Achim d'Arnim, one of the most distinguished poets of Germany — is now living in Berlin, surrounded by some of the most remarkable men of the day. She receives a homage and consideration not merely due to the noble qualities of her mind, but to the excellency of her character. This woman, who was once such a frolicsome imp, is now known as one of the most unselfish and true-hearted of her sex.

However, it was she herself who in 1835, two years after Goethe's death, published the correspondence that enables us to glean an accurate knowledge of her character; allowing us — in fact, compelling us — to speak so unconstrainedly in relation to her. This book — translated into French by a woman of merit,

who has concealed her identity under the *nom de plume* of "St. Sebastien Albin"—is a most curious work, enabling us to realize the difference that distinguishes the German genius from our own. The preface, as written by the authoress, is thus worded: "This book is intended for good, not bad people." This is similar to saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It was quite suddenly that Bettina fell in love with the great poet Goethe; but her romantic feeling was of a purely ideal nature, for as yet she had never seen him. While musing alone one summer morn in the redolent and silent garden, Goethe's image presented itself to her mind. She only knew him through his renown and his works,—in fact, through the very evil she heard spoken in relation to his cold and indifferent character. But the idea instantly captivated her imagination; she had discovered an object for her worship. Goethe was then fifty-eight years of age. In his youth he had conceived a slight affection for Bettina's mother. For many years he had lived at Weimar, at the small court of Charles Augustus; in favor or rather intimate friendship with the prince. There he calmly pursued his vast studies, forever creating with prolific ease; he was then at the height of contentment, genius, and glory.

Goethe's mother lived at Frankfort. She and Bettina became great friends; and the young girl began to love, study, and understand the son in the person of this remarkable mother, so worthy of him to whom she had given birth. Goethe's aged parent,—"Goethe's Lady Counselor," as she was called,—with her noble (I was about to say august) character, and her mind so replete with great sayings and memorable conversations, liked nothing better than to converse about her son. In speaking of him "her eyes would dilate like those of a child," and beam with contentment. Bettina became the old lady's favorite; and on entering her room would take a stool at her feet, rush at random into conversation, disturb the order of everything around her, and being certain of forgiveness, would allow herself every freedom. The worthy Frau Goethe, being gifted with great discernment and common-sense, perceived from the very first that Bettina's love for her son would lead to no serious consequences, and that this flame would injure no one. She would laugh at the child's fancy, and in so doing would profit by it. Not a day passed without this happy mother thinking of her son; "and these thoughts," she would say, "are gold to me." If not to Bettina,

to whom could she express them, before whom could she count her gold — this treasure not intended for the ears of the profane? So, when the frolicsome young creature was absent, running along the banks of the Rhine, and playing the truant in every old tower and rock, she would be greatly missed by her dear "Lady Counselor." The old lady would write to her in the following manner: —

"Hasten homeward. I do not feel so well this year as last. At times I long, with a certain foreboding, for your presence, and for hours together I sit thinking of Wolfgang" (Goethe's Christian name); "of the days when he was a child playing at my feet, or relating fairy tales to his little brother James. It is absolutely necessary that I should have some one with whom I can converse in relation to all this; and *nobody listens to me as well as yourself.* I truly wish you were here."

On returning to the mother of the man she adored, Bettina would hold long conversations with the venerable lady about Goethe's childhood, his early promise, the circumstances attendant on his birth; about the pear-tree his grandfather planted to celebrate its anniversary, and which afterwards flourished so well; about the *green arm-chair* where his mother would sit, relating to him tales that made him marvel. Then they would speak about the first signs of his awakening genius. Never was the childhood of a god studied and watched in its minutest details with more pious curiosity. One day, while he was crossing the road with several other children, his mother and a friend, who were at the window, remarked that he walked with "great majesty," and afterwards told him his upright bearing distinguished him from the other boys of his age. "That is how I wish to begin," he replied: "later on I shall distinguish myself in many different ways." "And this has been realized," his mother would add on relating the incident.

Bettina knew everything about Goethe's early life better than he did himself, and later on he had recourse to her knowledge when wishing to write his memoirs. She was right in saying, "As to me, what is my life but a profound mirror of your own?"

In his boyhood Goethe was considered one of the finest fellows of his age. He was fond of skating, and one fine afternoon he persuaded his mother to come and watch him sporting on the ice. Goethe's mother, liking sumptuous apparel, arrayed herself

in "a pelisse, trimmed with crimson velvet, that had a long train and gold clasps," and she drove off in a carriage with friends.

"On arriving at the river Mein, we found my son energetically skating. He flew like an arrow through the throng of skaters; his cheeks were rosy from the fresh air, and his auburn locks were denuded of their powder. On perceiving my crimson pelisse, he immediately came up to the carriage, and looked at me with a gracious smile. 'Well, what do you require?' I said to him. 'Mother, you are not cold in the carriage, so give me your velvet mantle.'—'But you do not wish to array yourself in my cloak, do you?'—'Yes, certainly.'—There was I, taking off my warm pelisse, which he donned; and throwing the train over his arm, he sprang on the ice like a very son of the gods. Ah, Bettina! if you had only seen him! Nothing could have been finer. I clapped my hands with joy. All my life I shall see him as he was then, proceeding from one archway and entering through the other, the wind the while raising the train of the pelisse, that had fallen from his arm."

And she added that Bettina's mother was on the bank, and it was her whom her son wished to please that day.

Have you not perceived in this simple tale told by the mother, all the pride of a Latona? "He is a son of the gods!" These were the words of a Roman senator's wife, of a Roman empress, or Cornelia, rather than the utterance of a Frankfort citizen's spouse! The feeling that then inspired this mother in regard to her son, ultimately permeated the heart of the German nation. Goethe is "the German fatherland." In reading Bettina's letters, we find ourselves, like her, studying Goethe through his mother; and in so doing we discover his simple and more natural grandeur. Before the influence of court etiquette had distorted some of his better qualities, we see in him the true sincerity of his race. We wish his genius had been rather more influenced by this saying of his mother,—"There is nothing grander than when the man is to be felt in the man."

It is said that Goethe had but little affection for his mother; that he was indifferent towards her,—not visiting her for years, though he was only a distance of about forty miles from where she lived. And on this point he has been accused of coldness and egotism. But here, I think, there has been exaggeration. Before denying any quality to Goethe it is necessary to think twice. At first sight we imagine him to be cold; but this very

coldness often conceals some underlying quality. A mother does not continue to love and revere her son when he has been guilty of a really serious wrong towards her. Goethe's mother did not see anything wrongful in her son's conduct, and it does not beseem us to be severer than she. This son loved his mother in his own way; and though his conduct could not perhaps be exactly regarded as the model of filial behavior, it cannot be said that he was in any wise ungrateful. «Keep my mother's heart warm,» he would say in writing to Bettina. . . . «I should like to be able to reward you for the care you take of my mother. A chilling *draught* seemed to emanate from her surroundings. Now that I know you are near her I feel comforted —I feel warm.» The idea of a *draught* makes us smile. Fontenelle could not have expressed himself better. I have sometimes thought Goethe might be defined as a *Fontenelle invested with poetry.*

At the time of his mother's death, Bettina wrote to him, alluding to the cold disposition that was supposed to characterize him —a disposition inimical to all grief: «It is said that you turn away from all that is sad and irreparable: do not turn away from the image of your dying mother; remember how loving and wise she was up to the last moment, and how the *poetic element* predominated in her.» By this last touch, Bettina evinced her knowledge of how to affect the great poet. Goethe responded in words replete with gratitude for the care she had shown his mother in her old age. But from that day their relationship suffered by the loss of the being who had forged the link between them. However, as I have already mentioned, Bettina was in love with Goethe. We might ask what were the signs of this feeling. It was not an ordinary affection; it was not even a passionate love, which, like that of Dido, Juliet, or Virginia, burns and consumes until the desire is satisfied. It was an ideal sentiment; better than a love purely from the imagination, and yet dissimilar to one entirely from the heart. I scarcely know how to explain the feeling, and even Bettina herself could hardly define what she felt. The fact is that, gifted with a vivid imagination, exquisite poetical feeling, and a passionate love of nature, she personified all her tastes and youthful inspirations in Goethe's image, loving him with rapture as the incarnation of all her dreams. Her love did not sadden her, but on the contrary, rendered her happier. «I know a secret,» she would say: «the

greatest happiness is when two beings are united, and the Divine genius is with them."

It generally sufficed her to be thus united in spirit. Goethe, whose insight into life and human nature was as profound as his knowledge of the ideal, had from the first understood the quality of this love, and did not shun it, though at the same time he avoided too close a contact. The privilege of the gods is, as we all know, the possession of eternal youth: even at fifty-eight years of age, Goethe would not have been able to endure every day with impunity the innocent familiarities and enticements of Bettina. But the girl lived far away. She wrote him letters, full of life, brilliant with sensibility, coloring, sound, and manifold fancies. These epistles interested him, and seemed to rejuvenate his mind. A new being, full of grace, was revealing herself to the observation of his poetical and withal scientific mind. She opened for his inspection "an unlooked-for book, full of delightful images and charming depictions." It seemed to him as much worth his while reading this book as any other; especially as his own name was to be found on every page, encircled with a halo of glory. He called Bettina's letters "the gospel of nature." "Continue," he would say, "preaching your gospel of nature." He felt that he was the *god-made man* of that evangel. She recalled to his mind (and his artistic talent needed it) the impressions and the freshness of the past, all of which he had lost in his somewhat artificial life. "All you tell me brings me back remembrances of youth; it produces the effect of events gone by, which all of a sudden we distinctly remember, though for a long time we may have forgotten them."

Goethe never lavished his attention on Bettina, although he never once repulsed her. He would reply to her letters in a sufficiently encouraging way for her to continue writing. There was a strange scene the very first time Bettina met Goethe; and from the way she describes the meeting, we perceive that she does not write for the benefit of the cynical scoffer. Towards the end of April, in 1807, she accompanied her sister and her brother-in-law to Berlin, and they promised to return by the way of Weimar. They were obliged to pass through the regiments that were then occupying the land. On this journey Bettina was arrayed in male attire, and sat on the box of the coach in order to see farther; while at every halting-place she assisted in harnessing and unharnessing the horses. In the morning she would

shoot off a pistol in the forests, and clamber up the trees like a squirrel, for she was peculiarly agile (Goethe called her the Little Mouse). One day, when in an uncommonly frolicsome mood she had ascended into one of the Gothic sculptures of the Cologne Cathedral, she commenced a letter in the following way to Goethe's mother:—

"Lady Counselor, how alarmed you would be to see me now, seated in a Gothic rose."

Somewhere else she says: "I prefer dancing to walking, and I prefer flying to dancing."

Bettina arrived at Weimar after passing several sleepless nights on the box of the coach. She immediately called on Wieland, who knew her family; and obtained from him a letter, introducing her to Goethe. On arriving at the house of the great poet, she waited a few minutes before seeing him. Suddenly the door opened, and Goethe appeared.

"He surveyed me solemnly and fixedly. I believe I stretched out my hands towards him — I felt my strength failing me! Goethe folded me to his heart, murmuring the while, 'Poor child! have I frightened you?' These were the first words he uttered, and they entered my soul. He led me into his room, and made me sit on the sofa before him. We were then both speechless. He at last broke the silence. 'You will have read in the paper,' he said, 'that a few days ago we sustained a great loss through the death of the Duchess Amelia' (the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Weimar). 'Oh!' I answered, 'I never read the papers.'— 'Indeed! I imagined that everything in relation to Weimar interested you.'—'No, nothing interests me excepting yourself; moreover, I am much too impatient to read a newspaper.'—'You are a charming child.' Then came a long pause. I was still exiled on that fatal sofa, shy and trembling. You know it is impossible for me to remain sitting like a well-bred person. Alas! mother" (it was Goethe's mother to whom she was writing), "my conduct was utterly disgraceful. I at last exclaimed, 'I cannot remain on this couch!' and I arose suddenly. 'Well, do as you please,' he replied. I threw my arms round his neck, and he drew me on his knee, pressing me to his heart."

In reading this scene, we must remember that it took place in Germany, not in France! She remained long enough on his shoulder to fall asleep; for she had been traveling for several nights, and was exhausted with fatigue. Only on awakening did

she begin conversing a little. Goethe plucked a leaf off the vine that clustered round his window, and said, "This leaf and your cheek have the same freshness and the same bloom." My readers may be inclined to think this scene quite childish; but Goethe soon divulged to her his most serious and intimate thoughts. He became nearly emotional in speaking of Schiller, saying that he had died two springs ago; and on Bettina interrupting him to remark that she did not care for Schiller, he explained to her all the beauties of this poetical nature,—so dissimilar to his own, but one of infinite grandeur; a nature he himself had the generosity to fully appreciate.

The evening of the next day Bettina saw Goethe again at Wieland's; and on her appearing to be jealous regarding a bunch of violets he held, which she supposed had been given him by a woman, he threw her the flowers, remarking, "Are you not content if I give them to you?" These first scenes at Weimar were childlike and mystic, though from the very first marked by great intensity; it would not have been wise to enact them every day. At their second meeting, which took place at Wartburg after an interval of a few months, Bettina could hardly speak, so deep was her emotion. Goethe placed his hand on her lips and said, "Speak with your eyes—I understand everything;" and when he saw that the eyes of the charming child, "the dark, courageous child," were full of tears, he closed them, adding wisely, "Let us be calm—it beseems us both to be so!" But in recalling these scenes, are you not tempted to exclaim, "What would Voltaire have said?"

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE

(1798–1865)

SAINTINE, the author of the familiar classic 'Picciola,' was in many respects a fortunate man. He was endowed with a contagious optimism, which made him friends and brought him success. From his earliest efforts in authorship, he won readers by the cheering spirit of his pages and his refined sympathy with his fellows. He had no long apprenticeship of failure. His first work, entitled 'Bonheur de l'Étude,' brought him a prize from the French Academy when he was only twenty-one. Two years later he received a second prize from the Academy, for a discourse upon mutual instruction. A volume of pleasing verse — 'Poésies' — appeared in 1823, which was characterized by the fresh romantic spirit, kept within bounds by classical influences.

SAINTINE

Saintine was a contributor to many journals; among them the Revue de Paris, the Siècle, the Constitutionnel, and La Revue Contemporaine. He did some interesting historical work, — 'Histoire des Guerres d'Italie'; and made a study of German folk-lore, — 'Mythologie du Rhin': but he was best known for his stories. 'Seul,' one of the most interesting, is the story, simply and vividly told, of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

But by far his most famous work was 'Picciola,' which brought him more fame and more money than all the others. It has been republished more than forty times, and translated into many languages, and is still a favorite everywhere. The Academy awarded it the Montyon prize of three thousand francs, and decorated its author with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The story is exquisitely told, — of the rich and scholarly but *blasé* young nobleman, who, while a State prisoner in the fortress of Fenestrella, finds a little plant springing between the paving-stones of his court, watches it, loves it, makes it his companion, and is gradually regenerated by its revelation to him of natural and divine law. Picciola the plant becomes to him

Picciola the ideal maiden of his heart and imagination. There is a charming love tale too. Thérèse, a beautiful unselfish girl, is watching over her father, who is also a prisoner. Picciola is likely to die unless the paving-stones pressing on her stem are removed. It is Thérèse who takes charge of the Count's despairing petition to Napoleon. After the gloom and suffering comes the happy ending. In this book, Saintine's own love of nature is revealed in delicate descriptive touches.

For a Parisian — he was born at Paris in 1798, and died there in 1865 — he had an unusual sympathy with nature. His mind had a healthy turn toward all that was alive and growing, and hence the high moral tone and nobility of his work. He was a man whose vigorous appreciation of life was refined and strengthened by education. He was acquainted with books, and versed in natural science; and he wrote with scholarly finish as well as with spontaneity.

To read the touching story of Picciola makes it seem incongruous to think of Saintine as a humorist. Yet with the pseudonym of «Xavier» he was a comic dramatist of great popularity. In collaboration with leading writers of vaudeville, he composed over two hundred such works. 'Julien' and 'L'Ours et le Pacha,' witty vaudevilles written with Eugène Scribe, were particularly brilliant successes.

In his old age Saintine gave up writing, and passed a peaceful happy leisure, with abundant means and surrounded by friends.

FROM 'PICCIOLA'

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[The Count of Charney, a rich, young, and intellectual nobleman, has vainly and successively tried to find satisfaction in literature, science, metaphysics, and dissipation. In disgust with existing social conditions, he conspires against the government of Napoleon, is arrested, and cast into the fortress of Fenestrella. He is allowed neither books, pens, nor paper; and is forced to exercise all his ingenuity to find the slightest diversion from his hopeless thoughts.]

One day at the prescribed hour Charney was walking in the court-yard; his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs; and to live free, and be master of the soil and of space, seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, — doubtless to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them,— when he perceived, there under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, and slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive: in the most indifferent objects and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work underground; perhaps a tunnel, which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore him to life and liberty.

He listened attentively, and fancied he heard a low, rumbling noise under ground; he raised his head, and the tremulous air bore to him the rapid stroke of the tocsin, and the continued roll of drums along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and with a trembling hand wiped from his forehead great drops of sweat.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

This dream was only a flash. Reflection destroyed the illusion. He had no accomplices, and had never had friends. He listened again: the same sounds struck his ear, but gave rise to other thoughts. This stroke of the tocsin, and the roll of the drum, were only the distant sound of a church bell that he heard every day at the same hour, and the accustomed call to arms, which need only excite emotion in a few straggling soldiers of the citadel.

Charney smiled bitterly, and looked upon himself with pity, when he thought that some insignificant animal — a mole who had without doubt lost his way, or a field-mouse who had scratched up the earth under his feet — had caused him to believe for an instant in the affection of men and the overthrow of a great empire.

In order to make his mind quite clear about it, however, he stooped over the little mound and carefully removed some of the particles of earth; and saw with astonishment that the wild agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with

claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn was wafted to him,—as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which perhaps one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant—so tender, soft, and fragile, that a touch might break it—to raise, separate, and throw out earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed?

He bent over it again, and examined it with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of a double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enable them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

"Ah," said he to himself, "behold all the secret. It receives from nature this principle of strength; like the young birds, who before they are born are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner! thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom."

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly; and surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly pallor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself,—colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. "Yes, its leaves, without doubt," thought he, "will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be? Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the

same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind indeed," repeated he. "I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight: of what use are they?"

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached. The two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves against his reproach: they drew closer together, and inclosed in their bosom — to protect it against the cold and the attacks of insects — the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun; and which, thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings that the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained.

This strange colloquy between thought on one side and action on the other — between the man and the plant — was not to end here. Charney had been too long occupied with metaphysical discussions to surrender himself easily to a good reason.

"This is all very well," said he: "here as elsewhere a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favored this feeble creation. It was born armed with a lever to lift the soil, and a buckler to protect its head,— two conditions necessary to its existence: if it had happened that these had not been fulfilled, the plant must have died, stifled in its germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species whom Nature has no doubt created,— unfinished, imperfect, incapable of preserving and reproducing themselves, and who have had but an hour of life on earth. Who can calculate the number of false and impotent combinations Nature has made, before succeeding in producing one single specimen fitted to endure? A blind man may hit the mark, but how many arrows must he lose before he attains this result! For thousands of ages matter has been triturated by the double movement of attraction and repulsion: is it then strange

that chance should so many times produce the right combinations? I grant that this envelope can protect these first leaves; but will it grow and enlarge so as to shelter and preserve also the other leaves against the cold and the attacks of their enemies? Next spring, when new foliage will be born as fragile and tender as this, will it be here to protect it again? No. Nothing then has been planned in all this; nothing is the result of intelligent thought, but rather of a happy chance."

Sir Count, Nature has more than one response with which to refute your argument. Have patience, and observe that feeble and isolated production, sent forth and thrown into the court of your prison, perhaps less by a stroke of chance than by the benevolent foresight of Providence. These excrescences, in which you have divined a lever and a shield, had already rendered other services to this feeble plant. After having served it as envelope in the frozen ground through the winter, the right time having arrived, they lent it their nourishing breast,—as it were suckling it when, a simple germ, it had not yet roots with which to seek moisture from the ground, or leaves to breathe the air and the sun. You were right, Sir Count: these protecting wings which have until now brooded so maternally over the young plant, will not be developed with it,—they will fall; but not till they have accomplished their task, and when their ward will have gained strength sufficient to do without their aid. Do not be anxious about its future! Nature watches over this as over its sister plants; and as long as the north winds—the chilly fogs and snowflakes—descend from the Alps, the new leaves yet in the bud will find there a safe asylum; a dwelling arranged for them, closed from the air by a cement of gum and resin which will expand according to their need, only opening under a favorable sky and atmosphere. They will not come out without a warm covering of fur,—a soft cottony down which will defend them from the late frosts or any atmospheric caprices. Did ever mother watch more lovingly over the preservation of her child? Behold, Sir Count, what you might have known long since, if, descending from the abstruse regions of human science, you had deigned to lower your eyes to examine the simple works of God. The further north your steps had turned, the more these common marvels would have manifested themselves to you. Where the danger is greater, there the cares of Providence are redoubled.

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had ever an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which,—thanks to them,—kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived: she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilet of green; and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages, the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew; and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came: and by a new manœuvre the leaves, rising along the stem and shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their under side to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles; in their union was their strength. This time the plant had come forth from the combat not without some slight mutilations; but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is chance then intelligent?" said Charney: "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

One day, after he had contemplated it for a long time, he was surprised to find that he had been lost in thought; that his reveries had an unaccustomed tenderness, and that his happy thoughts continued during his walk in the court. Raising his head, he saw at the barred window of the great wall the "fly-catcher," who seemed to be observing him. At first he blushed, as if the man could read his thoughts; but then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. Had he the right to do so? Was not his mind also absorbed in the contemplation of one of the lowest ranks of creation?

"Who knows," said he, "but this Italian may have discovered in a fly as much worthy of study as I in my plant?"

On returning to his chamber, that which first struck his eye was this maxim of the fatalist, inscribed by him upon the wall two months before:—

"CHANCE IS BLIND, AND IS THE SOLE AUTHOR OF CREATION"

He took a bit of charcoal and wrote underneath:—

"PERHAPS!"

. . . . . .

One day soon after, at the appointed hour, Charney was at his post near his plant, when he saw a heavy black cloud obscuring the sun, hanging like a gray floating dome over the towers of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain began to fall: he started to go quickly under shelter, when hailstones mingled with the rain pattered on the pavement of the court. *La Povera*, whirled and twisted by the storm, seemed on the point of being uprooted from the earth; her wet leaves, fretting one against the other, trembling with the tossing of the wind, uttered as it were plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney paused. He remembered the reproaches of Ludovic, and looked eagerly around for some object with which to protect his plant; he found nothing: the hailstones became larger and fell more quickly, and threatened its destruction. He trembled for her;—for her whom he had seen so lately resist so well the violence of the wind and the hail; but now he loved his plant too well to suffer it to run any risk of injury, for the sake of getting the better of it in an argument.

Taking then a resolution worthy of a lover,—worthy of a father,—he drew near; he placed himself before his protégée, and interposed himself as a wall between her and the wind; he bent over her, serving as a shield against the shock of the hail: and there, motionless, panting from his struggles with the storm, from which he sheltered her,—protecting her with his hands, with his body, with his head, with his love,—he waited till the cloud had passed.

The storm was over. But might not a similar danger menace it when he, its protector, was held from it by bolts and bars? Moreover, the wife of Ludovic, followed by a large dog, sometimes

came into the court. This dog in his gambols might, with one snap of his mouth or a stroke of his paw, destroy the darling of the philosopher. Charney spent the rest of the day in meditating upon a plan; and the next day prepared to put it in execution.

The small portion of wood allowed him was scarcely enough for his comfort in this climate, where the evenings and mornings are so chilly. What matter? has he not the warmth of his bed? He can retire earlier and rise later. In this way, sparing his wood, he soon amassed enough for his purpose. When Ludovic questioned him about it, he said, "It is to build a palace for my mistress." The jailer winked his eye as if he understood; but he did not.

During this time Charney split, shaped, and pointed his sticks, laid together the most supple branches, preserved carefully the flexible osier which was used to tie together his daily bundle of fagots. Then he found the lining of his trunk to be of a coarse, loosely woven fabric: this he detached, and drew from it the coarsest and strongest threads. His materials thus prepared, he set himself bravely to work as soon as the laws of the jail and the scrupulous exactness of the jailer would allow.

Around his plant, between the pavement of the court, he carefully inserted the sticks of various sizes,— making them firm at their base by a cement, composed of earth gathered bit by bit here and there in the interstices between the stones, and of plaster and saltpetre purloined from the old moat of the castle. The principal framework thus arranged, he interlaced it with light twigs; thus making a sort of hurdle, capable in case of need of protecting *La Povera* from any blow, or the approach of the dog.

He was greatly encouraged during this work to find that Ludovic — who at the commencement, shaking his head with a low grumbling sound of evil augury, had seemed uncertain whether to allow him to continue his work — had now decided in his favor: and sometimes, while quietly smoking his pipe, leaning against the door at the entrance of the court, he would smilingly watch the inexperienced worker; occasionally taking his pipe from his mouth to give him some counsel, which Charney did not always know how to profit by.

But inexpert as he was, his work progressed. In order to complete it, he impoverished himself, by robbing his scanty bed of straw with which to make a sort of matting, to use when needed for the protection of his tender plant from the sharp gusts of

Alpine wind which threatened it on one side, or the midday rays of the sun reflected from the granite.

One evening the wind blew violently. Charney from his window saw the court strewed with bits of straw and little twigs. The matting of straw and the twigs had not been firmly enough bound to resist the wind. He promised himself to repair the misfortune the next day; but the next day, when he descended, it was all rebuilt. A hand more skillful than his had firmly interlaced the straw and the branches, and he knew well whom to thank in his heart.

Thus, against all peril, thanks to him, thanks to *them*, the plant was sheltered by rampart and roof; and Charney became more and more warmly attached to it, watching with delight its growth and development, as it unceasingly opened to him new marvels for admiration.

Time gave firmness and solidity to the plant; the covering of the stem, at first so delicate, gave from day to day assurance of increasing fitness to endure: and the happy possessor of the plant was seized with a curious and impatient desire to see it blossom.

At last then, he desired something: this man of a worn-out heart and frozen brain — this man so priding himself in his intellect — stoops from the proud heights of science to be absorbed in the contemplation of an herb of the field.

But do not hasten to accuse him of puerile weakness or of lunacy. The celebrated Quaker, John Bertram, after having passed long hours in examining the structure of a violet, determined to devote the powers of his mind to the study of the vegetable wonders of nature; and so gained a place among the masters of science.

If a philosopher of India became mad in seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive-plant, perhaps Charney on the contrary will learn from this plant true wisdom. Has he not already found in it the charm which has the power to dissipate his ennui and enlarge his prison?

"Oh, the flower! the flower!" said he; "that flower whose beauty will expand only for my eyes, whose perfume will exhale for me alone,— what form will it take? What shades will color its petals? Without doubt it will offer me new problems to solve, and throw a last challenge to my reason. Well, let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at all points; I will not shrink from the contest. Perhaps only then shall I be

able to comprehend in her completeness that secret which her imperfect formation has thus far hidden from me. But wilt thou flower,—wilt thou show thyself to me one day in all the glory of thy beauty and its adornment, Picciola?"

Picciola! that is the name by which he called her, when, in the necessity of hearing a human voice, he conversed aloud with the companion of his captivity, while lavishing upon her his cares. "Povera Picciola!" (poor little one): such had been the exclamation of Ludovic, moved with pity for the poor little thing, when it had nearly died for want of water. Charney remembered it.

"Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?" repeated he, while carefully opening the leaves at the extremities of the stems to see if there was any promise of blossom. And this name, Picciola, was very pleasant to his ear; for it brought to his mind at once the two beings who peopled his world,—his plant and his jailer.

One morning, when at the hour of his daily promenade he interrogated Picciola leaf by leaf, his eyes were suddenly arrested by something peculiar in its appearance; his heart beat violently; he laid his hand upon it, and the blood suffused his face. It was a long time since he had experienced so keen an emotion. What he saw was at the end of the main stem: a new excrescence, green, silky, of a spherical form, covered with delicate scales placed one upon the other, like the slates upon the rounded dome of a kiosk.

He cannot doubt,—it is the bud: the flower will soon be here.

[Under the influence of Picciola, Charney softens to friendliness for his fellow captive, the Italian Girhardi, and for the young daughter Thérèse, who is voluntarily sharing his imprisonment. He learns too to appreciate the gruff conscientiousness and genuine kindness of Ludovic, his jailer.

Picciola grows larger, and the paving-stones between which it is forcing its way, lacerate its stem, and threaten its destruction. After a struggle with his pride, Charney writes on a handkerchief a petition to Napoleon, which Girhardi agrees to forward. At much risk to herself, Thérèse, after vainly seeking Napoleon, who is on the field of Marengo, presents the petition to Josephine.]

While Josephine was giving her orders, an opening in the crowd showed her Thérèse, imploring, restrained by strong arms, yet resisting. At a gracious sign from the Empress, which every

one about her knew how to interpret, they released the captive, who finding herself free sprang forward, threw herself panting on her knees at the foot of the throne, and drawing quickly from her bosom a handkerchief, which she waved in the air, cried, "Madame, madame, a poor prisoner!"

Josephine could not understand the meaning of this handkerchief offered to her.

"Do you wish to present a petition to me?" said she.

"This is it, madame, this is it: the petition of a poor prisoner." And the tears sprang from the eyes of the supplicant, while a smile of hope illuminated her countenance. The Empress replied to her by another smile, gave her her hand, forced her to rise, and bending towards her with a manner full of kindness, said, "Come, come, my child, be reassured. He interests you very much, then, this poor prisoner?"

Thérèse blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I have never spoken to him," replied she; "but he is so unhappy! Read, madame!"

Josephine unfolded the handkerchief, moved to pity in thinking how much misery and privation this linen, so painfully written upon with an artificial ink, bore witness to; then stopping at the first line,—"But it is addressed to the Emperor."

"What matters! are you not his wife? Read, read, madame, in mercy read! it is so urgent!"

The combat was at its height. The Hungarian column, although under fire from the artillery of Marmont, renewed its forward movement. Zach and Desaix were face to face, and the result of their encounter was to decide the salvation or the loss of the army.

The cannon thundered on every side; the field of battle was aflame; the shouts of the soldiers, mingled with the clang and roar of battle, caused an agitation of the air as if a tempest was raging.

The Empress read that which follows:—

Sire:

Two stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favor that I ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself that I ask your protection; but in this desert of stones, where I am expiating my offenses against you, one single being has brought some solace to my pain,—one single being has thrown some charm upon my life. It is a plant, Sire, which

has spontaneously sprung up between the pavements of the court where I am permitted sometimes to breathe the air and see the sky. Accuse me not of delirium or folly. This flower has been for me an object of study so sweet and so consoling! My eyes fixed upon this plant have been opened to the truth; to it I owe reason, repose, life perhaps. I love it as you love glory.

At this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space in the ground; it is dying, and I cannot succor it;—the commandant of Fenestrella would send my complaint to the governor of Turin, and when they have decided, my plant will be dead. Therefore, Sire, I address you: you who by one word can do all, can save my plant. Permit the lifting of these two stones, which weigh upon me as upon it. Save it from destruction—save me from despair! Give the order: it is the life of my plant that I ask of you. I implore, I entreat you upon my bended knees, and I swear to you that on my heart shall be inscribed the record of your goodness.

Why should it die? It has, I acknowledge, lightened the punishment that your powerful hand has inflicted upon me; but it has also humbled my pride, and brings me now, a suppliant, to your feet. From the height of your double throne look down upon us. Can you comprehend what ties may bind a man to a plant, in this isolation which leaves for a man only a vegetable existence? No, you cannot know; and may God guard you from ever knowing what effect imprisonment may produce upon the firmest and proudest spirit. I do not complain of my captivity: I support it with resignation; prolong it, let it continue through my life: but mercy for my plant!

Remember, Sire, that this mercy that I implore of your Majesty is in vain if it is not granted immediately—even to-day. You may hold the sword suspended for a time over the head of the condemned one, and raise it at last to grant him pardon. But nature follows other laws than the justice of man: two days more, and even the Emperor Napoleon can do nothing for the flower of the captive of Fenestrella.

CHARNEY.

On the evening of that day, Josephine and Napoleon, after the official dinner at which they had been present, were in one of the apartments that had been prepared for them in the Hôtel de Ville of Alessandria: the one dictating letters to his secretary, pacing the room, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; the other before a lofty mirror, admiring with naïve coquetry the elegance of her robes, and the splendor of the jewels with which she was adorned.

When the secretary was dismissed, Napoleon seated himself; and leaning both his elbows upon a table covered with crimson

velvet fringed with gold, rested his head on his hands, and fell into a revery,—the subject of which was far from painful, judging from the expression of his face.

But Josephine soon wearied of the silence which ensued. He had already once that day treated her rudely in the matter of the petition; and aware that she had been maladroit in too great precipitation, she resolved to choose the moment more wisely next time. She believed that now the right time had come: and seating herself on the other side of the table opposite her husband, she too leaned upon her elbows, and like him affected an air of abstraction; soon their eyes met with a smile.

"What are you thinking of?" said Josephine to him, with a caressing tone and look.

"I am thinking," said he, "that the diadem is very becoming to you, and that it would be a great pity if I had neglected to place one in your jewel casket."

The smile of Josephine gradually faded; while that of Napoleon became more decided, for he loved to combat the painful apprehensions which always took possession of her when she contemplated the height to which they had lately risen. Noble woman! it was not for herself that she trembled.

"Are you not better pleased to see me Emperor than General?" pursued he.

"Certainly: as Emperor you have the right to grant mercy, and I have a favor to ask of you."

Now it was on the face of the husband that the smile faded, to brighten on the face of the wife. Knitting his brows, he prepared to be firm, fearing that the influence which Josephine exercised upon his heart might lead him into some foolish weakness.

"Again, Josephine! You have promised me not to attempt in this way again to interrupt the course of justice. Do you think that the right to exercise mercy is granted us only to satisfy the caprices of our hearts? No: we ought to use it only to soften the too rigorous punishment of the law, or to repair the errors of the tribunal. Always to extend the hand of forgiveness to one's enemies is only to augment their number and their insolence."

"Nevertheless, Sire," replied Josephine, with difficulty restraining a burst of laughter, "you will accord me the favor that I implore of your Majesty."

"I doubt it."

"And I do not doubt it. First and before all, I demand the removal of two oppressors! Yes, Sire, let them be displaced; let them be driven out, forced away, if necessary!"

And speaking thus, she covered her mouth with her handkerchief; for, seeing the astonished face of Napoleon, she could no longer restrain her mirth.

"How? you urge me to punish! you, Josephine! And who are the guilty ones?"

"Two paving-stones, Sire, which are in the way in a court-yard."

And the laughter so long restrained broke forth in a merry peal.

He rose quickly, and crossing his arms behind him, regarded her with an air of doubt and surprise.

"How? what do you mean? Two paving-stones! Are you jesting?"

"No," said she; and rising, she approached him, and with her graceful Creole nonchalance leaning her two clasped hands on his shoulder, said: "On these two stones depends a precious existence. Listen to me, Sire; I invoke all your good-will while I speak."

She then recounted to him the whole story of the petition, and all that she had learned from the young girl concerning the prisoner (whose name however she did not mention), and of the devotion of the poor child; and in speaking of the prisoner, of his flower, and the love which he bore it, the words flowed from her lips gracious, tender, caressing, full of charm and of that eloquence in which her heart so naturally expressed itself.

In listening, the Emperor smiled; and the smile was born of admiration of his wife.

At last Charney said adieu to the priest and the colonel. One day, when he least expected it, the prison doors opened for him.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, importuned by Josephine (who in her turn probably yielded to the importunities of another interceding for the prisoner of Fenestrella), caused an account to be rendered to him of the seizure made by the officers in their visit of search. They brought to the Emperor the cambric manuscripts, until then deposited in the archives of the Minister of Justice. He read them over carefully, and declared

loudly that the Count of Charney was a madman; but a harmless one.

"He who can so abase his thoughts as to be absorbed in a weed," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but not a conspirator. I grant his pardon. Let his estates be restored to him; and let him cultivate them himself, if such is his good pleasure."

Charney, in his turn, left Fenestrella; but he did not go alone. Could he be separated from his first, his constant friend? After having her transplanted into a large case of good earth, he took Picciola in triumph with him; his Picciola,—Picciola to whom he owed reason; Picciola to whom he owed his life; Picciola from whose bosom he had drawn consoling faith; Picciola through whom he had learned friendship and love; Picciola, finally, through whom he was to be restored to liberty!

As he was about to cross the drawbridge, a large rough hand was extended towards him.

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, trying to conceal his emotion, "give me your hand: now we can be friends, since you are going, since you leave us; since we shall see you no more—thank God."

Charney interrupted him: "We shall see each other again, my dear Ludovic! Ludovic, my friend!"

And after having embraced him and pressed his hand again and again, he left the citadel.

He had crossed the esplanade, left behind him the hill on which the fortress is built, crossed the bridge over the Clusone, and turned into the road to Suza, when a voice from the ramparts reached him, crying "Adieu, Signor Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months after, one sunny day in spring, a rich equipage drew up at the gates of the prison of Fenestrella. A traveler alighted and inquired for Ludovic Ritti.

It was his former captive who came to pay a visit to his friend the jailer. A young lady leaned lovingly on the arm of the traveler. That young lady was Thérèse Girhardi, Countess of Charney.

Together they visited the court, and the chamber where once abode ennui, skepticism, disillusion.

Of all the despairing sentences which had been inscribed upon the white walls, one alone remained:—

«LEARNING, WIT, BEAUTY, YOUTH, FORTUNE—ALL ARE POWERLESS TO GIVE HAPPINESS»

Thérèse added:

«—WITHOUT LOVE»

The kiss which Charney pressed upon her brow gave confirmation to the truth of what she had written.

Before leaving the count asked Ludovic to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola. Then saying farewell, the husband and wife returned to Turin, where Girhardi awaited them in his country-seat of La Colline.

There, near the house, in a rich parterre, brightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had ordered his plant to be placed,—alone, that no other might interfere with its development. By his order, no hand but his might touch it or care for it. He alone would watch over it: it was an employment, a duty, a debt imposed upon him by his gratitude.

How rapidly the days flowed by! Surrounded by extensive grounds, on the borders of a beautiful river, under a genial sky, Charney tasted the wine of this world's happiness. Time added a new charm, new strength, to all these ties; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy. The friendship of Girhardi, the love of Thérèse, the blessings of all who lived under his roof,—nothing was wanting to his happiness; and yet that happiness was to be made still greater. Charney became a father.

Oh, then his heart overflowed with felicity. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he felt for his wife. He was never weary of gazing upon and adoring them both. To be separated a moment from them was pain.

Ludovic arrived to fulfill his promise. He wished to visit his first godchild, that of the prison. But alas! in the midst of these transports of love, of the prosperity and happiness with which La Colline abounded,—the source of all these joys, of all this happiness, *La Povera* Picciola, was dead,—dead for want of care!

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE

(1737–1814)

One of the most beautiful works in romantic literature is 'Paul and Virginia,' by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Upon this short tale rests his literary fame. In bulk, its few score pages are not one twentieth of his collected writings; yet while the others are almost forgotten, this has become a classic. Its success oddly illustrates the fallibility of educated opinion. When composed in 1784, the author read it before a brilliant assemblage at Madame Necker's. As he proceeded, they yawned; one by one they deserted the room; only some of the ladies present wept. This chilling reception caused him to throw it aside, and very nearly to burn it. In 1788, when he was induced to publish this apparent trifle, it quickly passed through more than three hundred editions, and was translated into every civilized language. Themes for dramas, romances, pictures, and statues were drawn from it; new-born children were named after its young lovers. Napoleon slept with a copy under his pillow during the Italian campaign, "as Homer under that of Alexander"; and Joseph Bonaparte settled a pension of six thousand francs on the author. Perhaps with 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' it has been among the novels that have enjoyed the greatest immediate and lasting popularity. Strangely, too, 'Robinson Crusoe' had so profoundly influenced Saint-Pierre as a boy, that after several vain trips to find a desert isle, he made various attempts for the rest of his life to describe it; one of which resulted in this book.

Saint-Pierre

The precision with which it satisfied contemporary longings and tastes was the secret of its wide circulation. Externally it continued the tradition of Richardson, who had launched the novel of sentiment in 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and after whom the doctrine had been evolved that a love story should be of necessity pathetic and end unhappily; and it fell into line directly with the sense of the beauty of nature, and the desire for escape from social conventionalities, recently aroused by Rousseau. But fundamentally it was the work of

a poet who selected, as the form to body forth his thought, prose instead of verse; but a prose of finely chosen, richly set words, warm with imaginative life and color. Prior to its publication, the popular ideas and ideals then current, while powerfully presented in prose, had failed to reach any worthy expression in poetry. Yet a desire existed that would fly to welcome such a contribution. 'Paul and Virginia,' a poem in so many essentials, answered at least the purpose of poetry to its generation; hence its enthusiastic reception. The sorrows of the two young lovers, whose isolated existence sprang from misfortune and was ended by it; the loveliness of their lifelong devotion through childish pleasures and youthful dreams; the luxuriant verdure of their environment, whose rich tropical splendor made the milder French landscape seem pale and wan,— these poetic elements, deeply as they still move us, yet more profoundly affected its contemporaries of all classes. Its pathos gripped their hearts; its gorgeous scenery fired their imaginations. Marie Antoinette, masquerading as shepherdess at Laucret, as farmeress at the Trianon, saw in it a vista of peaceful retirement, dear also to the aristocracy about her; the people, a realm devoid of prince, tyrant, or law; all were stirred at its narration of naïve, perfect love, piteously frustrated. In this modern analogue of the Greek pastoral 'Daphnis and Chloe,' Saint-Pierre succeeded in being, as he wished, "the Theocritus and Virgil of the tropics." He has written the first novel where the background is as important as the characters themselves, and dowered the world of fiction with two types of perennial interest.

Curiously enough, his life is at utter variance with the spirit of his work. Instead of being suave, contented, and tolerant, he was restless and ambitious, in constant vicissitude from his wayward temper. Born at Havre in 1737, he studied engineering, and went to serve in Malta, but was discharged for insubordination. With a few francs, eked out by the bounty of those with whom he lodged, he traveled to Russia, where his handsome mien won him a position in the army. Failure to interest Catherine in a scheme of Siberian colonization, however, caused his resignation; after which, disgusted with foreign favors, he returned to besiege the home government with petitions and memoirs. These brought finally an appointment to Madagascar. The expedition there he abandoned, upon learning that its object was the barter of negroes at the Isle of France. His 'Voyage to the Isle of France' (1773), and his 'Studies of Nature' (1784–88),— a medley of the social philosophy of his friend Rousseau, and his own crude, pseudo-scientific theories, — made him famous. Louis XVI. created him supervisor of the Jardin des Plantes as Buffon's successor. While the Revolution stripped him of his honors and position, it made him a professor at the École Normale. After

enjoying the uninterrupted favor of Napoleon and King Joseph, he died in 1814 at Eragny-sur-Oise, where was his country-seat.

Aside from the composition of 'Paul and Virginia,' Saint-Pierre occupies an important position in the history of literature as a great colorist in words. A minute, sensitive observer of nature, he felt the need of a picturesque vocabulary in French, and this he supplied and handled so effectually that his forest vistas and storm scenes have individualized themselves indelibly on the memory; a rare thing in literature. An ingenious savant has calculated that his palette employs fifty-four distinctly named shades of color; certain it is, his influence upon Châteaubriand, Lamartine, George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and Pierre Loti has been decided. Unfortunately his pupils' fame has overshadowed his own; but notwithstanding, he is by right of priority the father of descriptive writing of nature in France during the nineteenth century.

THE HOME IN MARTINIQUE

From 'Paul and Virginia.' Copyright 1867, by Hurd & Houghton

In the rainy season the two families met together in the cottage, and employed themselves in weaving mats of grass and baskets of bamboo. Rakes, spades, and hatchets were ranged along the walls in the most perfect order; and near these instruments of agriculture were placed its products,— sacks of rice, sheaves of corn, and baskets of plantains. Some degree of luxury is usually united with plenty; and Virginia was taught by her mother and Margaret to prepare sherbet and cordials from the juice of the sugar-cane, the lemon, and the citron.

When night came, they all supped together by the light of a lamp: after which Madame de la Tour or Margaret told stories of travelers lost during the night in forests of Europe infested by banditti; or of some shipwrecked vessel, thrown by the tempest upon the rocks of a desert island. To these recitals their children listened with eager sensibility, and earnestly begged that Heaven would grant they might one day have the joy of showing their hospitality toward such unfortunate persons. At length the two families would separate and retire to rest, impatient to meet again the next morning. Sometimes they were lulled to repose by the beating rains which fell in torrents upon the roofs of their cottages; and sometimes by the hollow winds, which brought to their ear the distant murmur of the waves

breaking upon the shore. They blessed God for their own safety, of which their feeling became stronger from the idea of remote danger.

Madame de la Tour occasionally read aloud some affecting history of the Old or New Testament. Her auditors reasoned but little upon these sacred books, for their theology consisted in sentiment, like that of Nature; and their morality in action, like that of the gospel. Those families had no particular days devoted to pleasure, and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple, where they forever adored an Infinite Intelligence, Almighty, and the friend of human kind. A sentiment of confidence in his supreme power filled their minds with consolation for the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the future. Behold how these women, compelled by misfortune to return to a state of nature, had unfolded in their own bosoms, and in those of their children, the feelings which Nature gives us, our best support under evil.

But as clouds sometimes arise which cast a gloom over the best-regulated tempers, whenever any member of this little society appeared sad the rest gathered around, endeavoring to banish painful thoughts rather by sentiment than by arguments. Each used in this their especial character. Margaret exerted her gayety, Madame de la Tour employed her mild theology, Virginia her tender caresses, Paul his cordial frankness. Even Mary and Domingo hastened to offer their succor, and to weep with those that wept. Thus weak plants are interwoven in order to resist the tempests.

During the fine season they went every Sunday to the church of the Shaddock Grove, the steeple of which you see yonder upon the plain. Rich planters used to come to church in their palanquins; these several times sought the acquaintance of families so bound up in each other, and would have invited them to parties of pleasure. But they always declined such overtures with respectful politeness; persuaded that the powerful seek the weak only to feed their own complacency, and that the weak cannot please them without flattering them, whether they are good or evil. On the other hand, they avoided with equal care too intimate an acquaintance with the small planters, who are as a class jealous, calumniating, and gross. They thus acquired with some the character of being timid, and with others of being

proud; but their reserve was accompanied with so much obliging politeness, above all toward the unfortunate, that they insensibly acquired the respect of the rich and the confidence of the poor. After service the poor often came to require some kind office at their hands. Perhaps it was a person troubled in mind who sought their advice, or a child led them to its sick mother in the neighborhood. They always took with them remedies for the ordinary diseases of the country, which they administered in that soothing manner which stamps so much value upon the smallest favors. Above all, they succeeded in banishing the disorders of the mind, which are so intolerable in solitude and under the infirmities of a weakened frame. Madame de la Tour spoke with such sublime confidence of the Divinity, that the sick, while listening to her, believed that he was present. Virginia often returned home with her eyes wet with tears, and her heart overflowing with delight, at having had an opportunity of doing good. After these visits of charity, they sometimes prolonged their walk by the valley of the Sloping Mountain, till they reached my dwelling, where I used to prepare dinner for them upon the banks of the little river which glides near my cottage. I procured for these occasions some bottles of old wine, in order to heighten the gayety of our Indian repast by the more genial productions of Europe. At other times we met upon the seashore, at the mouth of other little rivers, which are here scarcely larger than brooks. We brought from the plantation our vegetable provisions, to which we added such as the sea furnished in great variety. We caught on these shores the mullet, the roach, and the sea-urchin, lobsters, shrimps, crabs, oysters, and all other kinds of shell-fish. In this way we often enjoyed the most tranquil pleasures in situations the most frightful. Sometimes, seated upon a rock under the shade of the velvet sunflower-tree, we saw the enormous waves of the Indian Ocean break beneath our feet with a tremendous noise. Paul, who could swim like a fish, would advance on the reefs to meet the coming billows; then, at their near approach, would run back to the beach, closely pursued by the foaming breakers, which threw themselves with a roaring noise far on the sands. But Virginia at this sight uttered piercing cries, and said that such sports frightened her too much.

Our repasts were succeeded by the songs and dances of the two young people. Virginia sang the happiness of pastoral life,

and the misery of those who were impelled by avarice to cross the furious ocean, rather than cultivate the earth and enjoy its peaceful bounties. Sometimes she performed a pantomime with Paul, in the manner of the negroes. The first language of man is pantomime; it is known to all nations, and is so natural and so expressive that the children of the European inhabitants catch it with facility from the negroes. Virginia, recalling from among the histories which her mother had read to her those which had affected her most, represented the principal events in them with beautiful simplicity. Sometimes at the sound of Domingo's tamtam she appeared upon the greensward, bearing a pitcher upon her head, and advanced with a timid step toward the source of a neighboring fountain to draw water. Domingo and Mary, who personated the Shepherds of Midian, forbade her to approach, and repulsed her sternly. Upon this Paul flew to her succor, beat away the shepherds, filled Virginia's pitcher, and placing it upon her head, bound her brows at the same time with a wreath of the red flowers of the Madagascar periwinkle, which served to heighten the delicacy of her complexion. Then, joining their sports, I took upon me the part of Raguel, and bestowed upon Paul my daughter Zephora in marriage.

Another time she represented Ruth, accompanying Naomi who returns poor and widowed to her own country, where she finds herself a stranger after her long absence. Domingo and Mary personated the reapers. Virginia followed their steps, pretending to glean here and there a few ears of corn. She was interrogated by Paul with the gravity of a patriarch, and answered with a faltering voice his questions. Soon, touched with compassion, he granted an asylum to innocence and hospitality to misfortune. He filled Virginia's lap with all kinds of food; and leading her toward us as before the old men of the city, declared his purpose to take her in marriage. At this scene, Madame de la Tour, recalling her widowhood and the desolate situation in which she had been left by her relations, succeeded by the kind reception she had met with from Margaret, and now by the soothing hope of a happy union between their children, could not forbear weeping; and these mixed recollections of good and evil caused us all to join in her tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were performed with such an air of reality, that you might have fancied yourself transported to the plains of Syria or of Palestine. We were not unfurnished with either

decorations, lights, or an orchestra, suitable to the representation. The scene was generally placed in an opening of the forest, where such parts of the wood as were penetrable formed around us numerous arcades of foliage, beneath which we were sheltered from the heat during the whole day; but when the sun descended toward the horizon, its rays, broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged among the shadows of the forest in strong lines of light, which produced the most sublime effect. Sometimes the whole of its broad disk appeared at the end of an avenue, spreading one dazzling mass of brightness. The foliage of the trees, illuminated from beneath by its saffron beams, glowed with the lustre of the topaz and the emerald. Their brown and mossy trunks appeared changed into columns of antique bronze; and the birds, which had retired in silence to their leafy shades to pass the night, surprised to see the radiance of a second morning, hailed the star of day with innumerable carols.

Night soon overtook us during those rural entertainments; but the purity of the air, and the mildness of the climate, admitted of our sleeping in the woods secure from the injuries of the weather, and no less secure from the molestation of robbers. At our return the following day to our respective habitations, we found them exactly in the same state in which they had been left. In this island, which then had no commerce, there was so much simplicity and good faith that the doors of several houses were without a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many of the natives.

There were, however, some days in the year celebrated by Paul and Virginia in a more peculiar manner; these were the birthdays of their mothers. Virginia never failed the day before to prepare some wheaten cakes, which she distributed among a few poor white families born on the island, who had never eaten European bread; and who, uncared for by the blacks, forced to live in the woods on tapioca roots, had not for the sustaining of their poverty either the stupidity which attends slavery or the courage which springs from education. These cakes were all the gifts that Virginia could offer to ease their condition; but she gave them in so delicate a manner that they were worth vastly more. In the first place Paul was commissioned to take the cakes himself to these families, and get their promise to come and spend the next day at Madame de la Tour's and Margaret's. They might then be seen coming: a mother of a family, perhaps,

with two or three thin, yellow, miserable-looking daughters, so timid that they dared not lift their eyes from the ground. Virginia soon put them at their ease. She brought them refreshments, the excellence of which she endeavored to heighten by relating some particular circumstance which in her own estimation greatly improved them: this drink had been prepared by Margaret; this other by her mother; her brother had himself picked this fruit from the top of the tree. She would get Paul to dance with them, nor would she leave them till she saw that they were happy. She wished them to partake of the joy of her own family. "We are happy," she would say, "only when we are seeking the happiness of others." When they left, she would have them carry away some little thing that appeared to please them; enforcing their acceptance of it by some delicate pretext, that she might not appear to know that they were in want. If she remarked that their clothes were much tattered, she obtained her mother's permission to give them some of her own, and then sent Paul to leave them secretly at their cottage doors. She followed thus the example of God, concealing the benefactor and revealing only the benefit.

You Europeans, whose minds are imbued from infancy with prejudices at variance with happiness, cannot imagine all the instruction and pleasure which Nature has to give. Your soul, confined to a little round of human knowledge, soon reaches the limit of its artificial enjoyment; but Nature and the heart are inexhaustible.

Paul and Virginia had neither clock nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hours of the day by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit, and the years by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. "It is time to dine," Virginia would say to the family: "the shadows of the plantain-trees are at their roots;" or, "Night approaches: the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come to see us?" some of her companions in the neighborhood would inquire. "At the time of the sugar-canes," Virginia would answer. "Your visit will be then still more delightful," her young acquaintances would reply. When she was asked what was her own age, and that of Paul, "My brother," said she, "is as old as the great

cocoa-tree of the fountain; and I am as old as the little cocoa-tree. The mangoes have borne fruit twelve times, and the orange-trees have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I came into the world." Their lives seemed linked to the trees like those of fauns or dryads. They knew no other historic epochs than that of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good and resigning themselves to the will of God.

After all, what need had these young people of riches or learning after our sort? Even their necessities and their ignorance added to their happiness. No day passed in which they did not do one another some service or give some knowledge; and while there might be some errors in this last, yet man in a simple state has no dangerous ones to fear.

Thus grew those children of Nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety were each day unfolding the beauty of their souls, disclosing matchless grace in their features, their attitudes, and their motions. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming freshness; and surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw, approached, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the figure of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

THE SHIPWRECK

From 'Paul and Virginia.' Copyright 1867, by Hurd & Houghton

INDEED, everything presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The clouds in the zenith were of a frightful blackness, and their edges copper-colored. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic birds,—frigate-birds, cutwaters, and a multitude of other marine birds, which, notwithstanding the fogginess of the atmosphere, came from all points of the horizon, seeking shelter on the island.

About nine in the morning, we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains.

Every one exclaimed, "There is the hurricane!" and in an instant a furious gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The Saint Géran was presented to our view,—her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmast lowered to the deck, her flag at half-mast; she was moored by four cables at the bow and one at the stern, anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland,—within that belt of reefs which encircles the Isle of France, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her front to the waves, which rolled in from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait, her prow was so lifted that the keel could be seen,—the stern plunging into the sea, disappearing from view as if it were swallowed by the surges. In this position, driven by the wind and waves toward the land, it was equally impossible for her to return through the passage by which she had entered, or by cutting her cables to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks and reefs of rock. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up the shingle to the distance of fifty feet on the land; then rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, rolling down the stones with a harsh and frightful sound. The sea, swollen by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was one vast sheet of white foam full of yawning black depths. Heaps of this foam more than six feet high were piled up at the lower part of the bay, and the wind which swept the surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank on to the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the sea. The horizon showed all the signs of a long tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Dense, horrifying clouds swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others seemed motionless as rocks. Not a spot of blue sky could be seen in the whole firmament; a wan olive light alone made visible the earth, the sea, and the skies.

In the violent rolling of the vessel, what we all dreaded happened. The cables which held her bow broke; and then, held only by a single hawser, she was dashed upon the rocks at half a cable's length from the shore. One cry of horror burst from

us all. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son," said I, "would you perish?" "Let me go to save her," cried he, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist and held it fast by the end. Paul precipitated himself toward the vessel, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching it; for the sea, by the reflux of its waves, left it at times almost dry, so that one could walk around it; but immediately returning with renewed fury, buried it beneath mountains of water, raising it again upon its keel and throwing the unfortunate Paul far upon the shore, his legs bleeding, his breast torn and wounded, and himself half dead. When the youth had scarcely recovered the use of his senses, he would arise and return with new ardor toward the vessel, whose joints the sea was now opening by the terrible blows of its waves.

The crew, despairing then of safety, precipitated themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we saw an object worthy of infinite pity: a young girl in the gallery of the stern of the Saint-Géran, stretching out her arms toward him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had recognized her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this lovely girl exposed to such horrible danger filled us with grief and despair. As for Virginia, with a noble and dignified bearing, she waved her hand to us as if bidding us an eternal adieu. All the sailors had thrown themselves into the sea except one who remained upon the deck, who was naked, and strong as Hercules. He approached Virginia with respect; we saw him kneeling at her feet, and attempt to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with dignity and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her! save her! do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain of water of frightful size was compressed between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced roaring toward the vessel, which it menaced with its black flanks and foaming summit. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself alone into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, with one hand held her robe about her, pressing the other upon her heart, and raising upward her serene eyes, seemed an angel ready to take her flight to the skies.

Oh, day of horror! alas! all was engulfed. The wave threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance toward Virginia, far up on the beach, as well as the sailor who had wished to save her in swimming. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeled on the sand, saying, "O my God, thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it gladly for that noble young lady." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul from the waves senseless, the blood flowing from his mouth and ears. The governor put him in the hands of the surgeons, while we searched along the shore, hoping that the sea might have thrown up the body of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it often does in hurricanes, we had the grief of feeling that we could not even bestow upon the unfortunate girl the last rites of sepulture. We retired from the spot, overwhelmed with consternation; our minds wholly occupied by a single loss, although in the shipwreck so many had perished. Many went away doubting, after witnessing such a terrible fate for this virtuous girl, whether there was a Providence; for there are evils so terrible and unmerited that even the faith of the wise is shaken.

In the mean time Paul, who had begun to return to consciousness, had been carried into a neighboring house, till he was in a fit state to be taken to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo, to prepare Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event. When we were at the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended to it, and one of the first objects I saw upon the beach was the body of Virginia; it was half covered with sand, and lay in the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, but her brow still retained its expression of serenity, and on her cheeks the livid hue of death blended with the blush of virgin modesty. One hand still held her robe; and the other, which was pressed upon her heart, was firmly closed and stiffened. With difficulty I disengaged from its grasp a small case: how great was my emotion when I saw that it was the picture of St. Paul, which she had promised never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last evidence of the constancy and love of the unfortunate girl I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast and pierced the air with his cries of grief.

We carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women to wash away the sand.

While they were performing this sad office, we ascended the hill with trembling steps to the plantation. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret in prayer, awaiting news from the vessel. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me, she cried, "Where is my daughter — my dear daughter — my child?" My silence and my tears leaving her no doubt as to her misfortune, she was instantly seized with a convulsive stopping of the breath and agonizing pain, and her voice was no longer heard but in sighs and sobs. Margaret cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and fainted. We ran to her assistance, and I assured her that Paul was living, and cared for by the governor. As soon as she recovered consciousness, she devoted herself to the care of her friend, who was roused from one fainting fit only to fall into another. Madame de la Tour passed the whole night in the most cruel sufferings, which caused me to feel that there is no grief like a mother's grief. When she returned to consciousness she turned a sad fixed look toward heaven. In vain her friend and I pressed her hand in ours; in vain we called her by the tenderest names. She appeared wholly insensible to these testimonials of our affection, and no sound issued from her oppressed bosom but deep hollow moans.

In the morning Paul was brought home in a palanquin; he had recovered the use of his reason, but was unable to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had dreaded, produced a better effect than all my cares. A ray of consolation appeared on the countenances of these two unfortunate mothers. They pressed close to him, clasped him in their arms, and kissed him; and their tears, which had been held back by their excessive grief, began to flow. Paul mingled his tears with theirs; and nature having thus found relief in these three unfortunate creatures, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive expression of their grief, and afforded them a lethargic repose, resembling in truth that of death.

M. de la Bourdonnais sent privately to inform me that the corpse of Virginia had been by his order carried to the town, from whence it would be transferred to the church of Shaddock Grove. I immediately went down to Port Louis, where I found a multitude assembled from all parts of the island in order to

be present at the funeral, as if the island had lost in her that which was most dear. The vessels in the harbor had their yards crossed and their flags at half-mast, and they fired guns at short intervals. A body of grenadiers led the funeral procession, with their muskets reversed, and the drums covered with crape giving only muffled, mournful sounds. Dejection was depicted on the countenances of these warriors, who had so often faced death in battle without a change of countenance. Eight young ladies of the principal families of the island, dressed in white, carrying palm branches in their hands, bore the body of their young companion covered with flowers. They were followed by a choir of children chanting hymns. After them came the governor, his staff, and all the principal inhabitants of the island, and an immense crowd of people.

This was what had been ordered by the administration to do honor to the virtues of Virginia. But when the corpse arrived at the foot of this mountain, in sight of those cottages of which she had been so long the joy, and that her death filled now with despair, all the funeral pomp was interrupted; the hymns and chants ceased, and nothing was heard throughout the plain but sighs and sobs. Then many young girls from the neighboring habitations were seen running to touch the coffin of Virginia with handkerchiefs, chaplets, and crowns of flowers, invoking her as a saint. Mothers asked of Heaven a daughter like Virginia; lovers, a heart as faithful; the poor, a friend as tender; slaves, a mistress as good.

DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON

(LOUIS DE ROUVROY)

(1675–1755)

As Louis XVIII. was leaving chapel one Sunday, he was stopped by his favorite and efficient general, the Duke of Saint-Simon, a descendant of the annalist.

"Sire," he said, "I have a favor to ask of your Majesty."

"M. de Saint-Simon, I know your recent and valuable services: you may ask what you please."

"Sire, it is a matter of grace to a prisoner in the Bastille."

"You jest, I think, M. de Saint-Simon."

"About the Bastille, yes, Sire; but not about the original manuscripts of the Duke de Saint-Simon seized in 1760, and your Majesty's prisoners of State at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"I know of them, M. de Saint-Simon, and you shall have these manuscripts. I give you my word for it."

This conversation occurred in 1819, when Louis de Rouvroy, the famous Duke of Saint-Simon, had been dead for over sixty years. His vast collection of memoirs,— which Sainte-Beuve says "forms the greatest and most valuable body of memoirs existing up to the present," which he had bequeathed by will explicitly to his cousin, the Bishop of Metz, had been all that time in the hands of government officials. A vigorous wrangle over their possession had followed the duke's death in 1755, and for six years they were in the possession of a notary. The Bishop of Metz died in 1760 without having obtained them; and by most people they were forgotten and left unmolested at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which was first in an obscure upper room "almost under the roofs" of the old Louvre, and later moved to different parts of the city.

The existence of this astonishing mass of historical material had not been entirely ignored. Marmontel and Duclos obtained access to it, and gleaned many extracts for their own histories. Voltaire had read it, in part at least. Much of it had been read aloud to Madame du Deffand, as she sat old and blind in her arm-chair. Brilliant gossip herself, she wrote enthusiastically to her friend Horace Walpole of this unrivaled gossip of an earlier generation.

Even after receiving the King's authorization, General de Saint-Simon had great difficulty in obtaining his ancestor's valuable papers; and at first only four of the eleven portfolios comprising the memoirs were grudgingly yielded to him. We know just how they looked, those leather portfolios fourteen inches long by nine and a half wide, with the Saint-Simon coat of arms in gilt on the outside. They are still in existence, with their closely written folio pages headed by the inscription in capitals, 'Mémoires de Saint-Simon.' There was no division into chapters or books, but the several thousand pages form one continuous narrative.

A garbled three-volume edition of extracts had appeared in 1789; but it was not until 1829 that a reliable edition, revised and arranged in chapters, appeared in forty volumes. It created a stir. The critics fell upon its erratic French, its solecisms, its unconscionable digressions; but all readers admitted the charm of the vivid narrative and keen description. «He wrote like the Devil for posterity,» said Châteaubriand. In various abridged and unabridged forms it has been popular ever since, and widely read and quoted by the French nation. No other work affords such a revelation of life at the court of Louis XIV., and during the succeeding regency. Macaulay found material in it for more than one of his historical sketches.

Louis de Rouvroy, Vidame de la Ferté, and later Duke of Saint-Simon and peer of France, was born in Paris, January 16th, 1675, of an ancient family which claimed descent from Charlemagne. His father, as a young page of Louis XIII., had gained royal favor, chiefly by adroitness in helping the King to change horses without dismounting. The King enriched him, made him duke and peer, and in return received his lifelong devotion. Louis, born when his father was sixty-nine, the only child of a young second wife, had Louis XIII. and Marie Thérèse as sponsors, and was early introduced to the court where most of his life was passed. He tells us that he was not a studious boy, but fond of history; and that if he had been allowed to read all he wished of it, he might have made «some figure in the world.»

At nineteen he entered a company of the musketeers, and served honorably in several campaigns; witnessing the siege of Namur, and active in the battle of Neerwinden. But with his lifelong propensity to consider himself slighted, he resented his lack of advancement, and retired from the army after five years. The jealous courtier had a strongly domestic side, as is shown in his devotion to his mother and in grateful tributes to his wife. His marriage in 1695 to a beautiful blonde, eldest daughter of the Marshal de Lorges, was purely a marriage of *convenance*, but proved a delightful exception to the usual family intrigues of the period. He soon grew to love his

wife: "She exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped."

He received Jesuit training in youth, and was always a strict Catholic; retiring once a year to the monastery of La Trappe for a period of prayer and meditation, and to confess and receive absolution from his dear friend, the Abbé de La Trappe. Then feeling himself morally purged for the time being, he returned to his usual life with apparently never a thought of changing his conduct or avoiding the faults he had just confessed. Like his fellow courtiers who could quarrel over questions of precedence at the communion table, he made no clear distinction as to the relative value of religious feeling and religious observances.

He was primarily a courtier, and frankly self-seeking; but too tactless to win royal favor. Louis XIV. never cordially liked him, but he maintained a place at court chiefly through the friendship of the princes. The early death of the dauphin — previously Duke of Burgundy — he felt as most disastrous to his fortunes. But he allied himself to the Duke of Orléans, and was of the council of the Regency. He did his best to reform the profligate prince, and in return was offered the position as governor of young Louis XV., or that of Guard of the Seals, both of which he refused. He had entered upon public life very young, and most of his early associates who were older died before him. So did his wife and eldest son. Left to himself, he fell into debt. Finally it was intimated to him that his presence was no longer desired at court; and he went away to spend his remaining years either at his country seat, La Ferté, or at his hotel in Paris, and to busy himself in revising his memoirs.

In writing these, Saint-Simon had found the greatest interest of his life. He was only nineteen when, while serving upon one of his German campaigns, he began the work that was to extend over nearly thirty years,— from 1694 to 1723. Memoirs had a peculiar fascination for him; and after reading those of Marshal de Bassompierre, he decided to keep a close account of people and events. He was too shrewd not to realize that no sincere expression would be possible if his enterprise were known; so throughout his long life he accomplished his daily record in secret. He wrote for a posterity whom he wished to have know the truth. Even Voltaire thought it unpatriotic to dim the glory of Versailles by showing what was base in its royal inmates. But Saint-Simon was no idealist. He considered himself a philosopher, a statesman, a historian; but he hardly merits these titles. Like La Bruyère, this "little duke with his cruel, piercing, unsatisfied eyes," was pre-eminently a portrait painter. But La Bruyère was not a nobleman, nor of the company he describes, but there on sufferance as a retainer of the haughty Condés. Saint-Simon, on

the contrary, felt his noble birth as a fact of vital importance, for which he must force recognition. The ruling thought of all his work is this insistence upon precedence. All his life he labored to extend the privileges of the peerage; and bitterly resented any social advance on the part of a bourgeois, as though with instinctive presentiment of the change even then impending. Even talent, when of humble origin, was contemptible in his eyes. Of Voltaire — whom he calls Arouet — he says slightingly: "The son of a notary who was my father's lawyer, and has been mine." He was supremely happy when he had brought about the Bed of Justice and effected the abasement of the illegitimate princes. He had long hated them because they took precedence of peers. To him the lower classes, the mass of the nation, only existed as a pedestal for nobility, and he never considers them as a factor in society.

What would they all have done, — selfish adulated Louis, dignified Madame de Maintenon, hiding her resolute will under determined tact, the hoydenish princesses, the toadying lords and ladies, — if they had known of the presence of this "spy" upon their every gesture? He cared little for nature. Even Lenôtre's beautifully conventionalized gardens pleased him less than a salon. "I examined everybody with my eyes and ears." He notes the courtly manners, the gorgeous robes, the royal magnificence; and he also notes the underlying treachery and corruption. "He is like those dogs, which, without seeing him, scent and discover a robber hidden under a piece of furniture," said Sainte-Beuve.

He excels in sketching individuals, and in communicating to us their manner, appearance, personality. He can paint a great canvas too, and show us the entire court gathered for a ball in the Salle de Glaces, or about the bed of a dying prince. Instead of the flawless, magnificent pageant others have shown as the court life of Louis XIV., he stamped verisimilitude upon his glittering yet grewsome representations.

THE MARRIAGE

From the 'Memoirs'

All this winter my mother was solely occupied in finding a good match for me. Some attempt was made to marry me to Mademoiselle de Royan. It would have been a noble and rich marriage; but I was alone, Mademoiselle de Royan was an orphan, and I wished a father-in-law and a family upon whom I could lean. During the preceding year there had been some

talk of the eldest daughter of Maréchal de Lorges for me. The affair had fallen through, almost as soon as suggested; and now, on both sides, there was a desire to recommence negotiations. The probity, the integrity, the freedom of Maréchal de Lorges pleased me infinitely, and everything tended to give me an extreme desire for this marriage. Madame de Lorges by her virtue and good sense was all I could wish for as the mother of my future wife. Mademoiselle de Lorges was a blonde, with complexion and figure perfect, a very amiable face, an extremely noble and modest deportment, and with I know not what of majesty derived from her air of virtue and of natural gentleness. The Maréchal had five other daughters; but I liked this one best beyond comparison, and hoped to find with her that happiness which she since has given me. As she has become my wife, I will abstain here from saying more about her, unless it be that she has exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped.

My marriage being agreed upon and arranged, the Maréchal de Lorges spoke of it to the King, who had the goodness to reply to him that he could not do better, and to speak of me very obligingly. The marriage accordingly took place at the Hôtel de Lorges, on the 8th of April, 1695; which I have always regarded, and with good reason, as the happiest day of my life. My mother treated me like the best mother in the world. On the Thursday before Quasimodo the contract was signed; a grand repast followed; at midnight the curé of St. Roch said mass, and married us in the chapel of the house. On the eve, my mother had sent forty thousand livres' worth of precious stones to Mademoiselle de Lorges, and I six hundred louis in a *corbeille* filled with all the knick-knacks that are given on these occasions.

We slept in the grand apartment of the Hôtel de Lorges. On the morrow, after dinner, my wife went to bed, and received a crowd of visitors, who came to pay their respects and to gratify their curiosity. The next evening we went to Versailles, and were received by Madame de Maintenon and the King. On arriving at the supper-table, the King said to the new duchess, "Madame, will you be pleased to seat yourself?"

His napkin being unfolded, he saw all the duchesses and princesses still standing: and rising in his chair, he said to Madame de Saint-Simon, "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all immediately seated themselves. On the

morrow, Madame de Saint-Simon received all the court in her bed,—in the apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajon, as being more handy, being on the ground floor. Our festivities were finished by a supper that I gave to the former friends of my father, whose acquaintance I had always cultivated with great care.

THE PORTRAIT

From the 'Memoirs'

I HAD, as I have already mentioned, conceived a strong attachment and admiration for M. de La Trappe. I wished to secure a portrait of him; but such was his modesty and humility that I feared to ask him to allow himself to be painted. I went therefore to Rigault, then the first portrait-painter in Europe. In consideration of a sum of a thousand crowns, and all his expenses paid, he agreed to accompany me to La Trappe, and to make a portrait of him from memory. The whole affair was to be kept a profound secret; and only one copy of the picture was to be made, and that for the artist himself.

My plan being fully arranged, I and Rigault set out. As soon as we arrived at our journey's end, I sought M. de La Trappe, and begged to be allowed to introduce to him a friend of mine, —an officer, who much wished to see him. I added that my friend was a stammerer, and that therefore he would be importuned merely with looks and not words. M. de La Trappe smiled with goodness, thought the officer curious about little, and consented to see him. The interview took place. Rigault, excusing himself on the ground of his infirmity, did little during three-quarters of an hour but keep his eyes upon M. de La Trappe; and at the end went into a room where materials were already provided for him, and covered his canvas with the images and the ideas he had filled himself with. On the morrow the same thing was repeated; although M. de La Trappe, thinking that a man whom he knew not, and who could take no part in conversation, had sufficiently seen him, agreed to the interview only out of complaisance to me. Another sitting was needed in order to finish the work; but it was with great difficulty M. de La Trappe could be persuaded to consent to it. When the third and last interview was at an end, M. de La Trappe testified to me his

surprise at having been so much and so long looked at by a species of mute. I made the best excuse I could, and hastened to turn the conversation.

The portrait was at length finished, and was a most perfect likeness of my venerable friend. Rigault admitted to me that he had worked so hard to produce it from memory, that for several months afterwards he had been unable to do anything to his other portraits. Notwithstanding the thousand crowns I had paid him, he broke the engagement he had made by showing the portrait before giving it up to me. Then, solicited for copies, he made several; gaining thereby, according to his own admission, more than twenty-five thousand francs: and thus gave publicity to the affair.

I was very much annoyed at this, and with the noise it made in the world; and I wrote to M. de La Trappe, relating the deception I had practiced upon him, and sued for pardon. He was pained to excess, hurt, and afflicted; nevertheless he showed no anger. He wrote in return to me, and said I was not ignorant that a Roman Emperor had said, "I love treason but not traitors;" but that as for himself, he felt on the contrary that he loved the traitor but could only hate his treason. I made presents of three copies of the picture to the monastery of La Trappe. On the back of the original I described the circumstance under which the portrait had been taken, in order to show that M. de La Trappe had not consented to it; and I pointed out that for some years he had been unable to use his right hand, to acknowledge thus the error which had been made in representing him as writing.

MADAME DE MAINTENON AT THE REVIEW

From the 'Memoirs'

The King wished to show the court all the manœuvres of war; the siege of Compiègne was therefore undertaken, according to due form, with lines, trenches, batteries, mines, etc. On Saturday, the 13th of September, the assault took place. To witness it, the King, Madame de Maintenon, all the ladies of the court, and a number of gentlemen, stationed themselves upon an old rampart, from which the plain and all the disposition of the

troops could be seen. I was in the half-circle very close to the King. It was the most beautiful sight that can be imagined, to see all that army, and the prodigious number of spectators on horse and foot, and that game of attack and defense so cleverly conducted.

But a spectacle of another sort — that I could paint forty years hence as well as to-day, so strongly did it strike me — was that which from the summit of this rampart the King gave to all his army, and to the innumerable crowd of spectators of all kinds in the plain below. Madame de Maintenon faced the plain and the troops in her sedan chair, alone, between its three windows drawn up; her porters having retired to a distance. On the left pole in front sat Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne; and on the same side, in a semicircle, standing, were Madame la Duchesse, Madame la Princesse de Conti, and all the ladies, — and behind them again, many men. At the right window was the King, standing, and a little in the rear a semicircle of the most distinguished men of the court. The King was nearly always uncovered; and every now and then stooped to speak to Madame de Maintenon, and explain to her what she saw, and the reason of each movement. Each time that he did so she was obliging enough to open the window four or five inches, but never halfway; for I noticed particularly, and I admit that I was more attentive to this spectacle than to that of the troops. Sometimes she opened of her own accord to ask some question of him: but generally it was he who without waiting for her, stooped down to instruct her of what was passing; and sometimes, if she did not notice him, he tapped at the glass to make her open it. He never spoke save to her, except when he gave a few brief orders, or just answered Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne, who wanted to make him speak, and with whom Madame de Maintenon carried on a conversation by signs, without opening the front window, through which the young princess screamed to her from time to time. I watched the countenance of every one carefully: all expressed surprise, tempered with prudence, and shame that was, as it were, ashamed of itself; every one behind the chair and in the semicircle watched this scene more than what was going on in the army. The King often put his hat on the top of the chair in order to get his head in to speak; and this continual exercise tired his loins very much. Monseigneur was on

horseback in the plain with the young princes. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the weather was as brilliant as could be desired.

Opposite the sedan chair was an opening with some steps cut through the wall, and communicating with the plain below. It had been made for the purpose of fetching orders from the King, should they be necessary. The case happened. Crenan, who commanded, sent Conillac, an officer in one of the defending regiments, to ask for some instructions from the King. Conillac had been stationed at the foot of the rampart, where what was passing above could not be seen. He mounted the steps; and as soon as his head and shoulders were at the top, caught sight of the chair, the King, and all the assembled company. He was not prepared for such a scene; and it struck him with such astonishment that he stopped short, with mouth and eyes wide open,—surprise painted upon every feature. I see him now as distinctly as I did then. The King, as well as the rest of the company, remarked the agitation of Conillac, and said to him with emotion, "Well, Conillac! come up." Conillac remained motionless, and the King continued, "Come up. What is the matter?" Conillac, thus addressed, finished his ascent, and came towards the King with slow and trembling steps, rolling his eyes from right to left like one deranged. Then he stammered something, but in a tone so low that it could not be heard. "What do you say?" cried the King. "Speak up." But Conillac was unable; and the King, finding he could get nothing out of him, told him to go away. He did not need to be told twice, but disappeared at once. As soon as he was gone, the King looking round said, "I don't know what is the matter with Conillac. He has lost his wits: he did not remember what he had to say to me." No one answered.

Towards the moment of the capitulation, Madame de Maintenon apparently asked permission to go away; for the King cried, "The chairmen of Madame!" They came and took her away; in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards the King retired also, and nearly everybody else. There was much interchange of glances, nudging with elbows, and then whisperings in the ear. Everybody was full of what had taken place on the ramparts between the King and Madame de Maintenon. Even the soldiers asked what meant that sedan chair, and the King every moment stooping to put his head inside of it. It became necessary gently to silence these questions of the troops. What

effect this sight had upon foreigners present, and what they said of it, may be imagined. All over Europe it was as much talked of as the camp of Compiègne itself, with all its pomp and prodigious splendor.

A PARAGON OF POLITENESS

From the 'Memoirs'

The Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by this leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back;—he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be

imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

There was no end to the outrageous civilities of M. de Coislin. On returning from Fontainebleau one day, we — that is, Madame de Saint-Simon and myself — encountered M. de Coislin and his son, M. de Metz, on foot upon the pavement of Ponterry, where their coach had broken down. We sent word, accordingly, that we should be glad to accommodate them in ours. But message followed message on both sides; and at last I was compelled to alight and to walk through the mud, begging them to mount into my coach. M. de Coislin, yielding to my prayers, consented to this: M. de Metz was furious with him for his compliments, and at last prevailed on him. When M. de Coislin had accepted my offer, and we had nothing more to do than to gain the coach, he began to capitulate, and to protest that he would not displace the two young ladies he saw seated in the vehicle. I told him that the two young ladies were chambermaids, who could well afford to wait until the other carriage was mended, and then continue their journey in that. But he would not hear of this; and at last, all that M. de Metz and I could do was to compromise the matter by agreeing to take one of the chambermaids with us. When we arrived at the coach, they both descended, in order to allow us to mount. During the compliments that passed, — and they were not short, — I told the servant who held the coach-door open, to close it as soon as I was inside, and to order the coachman to drive on at once. This was done; but M. de Coislin immediately began to cry aloud that he would jump out if we did not stop for the young ladies: and he set himself to do so in such an odd manner that I had only time to catch hold of the belt of his breeches and hold him back; but he still, with his head hanging out of the window, exclaimed that he *would* leap out, and pulled against me. At this absurdity I called to the coachman to stop; the duke with difficulty recovered himself, and persisted that he would have thrown himself out. The chambermaid was ordered to mount, and mount she did, all covered with mud, which daubed us; and she nearly crushed M. de Metz and me in this carriage fit only for four.

M. de Coislin could not bear that at parting anybody should give him the "last touch": a piece of sport, rarely cared for except in early youth, and out of which arises a chase by the person touched, in order to catch him by whom he has been touched.

One evening when the court was at Nancy, and just as everybody was going to bed, M. de Longueville spoke a few words in private to two of his torch-bearers; and then touching the Duc de Coislin, said he had given him the last touch, and scampered away, the duke hotly pursuing him. Once a little in advance, M. de Longueville hid himself in a doorway, allowed M. de Coislin to pass on, and then went quietly home to bed. Meanwhile the duke, lighted by the torch-bearers, searched for M. de Longueville all over the town; but meeting with no success, was obliged to give up the chase, and went home all in a sweat. He was obliged of course to laugh a good deal at this joke, but he evidently did not like it overmuch.

With all his politeness, which was in no way put on, M. de Coislin could when he pleased show a great deal of firmness, and a resolution to maintain his proper dignity worthy of much praise. At Nancy, on this same occasion, the Duc de Créqui, not finding apartments provided for him to his taste on arriving in town, went in his brutal manner and seized upon those allotted to the Duc de Coislin. The latter, arriving a moment after, found his servants turned into the street, and soon learned who had sent them there. M. de Créqui had precedence of him in rank; he said not a word, therefore, but went to the apartments provided for the Maréchal de Créqui (brother of the duke), and serving him exactly as he himself had just been served, took up his quarters there. The Maréchal de Créqui arrived in his turn, learned what had occurred, and immediately seized upon the apartments of Cavoye, in order to teach him how to provide quarters in future so as to avoid all disputes.

On another occasion, M. de Coislin went to the Sorbonne to listen to a thesis sustained by the second son of M. de Bouillon. When persons of distinction gave these discourses, it was customary for the princes of the blood, and for many of the court, to go and hear them. M. de Coislin was at that time almost last in order of precedence among the dukes. When he took his seat, therefore, knowing that a number of them would probably arrive, he left several rows of vacant places in front of him, and sat himself down. Immediately afterward, Novion, Chief President of the Parliament, arrived and seated himself in front of M. de Coislin. Astonished at this act of madness, M. de Coislin said not a word, but took an arm-chair; and while Novion turned his head to speak to Cardinal de Bouillon, placed that arm-chair

right in front of the Chief President, in such a manner that he was as it were imprisoned, and unable to stir. M. de Coislin then sat down. This was done so rapidly that nobody saw it until it was finished. When once it was observed, a great stir arose. Cardinal de Bouillon tried to intervene. M. de Coislin replied, that since the Chief President had forgotten his position he must be taught it; and would not budge. The other presidents were in a fright; and Novion, enraged by the offense put on him, knew not what to do. It was in vain that Cardinal de Bouillon on one side, and his brother on the other, tried to persuade M. de Coislin to give way. He would not listen to them. They sent a message to him to say that somebody wanted to see him at the door on most important business. But this had no effect. "There is no business so important," replied M. de Coislin, "as that of teaching M. le Premier Président what he owes me; and nothing will make me go from this place unless M. le Président, whom you see behind me, goes away first."

At last M. le Prince was sent for; and he with much persuasion endeavored to induce M. de Coislin to release the Chief President from his prison. But for some time M. de Coislin would listen as little to M. le Prince as he had listened to the others, and threatened to keep Novion thus shut up during all the thesis. At length he consented to set the Chief President free, but only on condition that he left the building immediately; that M. le Prince should guarantee this; and that no "juggling tricks" (that was the term he made use of) should be played off to defeat the agreement. M. le Prince at once gave his word that everything should be as he required; and M. de Coislin then rose, moved away his arm-chair, and said to the Chief President, "Go away, sir! go away, sir!" Novion did on the instant go away, in the utmost confusion, and jumped into his coach. M. de Coislin thereupon took back his chair to its former position, and composed himself to listen again.

On every side M. de Coislin was praised for the firmness he had shown. The princes of the blood called upon him the same evening, and complimented him for the course he had adopted; and so many other visitors came during the evening that his house was quite full until a late hour. On the morrow the King also praised him for his conduct, and severely blamed the Chief President. Nay more: he commanded the latter to go to M. de Coislin, at his house, and beg pardon of him. It is easy to

comprehend the shame and despair of Novion at being ordered to take so humiliating a step, especially after what had already happened to him. He prevailed upon M. de Coislin, through the mediation of friends, to spare him this pain; and M. de Coislin had the generosity to do so. He agreed therefore that when Novion called upon him he would pretend to be out, and this was done. The King, when he heard of it, praised very highly the forbearance of the duke.

He was not an old man when he died; but was eaten up with the gout, which he sometimes had in his eyes, in his nose, and in his tongue. When in this state, his room was filled with the best company. He was very generally liked, was truth itself in his dealings and his words, and was one of my friends, as he had been the friend of my father before me.

A MODERN HARPY

From the 'Memoirs'

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling, — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal, — she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a Harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity: moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined; was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the Devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She was never in the least embarrassed, however, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish-fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her out of malice to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going: but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself: "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel!" Down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the princess in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder; and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfiture. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the princess flew out of her half-faint into a sort of fury: said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale: "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you

were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day.—This, madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this, everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both to continue their game; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the court for several days; for this beautiful princess was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The duke and duchess bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the *salon*, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time—and these scenes were always at Marly—they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the Captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It had snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings; and in order to be better supplied, waked up to assist them the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted

her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon: and as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the princess would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the duchess would allow herself to be melted, and the princess was more villainously treated than ever; for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything: neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her: yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly that they concocted a return. One fine day they drew up on the Pont Neuf; the coachmen and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found she had been again left by her servants on the Pont Neuf. It was volume second of that story; and

even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress's room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the princess was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their beds in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed wealth for them, and made herself feared even by the prince and minister.

ADAM DE SAINT VICTOR

(Twelfth Century)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

The Latin hymns or sequences of Adam de Saint Victor came from that great period, the Middle Ages, so wonderful and so misconceived. They belong to literature because they reflect the vital motive of the time, Faith; because they are expressions of the personality of their author; and because their style is governed by delicate canons of art little understood by the modern world of poetry-lovers.

To the strict classicist, to the man who reverences Horace and Catullus, their rhymes are an abomination. But to one who approaches these sacred poems of the twelfth century remembering that they were part of that greater religious poem, the daily sacrifice of the Catholic Church, they are worthy of critical study, and they will amply repay it. They can neither be studied nor even dimly appreciated through the medium of translations. They are as intricate and technical as the Gothic architecture of the time which produced them; they have the sonorousness and aspirational cadence, without the simplicity, of the Gregorian chant which their music seems to echo; and above all, they are musical.

The sequence was sung between the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass. It was called "a prose," too, because in no regular metre; but in the Middle Ages these sequences, which were at first merely prolongations of "the last note of the Alleluia," were arranged for all feasts of the Church in such profusion that much weak and careless "prose" crept in. The consequence was that by the revision of the Roman Missal in the sixteenth century, only the 'Victimæ Paschali' (for Easter), the 'Veni Sancte Spiritus' (for Pentecost), 'Lauda Sion' (for Corpus Christi), and 'Dies Iræ' (in masses for the dead), were retained. In this revision, the thirty-nine sequences of Adam de Saint Victor disappeared from general usage. M. Félix Clément, in an enthusiastic notice of Saint Victor's poetry, regrets this, and welcomes M. Charles Barthélemy's edition of the sequences as an act of reparation to a genius too long misunderstood.

There is no doubt that the almost merciless precision of Adam de Saint Victor's rhyme had a great influence on French poetry,

although neither his rhythm nor rhyme ever reaches the monotony of the later French recurrences; and some of the poems are most exquisitely lyrical, artificial, and intricate, yet with an appearance of simplicity that might easily deceive the unlearned in the metrical modes of the twelfth century. Take for instance the sequence beginning 'Virgini Mariæ Laudes.' It is a marvel of skill; it has the quaintness of an old ballad and the play on words of a rondeau. It is modeled on the Easter sequence of the monk Notker, with, as M. Clément says, "extraordinary skill." It is untranslatable: no prose version can represent it, and no metrical imitation reproduce its unique shades of verbiage. In the sequence 'Of the Holy Ghost,' occur the famous lines which were part of the liturgy of France for four centuries:—

"Thou who art Giver and the gift,
Who from the naught all good didst lift,
Incline our hearts thy name to praise,
And form our words thy songs to raise,—
Thee, thee high lauding."

(Tu qui dator es et donum,
Tu qui condis omne bonum,
Cor ad laudem redde pronum,
Nostræ linguæ formans sonum,—
In tua præconia.)

Adam de Saint Victor was born in the twelfth century, and he died in either 1177 or 1192. It is certain that he was a canon regular of the Abbey of Saint-Victor-les-Paris; he composed certain treatises, and lived, honored and admired, for a part of his life under the rule of the Abbot Guérin, and was regarded as the foremost poet of his time. He drew his inspiration from the sacred Scriptures; and he applied both the teachings and the splendid figures of the Bible with the force and fervor of Dante. Modern hymn-writers — who seem to grow weaker every year — would do well to study the elevation and harmony of Adam de Saint Victor: he is a mine of riches. In the 'Carmina e Poetis Christianis' (Songs from Christian Poets), etc., by M. Félix Clément (Paris, Gaume & Co.), and in an appendix to M. Charles Barthélemy's translation into French of the 'Rationale Divinorum Officiorum' (Rationale of Divine Services), the material for a study of this poet's work may be found. An analysis of the sequence 'Of the Resurrection of Our Lord,' a prose version of which is given below, will show the skill with which it is constructed,— a skill as technical as that of a Petrarcan sonnet. The rhythm is as marked as the time of a military march.

DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI

Mundi renovatio
Nova parit gaudia;
Resurgenti Domino,
Corresurgent omnia,
Elementa serviunt
Et autoris sentiunt
Quanta sint solemnia.

Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aër volubilis,
Fluit aqua labalis,
Terra manet stabilis,
Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia.

Cœlum fit serenius,
Et mare tranquillius,
Spirat aura levius,
Vallis nostra floruit,
Revirescunt arida,
Recalescunt frigida,
Post quas ver intepuit.

Gelu mortis solvitur,
Princeps mundi tollitur,
Et ejus destruitur,
In nobis imperium,
Dum tenere voluit
In quo nihil habuit
Jus amisit proprium.

Vita mortem superat;
Homo jam recuperat
Quod priùs amiserat,
Paradisi gaudium.

Viam præbet facilem,
Cherubim versatilem,
Ut Deus promiserat
Amovendo gladium.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING

THE renewal of the world begets new joys; all things arise with the resurrection of the Lord. The elements obey [him] and feel how great are the feasts of their Creator.

The mobile ether and the whirling air are set in motion. The gliding water flows, the earth remains steady; what is light arises, what is heavy keeps its position at the centre [of the universe]. All things are renewed.

The heaven becomes more serene, the sea more quiet; one breathes gentle airs; our valley is [clothed] in flowers; what [was] dry becomes green again, what [was] cold grows warm again: after which the spring gains color.

The ice of death is loosened, the Prince of this world is done away with, and his power over us destroyed. While he wished to hold Him in whom he had not anything [*cf.* John xiv. 30], he lost the power that was his own.

Life conquers death; man now recovers what he had lost before, the joy of Paradise.

[Christ] makes the way easy [for us to travel] by removing, as God had promised, the sword of the Cherubim that "turns in every way" [Gen. iii. 24].

An inadequate prose translation must serve to give a faint impression of the deep feeling and sublime passion of the sequence in honor of the Holy Ghost beginning—

QUI procedis ab utroque,
Genitori Genitoque
  Pariter, Paraclete,
Redde linguas eloquentes,
Fac ferventes in te mentes
  Flamma tuâ divite.

DE SANCTO SPIRITU

(ON THE HOLY SPIRIT)

O THOU Paraclete that dost proceed equally from each, the Begetter and the Begotten, render eloquent our tongues, make our souls burn [glow] for thee with thy rich flame [of grace].

Love of the Father and of the Son, equal of both and [fully] equal and like to each: thou dost replenish all things, dost cherish all

things, thou dost direct the stars and move the heavens, remaining immutable thyself.

Bright light, dear light, thou dost put to flight the gloom of inner darkness: by thee the worlds are purified. Thou dost destroy sin and the blight of sin.

Thou dost make known the truth, and dost show the way of peace and the road of justice; thou dost shun the hearts of the evil, and dost enrich the hearts of the good with the gift of knowledge.

When thou dost teach, nothing is obscure; when thou art present, then is naught impure: at thy presence our joyful soul exults; our conscience, gladdened by thee, purified by thee, rejoices.

Thou dost change the elements; thanks to thee the sacraments have their efficacy; thou dost repel injury and violence [*lit.*, injurious violence]; thou dost silence and confute the wickedness of the enemy.

When thou dost come, thou dost soften our hearts; when thou dost enter [them], the black clouds of darkness [*lit.*, the darkness of the black cloud] flee. O sacred fire, thou dost inflame our breast; thou dost not burn it, but thou dost cleanse it from [all earthly] cares when thou dost visit it.

Thou dost instruct and arouse minds that before were ignorant and buried in sleep and forgetfulness. Thou dost help our tongues, and dost form the sound [of our word?]; the grace given by thee makes our heart inclined to the good.

O help of the oppressed, O comfort of the wretched, refuge of the poor! grant us contempt for things of earth; draw our desires to the love of things of heaven.

Drive away evil, remove our impurity, and make the discordant concordant, and bring us thy protection.

Mayst thou, who didst once visit, teach, and strengthen the disciples in their fear, deign to visit us; mayst thou console us if it is thy will, and the peoples that believe [in thee].

Equal is the majesty of the Persons, equal is their power, and common is their Godhead: thou that dost proceed from two art coequal with both; in nothing is there inequality.

Because thou art so great and such as is the Father, may thy humble servants [the humility of thy servants] render due praise to God the Father, to the Son [our] Redeemer, and as well to thee!

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

(1567–1622)

BY Y. BLAZE DE BURY

IN 1567, at the height of the League in France,—at Annécy, in a Savoy almost French in consequence of the repeated alliances of its sovereigns with France,—he who was to be St. Francis de Sales was born of one of the first families of his country. His early choice of the study of the law shows the predominance in him of reason over imagination. But what he refuses to imagination in the field of literary "invention," he makes up to it by the abuse of "images of style." When it is a matter of painting with the pen, he puts under contribution flowers, birds, streams,—all nature. The contemporary of Florian, of D'Urfé, and of Vaugelas, as well as their compatriot, he has neither the affectation of the second nor the "Scudérisms" of the first; but he rushes into veritable whirlwinds of metaphors. This abuse of metaphor, especially evident in his 'Introduction à la Vie Dévote' (Introduction to the Devout Life), does not prevent him, however, from having a very definite style,—a combination which makes it possible to republish him at the present time without any changes. In the order of psychological subtlety, Francis de Sales is the precursor of Fénelon. His direction of the nuns of the Visitation whom he governed, with the direction of the most worldly women of his time, evinces his great knowledge of women. In the 'Introduction to the Devout Life,' he excels in distributing his counsels as befits the worldly and the "regulars." For the worldly, he even takes part in the gallantry of the time, when he speaks of "friendships." He even accords that "friendship is mutual love; and that there should be constant communication and intercourse between persons united in friendship."

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that he founded the Order of the Visitation, and formed in his turn, with Madame Jeanne de Chantal, the aunt of Madame de Sévigné, exactly such a strict friendship "for good" as those of which he proclaims the utility, when in the 'Introduction' he says: "If the benefits that friends give each other are false and vain, the friendship is false and vain; but if they are true benefits, the friendship is true!"

The 'Traité de l'Amour de Dieu' is not less fertile in figurative language than the 'Introduction.' But it applies more especially to religious persons. Henry IV., and later, Louis XIII. particularly, did

their best to keep Francis in France; but nothing could prevail over his love of his native land, and in spite of his constant visits to the French court, and the direction of his "daughters" of the Visitation, and also his strong affection for St. Vincent de Paul, the country of his birth never ceased to be the country of his choice.

The firmness of his character, combined with great keenness, particularly fitted him for the direction of women: and it was thus he wrote the 'Introduction' for Madame de Charmoisy, as he founded the Order of the Visitation and modified its regulations upon the advice of Madame de Chantal; while at the same time this moral collaboration aimed at the personal elevation of this eminent woman left in widowhood! The foundation of the Visitation and the direction of souls,—such were the works of St. Francis de Sales. He died peacefully in 1622. There was nothing of the ascetic in him. While the holiness of his Italian namesake palpitates with the "madness of the cross," the triumph of Francis de Sales is, on the contrary, reason — wisdom — the economy well understood and well combined of worldly duties with divine obligations. He summed up in a word his own classification of each one's rôle, when he said, "The religion of the Capuchin is not the religion of the soldier."

The following citations are drawn from the 'Introduction to the Devout Life.' The selection is made especially in view of the worldly; and in order to show them how free our saint's morality was from all those compromises with questions of interests, such as money interests, with which church people are sometimes too justly reproached. These citations show, too, how well in his secular counsels his morality could adjust itself to social enigmas.

Speaking of the love of riches, and the pains we should take for the extension of our worldly fortune, St. Francis wrote: "We are rendering God an acceptable service when we take care of the good things which he has confided to us. This care must be greater and sounder than that of the worldly; for they work only for love of themselves, while we should work for the love of God."

Apropos of the love of the poor:—

"If you love the poor, take pleasure in being with them, in having them visit you, in going to see them. In speech be poor with them, talking with them as equal to equal; but with your hands be rich, sharing with them what God has given more abundantly to you than to them."

In another passage St. Francis wishes to show us the value of voluntary renouncing, and the difference between accepting and choosing poverty:—

"Esau came before his father with hairy hands, and Jacob did the same; but because the hair covering Jacob's hands was not fastened to his skin, but only to his gloves, it could be torn from him without flaying or wounding him.

On the contrary, as the hair on Esau's hands grew from his skin, naturally hairy, it could not be torn off without great pain and great resistance. The faithful servants of God care no more for their wealth than for their clothes, which they can put on and leave off at pleasure; but bad Christians prize it as much as animals do their skin.»

Sometimes, too, the saint's counsels take the form of maxims or thoughts: «Wherever there is less of us, there is more of God; poverty chosen in the midst of riches is therefore most agreeable to God, since it proves a divine election in the soul which chooses it.» — «If poverty displeases you, it is because you are not poor in spirit, but rich in spirit by the affection you give wealth.» St. Francis applies his declaration that «the religion of the Capuchin is not the religion of the soldier»; he proves it by showing the part which human love plays in people's hearts: —

«Love holds the first place among the passions; it reigns in the heart, it guides all its movements. Therefore forbid your heart all evil love, Philothea, for it would soon become an evil heart. All love moreover is not friendship; since one can love without being loved, and then there is ‹love› not ‹friendship.› Friendship is a mutual love. Between people who love each other there must be some communication. If the benefits that friends give each other are false and vain, the friendship is false and vain; but if they are true benefits, the friendship is true.»

Upon the harm caused by luxury, Francis de Sales is not less explicit: «There is a great difference between having poison and being poisoned. You may have wealth without its natural poison going to your heart.» In the eyes of our saint, as in the eyes of Montaigne, sadness and anxiety are the most detestable of all things. «Anxiety arises from an unreasonable desire either to be delivered from the ill one feels, or to attain a blessing for which one hopes. Thus the anxious heart is like a bird taken in a net, which, struggling wildly, involves itself deeper and deeper in the snare.»

In Chapter iv., Book iii., upon humility, the saint says: —

«We call vain glories, those which being *in* us are not properly *of* us. Nobility of birth, the favor of the great, are all outside of ourselves: why should we glory in them? How many persist in vain exultation because they have fine horses, showy clothes, beautiful furniture. Does not this show the folly of men? Some would like to dance well, others to sing well. That is very superficial, highly contemptible, and very irrelevant.»

St. Francis alludes very keenly to those persons who like to display their great learning, their noble traits of heredity. Acting thus, we should be embarrassed by an examination of the qualities of which we boast; and as there is nothing finer than honor when received as a gift, so there is nothing more shameful when required as a right.

Our author reserves his highest contempt for preoccupation with rank and honors. «The questions of precedence, of rank and honors, suit only petty minds.» Thus too upon false humility: «We often say that we are the dust of the earth, but we should be very sorry to be taken at our word. We often flee so that we may be pursued. The truly humble man, on the contrary, speaks little of himself, and tries to conceal his virtues.»

Although St. Francis was not a mystic, he spoke for those who are, when, apropos of St. Catherine of Siena, he said:—

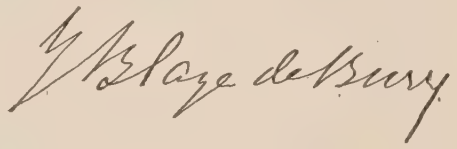
«The story of the temptations with which God permitted the Evil Spirit to assail St. Catherine's modesty is very astonishing; and nothing more horrible can be imagined than this spiritual combat, whether it be the enemy's suggestions to heart and imagination, or to the eyes by infamous representations. Although all this external evil struck only her senses, she was violently troubled and agitated. When our Lord finally appeared to her, she said, 'Where were you, Lord, when my heart was filled with filth?' Upon which the Lord answered, 'My daughter, I was in thy heart itself. If I had not been present, thy soul would have consented to those impressions, which would have destroyed it.'»

Here, apropos of gambling, is matter to satisfy the casuists, when St. Francis affirms «playing to satisfy the company where one is, to be perfectly proper»; and that St. Elizabeth of Hungary played thus at pleasure-gatherings without failing at all in devotion. Moreover, faithful in his care for the home woman, the friend of Jeanne de Chantal particularly advises many women to consecrate themselves to study; to «console others; and among your occupations,» he adds, «do not forget the spindle and the distaff: these humble occupations will keep you from idleness, the scourge of homes.»

Sometimes his taste for the picturesque leads our saint to impose anticipations of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' upon his reader. Particularly in the passage where he advises Philothea to balance the scales between the calls of temptation and the nobler instincts:—

«Consider on your left hand the Prince of Darkness upon a high throne; an infinite number of sinners are around, paying him homage. Some are transported by the spirit of rage, which makes them unchained furies of hate and vengeance; others are weakened by the spirit of idleness, which leaves them only leisure for vain frivolities. One group are intoxicated by the spirit of intemperance, which renders them brutes and madmen, another swollen with pride and insupportable; one parched with longing, another perishing with lust; others troubled with the anxiety for gain: behold them restless, disordered, killing, persecuting, destroying each other. And now consider upon your right hand, Jesus the Crucified, with an inexplicable tenderness of compassion. To obtain the liberty of these wretches, he offers his prayers and

his blood to God his Father. Consider the evenness of disposition, the serenity of mind, of the servants of God. They love each other with a pure and holy love. Even those who have afflictions are very little or not at all disquieted by them, and lose nothing of the peace of their hearts.»



ST. PAUL'S ADMIRABLE EXHORTATION TO THE SUPERNATURAL AND ECSTATIC LIFE

From 'A Treatise on the Love of God'

NOTHING can be more emphatic, nor more wonderful, than the arguments employed by St. Paul to urge us to this ecstatic life, in which man, always elevated above himself by his actions, lives in a species of continual rapture. The words of this great apostle are replenished with a celestial fire and a holy enthusiasm; it is impossible not to feel their strength and energy.

They proceed from a heart burning with love; and each of us should apply them to himself: «The charity of Christ,» said he, «*presseth us*» (2 Cor. v. 14). Is it not true that nothing influences the heart so forcibly as love? We are eager to return love for love, to those whom we know to be animated with affection for us; this ardor redoubles when the love of a superior anticipates that of an inferior; and if it be a powerful monarch who is the first to love his subject, the anxiety of the latter to return his affection must be extreme.

Jesus Christ, the only true God, the eternal and omnipotent Divinity, has loved us to so great a degree as to die for us on a cross: do we require any other motive to urge us ardently and continually to correspond with such infinite and unmerited goodness? Our divine Master, in furnishing us by his death with so powerful and irresistible a motive to love him, seems resolved to extract from our hearts the most ardent affection they are capable of feeling. By thus anticipating our affections, he employs a kind of violence which is the more powerful, as it is perfectly conformable to our natural inclinations.

In what manner, and in what circumstances, does the sovereign Friend of our souls press us? This we learn from the

words of St. Paul: "The charity of Christ presseth us," when we consider the effects of his love for us, as revealed by faith. Let us then attentively consider the benefits of our divine Savior, let us continually meditate on them, and his love will press us. But again, what is the object proposed to our reflections? The words of the apostle are worthy of observation; they tend to impress our hearts in a peculiar manner with the instructions they convey, "judging," said he, or considering, "that if one died for all, then all were dead." And Christ died for all. (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) The inference to be drawn from this truth is self-evident: a Savior died for all: consequently all must have been dead, since they required a Savior; and the merits of his death must be applied to the whole human race, since it has been endured by all.

What follows from this? We learn from the great apostle, who says that "They who live, may not now live to themselves, but to him who died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 15.) All that Jesus requires of us, in laying down his life for our salvation, is that we conform our lives to his, and love him as he loved us. What an irresistible influence must these words of the apostle have on hearts susceptible of love!

Jesus Christ died for us; he has purchased us life by his death; we only live because he died; he died to us, by applying to us the merits of his death; he died in us to eradicate from our hearts the germ of sin, which was the cause of his death and ours; he sacrificed his life for us, to deliver us from death. Our life then no longer belongs to us; it is the possession of him who has purchased it by his death: therefore we should no longer live to ourselves, in or for ourselves, but only to him, in him, and for him.

A young girl, a native of the isle of Sestos, brought up an eagle with all the care and attention which children usually lavish on their favorites. When it had begun to follow its natural instinct, by chasing smaller birds, it never failed to bring its prey to its dear mistress, as if to prove its gratitude. During its absence on one of these occasions, it happened that its young benefactress died; and according to the custom of the time and country, her body was placed on a pile to be burned. The eagle returned just as the flames began to ascend; and as if penetrated with grief at the view of this melancholy spectacle, it dropped its prey and threw itself on the body of its mistress, covering

her with its wings as if to screen her from the fire. It remained motionless in this position, the excess of its love seeming more violent than the fire by which it was consumed, and died a victim to its benefactress, leaving to mankind an example of lively and disinterested gratitude.

Does not this anecdote suffice to inflame our hearts with love? Our divine Benefactor has watched over us from the earliest dawn of the morning of life, even from the first moment of our conception: we may say in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou art he that hast drawn me out of the womb; thy paternal arms have been the support of my tottering steps." (Ps. xxi. 10.)

These first benefits of our divine Redeemer have been followed by still greater: he has made us children by baptism, that we might belong to him on the score of spiritual regeneration; he has condescended, by an incomprehensible effort of love, to watch over our education, to provide for our spiritual and corporal wants: in fine, he sacrificed his life to purchase ours, and left us his adorable body and precious blood for our food. What can we infer from all these marks of tender love, if not that "They who live, should not now live to themselves, but to him who died for them and rose again"? That is, every moment of our existence should be consecrated to the love of a God who has laid down his life for us; all our exertions, actions, thoughts, and affections should be referred solely to his glory. (2 Cor. v. 15.)

Consider our divine Redeemer, stretched on the cross as on a funeral pile, a bed of state to which he is about to be immolated, and acknowledge that in this circumstance, love has indeed been stronger than death: over which it has doubly triumphed, because it both ordained and consummated the sacrifice, of which death has been only the instrument; and because by inducing our divine Savior to die for us, it has rendered the most infamous and cruel of all deaths sweeter than even love itself.

Had we the generosity and gratitude of the eagle we have been speaking of, we would not hesitate at this sight to cast ourselves in spirit on the cross of our divine Redeemer, to expire thereon with him; and embracing him by our ardent affections, we should exclaim, I hold him, and I will rather die than let him go. Yes, I shall expire with him, the happy victim of his love; the sacred fire which spared not my omnipotent Creator must likewise immolate his creature. My Savior is entirely mine: I desire to be wholly his; to live and die reposing on his

bosom, that neither death nor life may ever separate me from him.

In this consists the holy and practical ecstasy of life and action; it is produced by love, which causes us to renounce the feelings and inclinations of corrupt nature, elevates us above ourselves to conform our lives and actions to the will and inspirations of Jesus Christ.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN WHO DIED OF LOVE ON MOUNT OLIVET

From 'A Treatise on the Love of God'

I SHALL add to the examples I have already related, a history which has come to my knowledge, and which, though very extraordinary, is not on this account less deserving of belief, since, as the apostle says, "charity believeth all things": that is, she cannot easily persuade herself that duplicity has been used when there are no evident marks of falsehood in what is advanced, especially with regard to the love of God for man, or of man for God: nothing is too extraordinary to be expected from charity, which is the queen of virtues; and which, like the princes of the earth, takes pleasure in performing great exploits to extend her dominion, and increase the glory of her empire.

Though the fact I am about to state is not so generally known, or so well authenticated, as so wonderful an event seems to require, it is, however, no less true. St. Augustine has observed that miracles, however extraordinary, are never well known in the place where they have been performed, and are scarcely believed though related by witnesses. Yet they are not less true on this account; pious and upright minds easily believe whatever does honor to religion, and are more inclined to credit these prodigies in proportion as they are more wonderful and difficult to believe.

A gentleman remarkable for his virtues still more than for his bravery and illustrious birth, went to Palestine to visit the holy places where the great work of our redemption was accomplished. After having prepared himself for this holy exercise by an exact confession and a fervent communion, he went first to Nazareth, where the eternal Word was conceived, after the angel had announced to the ever-blessed Virgin the mystery of

the incarnation. Here the devout pilgrim began to penetrate by contemplation the abyss of the mercy of God, who to rescue us from the state of perdition to which we had been reduced by sin, deigned to assume a human form.

He then proceeded to Bethlehem; visited the stable in which the divine Infant was born, and kissed the earth which had supported the tottering steps of his infancy. We could enumerate the tears he shed, in reflecting on those which had streamed so abundantly from the divine eyes of Jesus Christ! He then proceeded to Bethabara, and entered Bethany. There, remembering that the Son of God had taken off his garments to be baptized, he stripped himself of his, bathed in the Jordan, and drank of its waters to satisfy his devotion. In doing so, he imagined that he beheld the heavens opened, that he saw Jesus Christ receiving baptism from the hands of his Precursor, and the Holy Ghost descending visibly on him in the form of a dove; whilst a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii. 17.)

He quitted Bethany, and entered into the desert; where in spirit he contemplated Jesus Christ fasting and resisting temptation, and also the angels who approached after his victory, and gave him to eat. After considering his Savior transfigured on Mount Tabor, he proceeded to Mount Sion; where he imagined himself in the presence of Jesus Christ in the cenacle, washing the feet of his apostles, and giving them his adorable body to eat, after the institution of the blessed Eucharist.

He passed over the torrent of Cedron, and entered the garden of Gethsemane, where he felt his heart penetrated with a delicious sorrow, which caused his tears to flow afresh, at the recollection of his divine Redeemer's cruel agony and sweat of blood. He next considered him bound by the soldiers, conducted to Jerusalem as a criminal; he followed him in spirit by the traces of his blood, to all the different places where he was dragged,—to the houses of Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod,—where he considered him mangled with blows, despised, covered with spittle, crowned with thorns, exposed to the ridicule and derision of the populace, and condemned to death, loaded with his cross, walking to Calvary; and meeting soon after his blessed Mother overwhelmed with anguish, and the daughters of Jerusalem, who compassionated his sufferings and wept for the ignominious state to which he was reduced.

The devout pilgrim, following exactly the steps of his Master, arrived at length on the summit of Mount Calvary: there he in spirit viewed the cross placed on the earth; he beheld Jesus Christ stripped of his garments and fastened thereon, his hands and feet being cruelly pierced with nails; he then saw the cross elevated and Jesus Christ suspended in the air between heaven and earth, his blood flowing in copious streams from every part of his sacred body. He casts a look at the Mother of Jesus, transfixed with the sword of sorrow according to the prophecy of Simeon; and then returning to the contemplation of his Savior, he listens attentively to his expiring words; he wishes to receive his last sigh, to consider him after death, to penetrate if possible into the innermost recess of his adorable heart, through the opening made in his side by the spear.

He does not quit Calvary until he has seen the mangled body of his divine Redeemer taken down from the cross; he follows him to the sepulchre, bedewing with a torrent of tears the road which had been sprinkled with the blood of Jesus Christ. He enters the sepulchre, as if to entomb his heart near the body of his departed Lord. After having died spiritually with him, by compassion, he rises with him, by the joy he experiences at his glorious resurrection. Having accompanied him to Emmaüs, and meditated on his conversation with his two disciples, he returned to Mount Olivet where the mystery of the Ascension was accomplished, that he might end his life on the spot where Jesus Christ had terminated his mortal career.

There, viewing the last traces which the sacred feet of his Redeemer had imprinted on earth, he prostrated himself, to embrace them a thousand times with inexpressible transports of love. Then uniting his powers and affections, as an archer draws the string of his bow before he shoots the arrow, he stood erect, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed, "My divine Savior, I no longer know where to seek thee on earth: grant then that my soul may ascend with thee, that it may soar to the regions of never-ending happiness." These inflamed words, pronounced by a last effort of his united affections, like a bow violently bent, freed the soul from her prison, and enabled her to dart like an arrow to the object at which the holy pilgrim aimed.

The companions of his pilgrimage, seeing him fall suddenly, hastened to his assistance: and quickly called a physician, who, finding him lifeless, and being unable to divine the cause of so

sudden a death, inquired into his habits, temper, and constitution; and being informed that he was of a gentle, affectionate disposition, inflamed with a great devotion and an ardent love of God, he concluded that a violent effort of love must have opened his heart; and to ascertain it beyond a doubt, he recommended that his body should be opened. They actually found that his heart had opened; and through the aperture, the words "Jesus, my love" were seen imprinted thereon. Love performed the office of death, by separating the soul from the body: this separation could not be attributed to any other cause. The account of this extraordinary death is given by St. Bernardin of Siena,—an author no less venerable for his learning than his sanctity,—in his first sermon on our Lord's Ascension.

Another author, nearly contemporary with the saint, who has concealed his name through humility, though worthy of being universally known, relates a still more wonderful circumstance in a work entitled 'The Spiritual Mirror.'

He says that a young nobleman of Provence, remarkable for his ardent love of God and his great devotion to the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, being dangerously ill, and fearing that he could not retain the blessed Eucharist because of the incessant vomiting attendant on his malady, entreated of the clergyman to form the sign of the cross over him with the sacred Host, and then to apply it to his bosom; which was accordingly done. Immediately his heart, burning with divine love, opened; and Jesus Christ, attracted by his ardent desires, entered through the aperture under the form of the sacred species, and the invalid expired.

I am aware that so extraordinary a circumstance requires to be better authenticated: but after the miracle performed on St. Clare of Montfalcon, whose heart is still to be seen with the instruments of the Passion engraved on it; after the impression of the stigmates on St. Francis, of which there can be no doubt, —I have no difficulty in believing the most miraculous effects of Divine love.

SALLUST (GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS)

(86?–34? B. C.)

SALLUST survives as the author of two brief historical monographs. The 'Conspiracy of Catiline' is twelve thousand words in length; the story of the war against Jugurtha is told in about twice as many. In the career of a Mommsen or a Parkman, these might be mere contributions to a semi-popular magazine, — perhaps later gathered up in a sheaf of minor essays. As to thoroughness in investigation, and conscientious faithfulness, Sallust never rose to the level of Macaulay's schoolboy.

Yet among historians he has a right to echo Heine's boast:—

> «When the greatest names are mentioned,
> Then mine is mentioned too.»

SALLUST

Whence comes this lasting fame? Partly, no doubt, from the meagreness of our salvage from the Roman historians. Even Livy and Tacitus survive only as torsos. Cæsar's memoirs alone remain intact, as indestructible as are his larger monuments. The really laborious and scientific work of Varro, like Cato's 'Origines,' has vanished almost utterly. And so we descend almost at once to late and dull compilations. This pair of essays, therefore, each effectively centralized in plot, highly finished rhetorically, is almost like an oasis in a desert land of conjecture and doubt.

In the great story of Roman imperial growth these two episodes are incomparably less prominent than — let us say — the Nullification incident and the possible annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States. Still, both have a certain epochal and pivotal character which Sallust has not failed to emphasize. Indeed, Mommsen offers much to support his own judgment that both these little books are political pamphlets, whose chief purpose is to discredit still more completely the beaten aristocracy, to glorify Marius and Julius as the successive champions of the populace, and so contribute to the rise of their successor, the young Octavian.

In fact, this political purpose is frankly though quietly indicated to the attentive reader. Passing over the rather dismal personal

preface ('Jugurtha,' i.–iv.), we find early in Chapter v.: "I am about to describe the war against Jugurtha, because . . . then first was opposition made to the insolence of the nobility."

On an early page, again, there is a clever introduction of Scipio Africanus, evidently as the last of the great patriot nobles, to be contrasted with the greed and folly of his degenerate successors. When the young African princeling Jugurtha had won his spurs under Scipio's eye in the campaign against Numantia, he is ushered, at parting, into the great consul's private tent, to hear words that foreshadowed the tragedy of his own life. "Cultivate rather the friendship of the Roman people itself than of individuals. Do not fall into the custom of bribe-giving. It is perilous to purchase from the few what truly belongs to the many. If you persevere in your own character, then glory, and royal power as well, will come to you unsought. If you make undue haste to meet them, the very money you spend will bring your headlong downfall."

We need not wonder whence Scipio derived his prophetic insight, nor inquire too curiously which of the two would have handed down, to Sallust the scribe, the very words of this secret fatherly counsel. Nearly every page offers equally clear evidence that our two sketches belong to the same "historical" school as Xenophon's romance of Cyrus's boyhood.

In the use of grave general apophthegms, in a certain austere ruggedness of condensation, and in occasional archaisms,—all traits found chiefly in the longer set speeches,—our author clearly attempts at times to recall Thucydides. The comparison thus forced upon us is, upon the whole, rash, not to say suicidal. Still, we may well remember that even the conscientious Athenian lover of truth often made his statesman's or general's speech represent merely the substance of what *should* have been said on some decisive occasion.

While the fierce Numidian chief long remains the central figure, Marius is quietly and skillfully brought to the front of the stage. It was impossible to make him the hero of the war itself, which had been nearly finished by Metellus before he was displaced by his lieutenant. Moreover, the final betrayal of Jugurtha throws little credit on any one concerned. The essay culminates rather in the long harangue to the people by the newly elected consul (Chapter lxxxv.).

The final words of the pamphlet bear out the views here suggested as to its purpose, when they remind us that Marius was re-elected consul before he could return from Africa to Italy, because the Romans were panic-stricken by the great Celtic invasion. "All other tasks seem easy to our valor: against the Gauls alone we have always had to fight, not for glory, but for our very existence." Thus no reader could fail to be reminded that Cæsar, the conqueror

of Gaul, had completed the hardest of Marius's tasks, the defeat of the Teutones and Cimbri, and so finally rescued Italy from its century-long terror.

Space does not permit an adequate analysis of the 'Catiline.' The depreciation of Cicero and other patriotic aristocrats, the "whitewashing" of the youthful Cæsar,—and even in some degree of his friend the arch-conspirator,—have always been noted by observant readers. The recognition of such a deliberate partisan purpose, followed out in masterly fashion, only increases our sense of Sallust's rhetorical skill. It is not to be supposed that any one studies him as a trustworthy source of historical facts.

Sallust's lost History covered only the years 78–67 B. C. The speeches and letters of this work are preserved in a special collection; and several fragments from a vanished manuscript of the entire work have also come to light in our century to pique our curiosity. Perhaps the author's own memories would make this work doubly valuable, though the contemporary Catiline by no means equals the traditional Jugurtha in romantic interest. Once more, it is as a stylist, more than as a historian, that Sallust lives at all. Over the question "What is truth?" he lingered painfully as little as did "jesting Pilate."

The recorded incidents of Sallust's life are perhaps sufficient to explain his Cæsarian partisanship. His first public appearance is as tribune of the people, fiercely opposed to Cicero in the famous trial of Milo. Only two years later he was expelled from the Senate on account of his outrageously vicious private life. It was Cæsar who by appointing him quæstor restored his senatorial rank. During the civil war he was active on sea and land, and at its close remained in Africa as proconsul. There he acquired enormous wealth; and retiring henceforth from public life, he laid out upon the Quirinal Hill those Gardens which remained so long a byword of imperial luxury. He can hardly have been much more extortionate than other provincial governors. Even his profligacy, and its punishment, may have been exaggerated by political malice and partisan ferocity. However, he is not a winning character; and we are hardly reassured by the pessimistic and Pharisaic tone struck in the personal introduction to each of his two essays.

There are numerous school editions of the 'Jugurtha' and 'Catiline.' Sallust is, however, hardly fitted to inspire or elevate the youthful soul, and is passing somewhat out of popular use. There are sufficiently faithful English versions, but none of high literary quality.

CATILINE AND HIS PLOT

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable; he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

Such was the character of Catiline, who, after Sylla's usurpation, was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design by his poverty and the consciousness of his crimes: both which evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the State, thoroughly debased by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city, Catiline had always about him — what was no difficult matter to find in Rome — bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting, and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts (contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes); all parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters; [such as were already convicted criminals, or feared conviction;] nay, farther, all who lived by perjury or by shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence, or a guilty conscience disquieted,— were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy. Or if any person of blameless character became familiar with him, then by daily conversation, and the snares that were laid to corrupt him, he too soon resembled, and even equaled, the rest. But what

Catiline chiefly courted was the intimacy of young men: their minds, being soft and pliable, were easily ensnared. Some of these he provided with mistresses; bought horses and dogs for others: gratifying the favorite passion of each;—in a word, he spared no expense, nor even his own honor, to engage them heartily in his interests. Some there were, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented Catiline's house were guilty of licentiousness; but this rumor, I apprehend, was more owing to other reasons than that there was any clear evidence of the fact.

As for Catiline himself, he had, when very young, been guilty of many atrocious crimes, in open contempt of all law and order: afterward he conceived a passion for Aurelia Orestilla,—one who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her; and because she scrupled to marry him, on account of his having a son who was arrived at years of maturity, it is believed as a certain fact that he destroyed that son, and made his house desolate, to open a way for so infamous an alliance. And this indeed appears to me to have been the principal cause that pushed him to the execution of the conspiracy: for his guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly, his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow; and indeed in all his looks there was an air of distraction.

As for the youth whom he had corrupted in the manner above related, they were trained up to wickedness by various methods: he taught them to be false witnesses, to forge deeds, to throw off all regard to truth, to squander their fortunes, and to slight dangers; and after he had stripped them of all reputation and shame, he pushed them on to crimes still more heinous; and even when no provocation was given, it was their practice to ensnare and murder those who had never injured them, as well as those who had. For he chose to be cruel and mischievous without any cause, rather than that the hands and spirits of his associates should lose their vigor for want of employment.

Confiding in these friends and accomplices, Catiline formed a design to seize the government: he found an additional encouragement from the number of those who were oppressed with debts throughout the State, and the disposition of Sylla's soldiers, who, having squandered away what they had lately acquired, and calling to remembrance their former conquests and depredations,

longed for a civil war. Besides, there was no army in Italy; Pompey was carrying on a war in the remotest parts of the earth; he himself was in great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the Senate seemed careless of the public; and all things were quiet: a conjuncture of circumstances extremely favorable to his designs.

CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PISTORIA

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

When Catiline saw himself inclosed by the mountains and two hostile armies, and knew that his designs had miscarried in the city, and that there was neither hope of escaping nor of receiving any succor,— he thought his best way, in such a situation, was to try the fortune of a battle; and determined to engage Antonius as soon as possible. Accordingly, assembling his troops, he thus addressed them:—

"I have learned by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage, nor a general's speech render a spiritless army brave and intrepid. Every man displays in battle just so much courage as nature or habit has given him, and no more. It is to no purpose to exhort him whom neither glory nor danger can animate: his fear deprives him of his hearing. I have assembled you, fellow-soldiers, to instruct you in a few particulars, and to lay before you the grounds of my final resolution.

"You all know what a dreadful calamity Lentulus, by his slow and spiritless conduct, has brought on himself and us; and how I have been prevented from marching into Gaul, by waiting for reinforcements from Rome. In what posture our affairs now are, you all see.

"Two armies — one from Rome, another from Gaul — obstruct our advance. Want of provisions and other necessaries will not allow us to stay longer here, were we ever so desirous of doing it. To whatever place you think of marching, you yourselves must open a passage with your swords. I conjure you then to summon up all your courage; to act like men resolute and undaunted; to remember, when you engage, that you carry in your hands riches, honor, and glory,— nay, even your liberty and your country. If we overcome, all will be safe; we shall have

plenty of provisions; the corporate towns and colonies will be all ready to receive us. But if we fail through fear, the very reverse will be our fate; nor will any place or friend protect those whom arms could not. Let me add to this, my fellow-soldiers, that we have different motives to animate us from what the opposing army has. We fight for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; they, for no interest of their own, but only to support the power of a few. Let this consideration, then, engage you to fall on them the more courageously, remembering your former bravery.

"We might indeed have passed our remaining days, with the utmost infamy, in banishment; some of you too might have lived at Rome, depending for your subsistence on others, after having lost your own estates. But such a condition appearing equally disgraceful and intolerable to men of spirit, you resolved on the present course. If you repent of the step, remember that even to secure a retreat, the firmest valor is still indispensable. Peace must be procured by victory alone, not by a groveling cowardice. To hope for security in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms which serve to defend you, is the height of madness. In battle, the most cowardly are always in most danger: courage is a wall of defense. When I consider your characters, fellow-soldiers, and reflect on your past achievements, I have great hopes of victory: your spirit, your age, your virtue encourage me; and our necessity too, which even inspires cowards with bravery,—for the narrowness of our position will prevent the enemy's numbers from surrounding us. But should fortune envy your valor, be sure you fall not without taking due vengeance on the foe: suffer not yourselves to be captured and slaughtered like cattle; but fight rather like men, and leave our opponents a bloody and mournful victory."

A NUMIDIAN DEFEAT

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

IN THAT part of Numidia which on the partition of the kingdom fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an

equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil; the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water,—those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves, and abundance of cattle.

Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them "to summon up their former bravery, and mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke; and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent on a general: had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemy were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in number or skill: they should therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities." Besides addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors or money for their gallant behavior, he reminded them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the disposition and character of each; and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

In the mean time Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion: but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and

archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings; and animating them by a short speech suitable to the occasion, he advanced in this order towards the plain.

Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant Rutilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river, and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by means of thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the centre, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans for a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left; they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest firmness and resolution were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting: finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement; for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troops advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. Though they could not by these means discourage us from the pursuit, yet being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear: and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder: some flying, others pursuing; all separated from their fellows; no standard followed; no ranks preserved; every one standing on his own defense, and repulsing his adversary wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult; so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot; a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage, nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding that they had no intrenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but that all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

Nor was Jugurtha in the mean time inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and at the head of a select body made every possible effort: supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

Thus did the two generals contend for glory: both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated, and as unequally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans — considering that no place of refuge was left them, that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching — advanced up the hill, according to orders, and made themselves masters of it.

The Numidians, having lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country — with which our men were unacquainted — saving most of them.

In the mean time Bomilcar, — to whom Jugurtha, as already stated, had given the command of the elephants and part of the infantry, — when he saw that Rutilius had passed him, drew

down his men slowly into the plain; where without interruption he ranged them in order of battle, as the exigency required, while the lieutenant was marching in great haste to the river: nor did he neglect to watch the motions and to learn the designs of the Romans. On receiving intelligence that Rutilius was encamped and appeared to consider himself in a state of security, Bomilcar — perceiving that the noise of the battle in which Jugurtha was engaged still increased, and fearing lest the lieutenant should return to reinforce the consul — resolved to obstruct his passage; and extending the front of his line, — which before, distrustful of the steadiness of his troops, he had formed close and compact, — in this order advanced to the camp of Rutilius.

The Romans on a sudden perceived a vast cloud of dust, which at first they conjectured to be raised by the wind sweeping over an arid and sandy surface; for the country was covered on all sides with copsewood, which obstructed their view of the Numidians: but observing the cloud to move with regularity, and approach nearer and nearer as the Numidians marched forward, they perceived the cause of the phenomenon; and flying to their arms, drew up before the camp according to orders. When the enemy came up, a tremendous shout was raised on both sides, and they rushed with fury to the onset.

The Numidians maintained the contest as long as their elephants could be of any service to them: but when they saw them entangled among the branches of the trees and surrounded by the Romans, they betook themselves to flight; and throwing away their arms, escaped, most of them unhurt, — partly by the advantage of the hill, and partly by favor of the night. Four elephants were taken; the rest, forty in number, were all slain.

The Romans, however much exhausted by their march, by fortifying their camp, and by the late unexpected encounter, were flushed with success; and as Metellus tarried beyond their expectation, they advanced resolutely in order of battle to meet him: for such was the subtlety of the Numidians as to leave no room for inactivity or remissness. When the heads of the two friendly columns approached each other in the darkness of the night, the noise on both sides occasioned mutual apprehensions of an approaching enemy; and this mistake had well-nigh produced the most fatal consequences, had not some horsemen dispatched by both parties discovered the true cause of it. Mutual congratulations quickly succeeded to apprehension: the soldiers

joyfully called to one another by name, recounting their late exploits, and every one extolling his own gallant behavior; for such is the nature of human affairs, that when victory is obtained, cowards may boast, while defeat casts reproach even on the brave.

Metellus continued four days in the same camp: administered relief to the wounded; conferred the usual military rewards on such as had distinguished themselves in the late engagements; commended the whole army, which he assembled with that view; returned them his public thanks; and exhorted them "to act with equal courage in what further remained, which was but little. They had already fought sufficiently for victory: their future labors would be only to enrich themselves by the spoils of conquest."

SPEECH OF MARIUS

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

I KNOW, Romans, that most of those who apply to you for preferment in the State assume a different conduct from what they observe after they have obtained it. When they are candidates, they are active, condescending, and modest; when magistrates, haughty and indolent: but to me the contrary conduct appears reasonable; for in proportion as the good of the State is of more importance than the consulship or prætorship, the greater care and attention is requisite to govern the commonwealth than to court its dignities.

I am very sensible what an arduous task is imposed on me by your generous choice of me: to make preparations for the war, and yet to be sparing of the treasury; to oblige those to serve whom you would not willingly offend; to attend to everything both at home and abroad; and to perform all this amid a confederacy of envious men, eternally obstructing your measures and caballing against you,—it is, O Romans! a more difficult undertaking than can be readily imagined. Moreover, if others fail in the discharge of their duty, the ancient lustre of their family, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the credit of their kindred and friends, and their numerous dependents, afford them protection. But for me, my resources lie solely in myself; my firmness and integrity alone must protect me: every other support would be of little avail.

I am well aware too, Romans, that the eyes of all are on me: that all honest, all candid men, pleased with my successful endeavors to serve the State, wish well to me; but that the nobility watch for an opportunity to ruin me. Hence I must labor the more strenuously that you be not ensnared by them, and that they be disappointed. From my childhood to the present time, my manner of life has been such that toils and dangers are now habitual to me. The course I pursued, Romans, merely from a disinterested principle, before you conferred any favors on me, I shall not discontinue now that you have bestowed so noble a recompense. Those who put on the deceitful guise and semblance of virtue to obtain power, must when possessed of it find it difficult to act with moderation; but to me, whose whole life has been an uninterrupted series of laudable pursuits, virtue, through the force of habit, is become natural.

You have ordained that I should have the management of the war against Jugurtha: an ordinance highly displeasing to the nobility. Now I pray you, consider within yourselves whether you had not better alter your choice, and employ on this, or any other similar occasion, one of the tribe of the nobility: a man of ancient family, surrounded with the images of his ancestors, and who has never been in the service. See how, on such an important occasion, he will hurry and be confounded; and, ignorant of his whole duty, apply to some plebeian to instruct him in it. And thus it commonly happens that he whom you have appointed your general is obliged to find another from whom to receive his orders.

I know, Romans, some who, after entering on the consular office, began to study the history of our ancestors, and the military precepts of the Greeks. Preposterous method! For though, in the order of time, the election to offices precedes the exercise of men,—yet in the order of things, qualifications and experience should precede election.

New man as I am, Romans, compare me with these haughty nobles. What they have only read or heard of, I have seen performed or performed myself; what they have gathered from books, I have learned in the service. Now do you yourselves judge whether practice or speculation is of greater value. They despise me for the meanness of my descent; I despise them for their indolence: I am upbraided with my success; they with their crimes. I am of opinion that nature is always the same, and common

to all; and that those who have most virtue have most nobility. Suppose it were possible to put the question to the fathers of Albinus or Bestia, whether they would rather have chosen me for their descendant, or them? What answer do you think they would make, but that they should have desired to have had the most deserving men for their sons? But if they have reason to despise me, they have the same cause to despise their ancestors, whose nobility, like mine, took its rise from their military virtue. They envy my advancement: let them likewise envy my toils, my integrity, my dangers; for by these I gained it.

These men, in truth, blinded with pride, live in such manner as if they slighted the honors you have to bestow, and yet sue for them as if they had deserved them. Deluded men! to aspire at once after two things so opposite in their nature,—the enjoyment of the pleasures of effeminacy, and the fruits of a laborious virtue! When they harangue too before you, or in the Senate, they employ most of their eloquence in celebrating their ancestors, and vainly imagine that the exploits of these great men reflect a lustre on themselves: whereas it is quite the reverse; for the more illustrious were the lives of the dead, the more scandalous is the spiritless and unmanly behavior of these their descendants. The truth of the matter is plainly this: the glory acquired by ancestors is like a light diffused over the actions of their posterity, which suffers neither their good nor bad qualities to be concealed.

This light, Romans, is what I lack; but what is much more noble, I can recount my own achievements. Mark the inconsistency of my adversaries! What credit they arrogantly claim to themselves for the exploits of others, they deny me for my own; and what reason do they give for it? why, truly this: that I have no images of my ancestors to show, and my nobility is no older than myself. But surely it is more honorable for one to acquire nobility himself than to debase that which he derives from his predecessors.

I am sensible, Romans, that if they were to reply to what I now advance, they would do so with great eloquence and force. Yet as they have given a loose rein to their calumniating tongues on every occasion — not only against me, but likewise against you — ever since you have conferred this dignity on me, I was resolved to speak, lest some should impute my silence to a consciousness of guilt. Though I am abundantly satisfied that

no words can injure me,—since if what is said be true, it must be to my honor; if false, my life and conduct will confute it,—yet because your determination is blamed, in bestowing on me the highest dignity of the State, and trusting me with the conduct of affairs of such importance, I beseech you to consider whether you had not better alter your choice. I cannot indeed boast of the images, triumphs, or consulships of my ancestors, to raise your confidence in me; but if it be necessary, I can show you spears, banners, collars of merit, and other military distinctions, besides a body scarred with honorable wounds. These are *my* statues! These are the proofs of *my* nobility! not derived from ancestors, as theirs are, but such as I have myself won by many toils and dangers.

My language is too unpolished; but that gives me small concern,—virtue shows itself with sufficient clearness. They stand in need of the artful colorings of eloquence to hide the infamy of their actions. Nor have I been instructed in the Grecian literature! Why, truly, I had little inclination to that kind of instruction, which did not improve the authors of it in the least degree of virtue. But I have learned other things far more useful to the State: to wound the enemy; to watch; to dread nothing but infamy; to undergo cold and heat alike; to lie on the bare ground; to bear hunger and fatigue. These lessons shall animate my troops; nor shall I ever be rigorous to them and indulgent to myself, or borrow my glory from their toils. This is the mode of commanding most useful to the State; this is what suits the equality of citizens. To treat the army with severity while you indulge yourself in ease and pleasure is to act the tyrant, not the general.

By conduct like this, our forefathers gained immortal honor both to themselves and the republic: while our nobility, though so unlike their ancestors in character, despise us who imitate them; and demand of you all public honors, not on account of their personal merit, but as due to their high rank. Arrogant men;—how mistaken! Their ancestors left them everything in their power to bequeath: their wealth, their images, their high renown; but their virtue they did not leave them, nor indeed could they; for it can neither be given nor received as a gift.

They hold me to be unpolished and ill-bred, because I cannot entertain elegantly, have no buffoon, and pay no higher wages to my cook than to my steward,—every part of which accusation,

Romans, I readily admit: for I have learned from my father and other venerable persons that delicacy belongs to women, labor to men; that a virtuous man ought to have a larger share of glory than of riches; and that arms are more ornamental than splendid furniture.

But let them still pursue what is so dear and delightful to them: let them indulge in wine and pleasure; let them spend their old age, as they did their youth, in banqueting and the lowest sensual gratifications; let them leave the fatigues and dangers of the field to us, to whom they are more welcome than the most elegant entertainments! Even this they will not do; for after debasing themselves by the practice of the foulest and most infamous vices, these most detestable of all men endeavor to deprive the brave of the rewards that are due to them. Thus — by the greatest injustice — luxury and idleness, the worst of vices, are noway prejudicial to those who are guilty of them; while they threaten the innocent commonwealth with unmerited ruin.

Now, since I have answered these men as far as my own character was concerned, though not so fully as their infamous behavior deserved, I shall add a few words concerning the state of public affairs. And first, Romans, be of good courage as to Numidia: since you have now removed all that hitherto secured Jugurtha; namely, the covetousness, incapacity, and haughtiness of our commanders. There is an army stationed in Africa, well acquainted with the country, but indeed less fortunate than brave; for a great portion of it has been destroyed by the rapaciousness and rashness of its commanders. Do you, therefore, who are of age to bear arms, join your efforts to mine, and assume the defense of the commonwealth; nor let the fate of others, or the haughtiness of the late commanders, discourage any of you: when you march, when you engage, I will always be with you to direct your campaign, and to share every danger. In a word, I shall desire you to act no otherwise in any instance than as you see me act. Moreover, all things are now ripe for us,— victory, spoil, and glory; and even though they were uncertain or distant, it would still be the duty of every good citizen to assist the State. No man ever became immortal by inactivity; nor did ever any father wish his children might never die, but rather that they might live like useful and worthy men. I should add more to what I have already said, if words could inspire cowards with bravery: to the valiant I think I have said enough.

GEORGE SAND.

GEORGE SAND

(BARONNE DUDEVANT: Born Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin)

(1804–1876)

BY TH. BENTZON (MADAME THÉRÈSE BLANC)

IF GENIUS means creative faculty constantly renewed, and powerful and fertile inspiration, then George Sand certainly had more genius than any other female writer. Others are distinguished by a more chastened talent, or have soared to the heaven of art on a steadier wing; but none have surpassed her in magnificent spontaneity. One of her latest critics — speaking of her ample and copious style, which satisfied even Flaubert, yet is frequently disparaged by modern chiselers of "artistic writing" — uses the expressive Latin phrase *lactea ubertas;* giving the idea of an abundant stream of generous milk ever gushing forth and overflowing. M. Jules Lemaître adds that this quality resembles natural kindness of heart, and is its near relative. And he is right. George Sand was above all else kind-hearted, and was most womanly in this; she was truly feminine also in her extraordinary power of assimilation, — which however did not interfere with her originality, as everything she absorbed, whether ideas or knowledge, seemed to blossom in a new and personal form when she applied it.

Nothing is more interesting than to go to the source of her life to find the determining causes of her work; and to her friendships, chosen in the most varied spheres, to follow the evolutions of her thought. One can then see that she was an admirable instrument, formed by nature in one of her exceptional moods, to vibrate with extraordinary intensity under every influence approaching her. The aspirations, failures, doctrines, the good and evil, of half a century, palpitate in her noble fictions, even though we can here and there discern the errors of a mind led astray by enthusiasm. Every problem interesting to contemporary humanity attracted her broad sympathies. Long before those avowed apostles of pity, the Russian writers, she felt that "for those who are born compassionate, there will always be something to love, and consequently to pity, serve, and suffer for, on earth." She was the first who said forcibly that the most living and religious source of the progress of the human mind was in the idea of solidarity.

And this is why she will always be great, in spite of the transformation of taste, which in the name of pretended realism declares

this idealist somewhat out of fashion. It is not her fault if her instinct always led her to write poetic rather than analytic works. According to her theories of art,—and very instructive theories they are,—a novel should be a mixture of both, with true situations and characters grouped around a type intended to personify the sentiment of the book. The author must not be afraid to give this sentiment all the force with which he aspires to it himself, but must on no account degrade it in the play of events. He may moreover lend it powers above the average, and charms and sufferings beyond the probabilities admitted by the greater number of minds. Above all, the author must beware of thinking that he does not need a faith of his own for writing, and that it is enough to reflect facts like a mirror. «No, this is not true: readers are attracted only to the writer with an individuality, whether this pleases or shocks them.» This phrase is in a letter which George Sand wrote me, while she emphasized the following words: «The soul must not be void of faith, for talent cannot develop in a vacuum; it may flutter there for a moment, but only to expire.»

Truly this has nothing in common with the cruel impersonality so boasted of nowadays: this is not the novel as understood by M. Zola, who has never agreed with her that true reality is made up of both beauty and ugliness, and that the will to do good finds its place and use after all; nor is it the laborious effort, often driven to the point of anguish, of her friend Flaubert, who used to torture himself to find an epithet, and to whom she said, when scolding him: «Feed on the ideas and sentiments stored in your brain and your heart; . . . *form*, which you think so important, will be the result of your digestion, without any help. You consider it an aim,—it is only an effect.» The minutely detailed psychology of a certain school was equally foreign to her, although she has made some superb and profound studies of character: fraternal jealousy in 'Jean de la Roche,' and Prince Karl's jealousy of the past in 'Lucrezia Floriani,' —merely to mention one of the passions into which she delved deeply. But her aim was to interest, above all else, and who shall dare to say that she was wrong? In her eyes supreme impartiality was something anti-human; incompatible with the novel, whose prime object is to be human. She wrote for the sheer delight of giving the best of her heart and brains to many others. As for the improbabilities she is accused of trying to make people accept on principle, we must admit that very often nothing is more improbable than reality itself, especially when that reality is the life of George Sand; whence, as may be readily understood, she drew her inspiration with an artist's privilege. Every contrast can be found in it; the wildest extravagance of fancy as well as a bourgeoise simplicity.

Aurore Dupin was born the year of Napoleon's coronation, at the apogee of the glories of France; which she always loved passionately, while at the same time she had an extremely correct opinion of the faults of the Latin races, particularly that lack of practical common-sense she was so aware of in herself, and which condemns one either to be led or made use of by others. Nevertheless there was a mixture of foreign blood in her veins; and strangely enough, she had inherited her republican soul through royal descent,—twice branded, however, with the stigma of illegitimacy. She was a descendant of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; for her grandmother was a natural daughter of the Maréchal de Saxe, and had married M. Dupin de Francueil. It was impossible for those who, like me, knew her in her old age, not to compare her, on seeing her so calm, dignified, and tenderly devoted to her children, to that noble woman who had been the lady of the manor of Nohant before her, had brought her up, and bequeathed her some of her tastes, among them a love for music.

Madame Dupin had known Gluck and Piccini; she interpreted the old masters—Porpora, Hasse, Pergolese—etc., with deep feeling, in spite of her semi-paralyzed fingers and voice cracked by old age, but once so magnificent. Through her, her granddaughter received those musical impressions that abound in the delightful story of 'Consuelo,' where George Sand displays so complete an acquaintance with the manners and spirit of the eighteenth century. Madame Dupin de Francueil had, besides her talents and most remarkable mental qualities, all those natural virtues that can be strengthened by philosophy in the absence of religious belief.

The direction given by such a mother had already begun to bear its fruits in Maurice, the father of the future George Sand,—a brave soldier during the Revolution, who became a handsome officer of the First Empire, and died young, but had the intuitive gift of writing, as his brilliant and gushing letters prove; yet his excellent heart had inherited certain ancestral weaknesses. He became attached to a girl of low birth and no education, who had already been led into sorry adventures. And so the blood of kings and heroes mingled with that of the lower-class Parisians in the veins of the little girl, who at a later day was to transform the active qualities of her ancestors into qualities of imagination. Her maternal grandfather had been a bird-seller, who plied his trade on the quays of the Seine; and it is interesting to note the love that George Sand had all her life for feathered folk. She has spoken of them almost as eloquently as of music and children,—those divine themes which her pen never exhausted. And the fascination was reciprocal. In her garden at Nohant she used to walk surrounded by a flock of sparrows and

goldfinches, who trustfully pecked from the hands held out to them, just as she describes it in 'Teverino.'

George Sand owed something more than her love of birds to her mother,—whom she loved passionately, but whose inferior station, barely tolerated by the family, made the daughter suffer keenly;—I mean a deep tenderness for the poor and lowly, an advanced predilection for outlaws of all sorts, a revolt against social prejudices and conventionalities, and a certain bohemianism that—in her youth especially—was constantly struggling against that good-breeding which nevertheless served her so well for giving her personages the tone proper to good society. Her most perfect specimen of this is the old Marchioness in 'Le Marquis de Villemer'; yet in spite of her plebeian sympathies, the same refinement appears everywhere. And here we have the evidence of her grandmother's and the convent's influence.

Aurore Dupin's years at the English nuns' convent contributed not a little to the formation of a peculiar manner, in which so many contrary elements were combined. Her free-thinking grandmother had put her in this pious retreat out of respect to the customs of society. She wished the dreamy and untrained child, who had grown up in all the freedom of country life, and was adopting peasant habits, to learn good manners. Let us hasten to add that for our future joy, George Sand always remained somewhat a peasant; we owe her admirable pastoral novels to this rustic substratum. She certainly conceived their germ in the *ruminating life* she led when quite a child at Nohant, in the company of little shepherds who charmed her with the legends she used so well later on.

The convent made a mystic of this wild creature, but not at once, for she bore her well-deserved name of Madcap a long time; still, the influence of a group of women of the highest moral superiority acted upon her by degrees. She has rendered them the most grateful homage in her 'Memoirs,' recognizing that the years spent in that great female family were the happiest and most peaceful of her life.

Religious idealism seems to have been innate with George Sand. Brought up by a Voltairean grandmother with contempt for what she called superstitions, she had made up a religion for herself out of a compound of mythology, fairy stories, and theories of political equality gathered in her childish readings—seemingly least fitted to suggest it. Her first *poetic* effort—and this word must be used from the beginning in speaking of her prose—was written to extol Corambé; a beneficent genius, to whom she raised altars in the park at Nohant when about eleven years old, at the time when she was under the double spell of the Iliad and 'Jerusalem Delivered.' Jesus and his Gospel succeeded the somewhat pagan phantom she had adored

during her pensive childhood: the most ardent piety seized her, and she came near consecrating herself to a religious life; this would have been a great loss to French literature. Fortunately the wisdom of the nuns curbed her excessive zeal; yet all through life she had that sacred pain, which has been so aptly termed «the anguish of divine things.» If it had not been for this, she never could have expressed, as she did many years later in 'Spiridion,' all the agony endured by the soul of a young priest on losing his faith. The influence of her intimacy with Abbé de Lamennais can be traced here; but there is more than that,—there is a personal experience.

Aurore astounded her grandmother by coming home a Catholic. She soon ceased to find certitude in dogma, however. A most irregular course of reading led her helter-skelter through all philosophies and all literatures. Spinoza seized her; her admiration made her set Leibnitz above all metaphysicians; she came in turn under the ascendency of Châteaubriand, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Byron; but her real master was Rousseau. By her first novels especially she belongs to his school; no freer from the great fault of declamation than he, as enamored of nature as he had been, and able to speak the burning language of love as he had known how to speak it.

If it is true that modern pedagogy, by following methods and giving an important place to science, has the inevitable result of killing women's imagination and making them uniform, then George Sand was a most privileged creature; for she was brought up without a plan,—educating herself hap-hazard, learning a little Latin when quite a child with Deschartres, her deceased father's preceptor, and no doubt picking up many other things as well, while with that learned and eccentric man. She was influenced by the convent next, where her ardor for learning was somewhat benumbed; and finally turned loose in a library, where like a bee she made honey of everything.

A perfect rage for reading and physical exercise, long hours of study alternating with long rides, were her peculiarities, when some of her imprudent friends thought it was time to marry this young girl, so entirely free from coquetry or even the desire to please. Her large, black, dreamy eyes seemed ever following some inward vision, and gave her, as she says herself, a stupid look; in fact she never was *bright* at any period of her life. Her conversation was not brilliant, although she has often made her written dialogues extremely so; talking tired her, and the George Sand of future literary dinners usually played there a mute part. Melancholy by reflection, she needed gayety; and this silent creature often surprised those about her by sudden outbursts of animal spirits. Moreover, she never thought herself handsome. (Balzac, who has described her as

Camille Maupin in his novel 'Beatrix,' has contradicted her on this point.)

She was given in marriage to M. Dudevant, the son of a retired colonel. He had been an officer himself, but was now nothing but a hunting country-gentleman, and at times a hard drinker. It will surprise no one that this hasty and ill-assorted union was unhappy. It is more astonishing that it should have lasted nearly ten years. To give it so long life, it needed the all-powerful assistance of maternity,— George Sand's really great passion, and her only lasting and indestructible one. She nursed her children herself; took care of them night and day, even at the beginning of her restless career; always found the time to look after them most tenderly; and at last, in the later period of her life, when she had calmed down, she became the indefatigable educator of her granddaughters. She was most skillful with her needle, and did not despise any household detail. I saw her thus when she was sixty years old; but when she was twenty she enjoyed dancing the *bourrée* with the peasants on holidays as well.

Finally all this was not enough for her, and she went to Paris for a short time every year; but as her husband, the master of their common fortune, gave her a ridicuously small allowance, she utilized her talents in order to live,— made crayon portraits, painted miniature ornaments, or collaborated with several journalists from her native province of Berri, for the Figaro. These articles never were remarkable, as George Sand had neither the requisite spirit and dash, nor had she any talent for brevity; although later she succeeded several times in short stories, as those rare pearls 'Lavinia,' 'Metella,' etc., prove. By a remarkable coincidence, 'Lavinia,' published before 1838, resembles Owen Meredith's 'Lucile,' published in 1860, almost stroke for stroke.

One year when she was in the country, having read much of Walter Scott, she wrote her first novel. "Having read it over," she says ingenuously, "I concluded that it was good for nothing; but that I could write some not quite so bad." She had found her vocation.

At first Jules Sandeau wrote with her, and later left her half his surname. As for "George," it is as common a name in Berri as "Patrick" in Ireland. The courts did not decree the legal separation of M. and Madame Dudevant until 1836. It was in favor of the latter, intrusting her with the education of her two children; this proves that all the blame cannot have been hers. By this time she had published her masterpieces, if one can apply this term to George Sand's novels,— for perhaps there is not a perfect one among them, except the pastoral novels. Working without any plan, stopping as if

exhausted when she had said all that was pent up in her, she usually broke down at the dénouement.

These captivating early works are pre-eminently works of passion. It would be a mistake to consider them the voluntary unveiling of the author's life; but one is certain to find it everywhere, and apparently in spite of herself. 'Indiana' was surely not the cry of her personal revolt against marriage, for the selfish lover in it is not any nobler than the tyrannical husband; but just here George Sand has demonstrated with the deepest feeling, in which many a memory echoes, how far she considers a woman superior to man when love is at stake. She seems to be less severe in her opinions with Jacques, a heroic husband, who resolves to commit suicide, so as to save his wife from the shame of becoming guilty towards him. There is no less audacity and horror of conventional forms in 'Valentine,' where aristocratic prejudices are trampled under foot by the descendant of an illustrious race, in favor of the son of a peasant. The dangerous doctrine that love can dictate duties superior to law is brought forward in these burning pages, and must have served as an excuse to many sensitive souls that went astray; and we may say that they must have been among the best and noblest of such souls, for George Sand never knew how to use the demoralizing language that appeals to base natures.

'Lélia' must be considered a magnificent prose poem, as all the characteristics of the most elevated poetry are found in it: amplitude, rhythm, brilliancy, and powerful imagery. Taken as a whole, it is more out of date than all George Sand's other novels, just on account of this excessive poetic enthusiasm. Yet it is the one containing the greatest beauties. The characters seem like incarnated myths or allegories. Lélia represents agonized aspirations towards the sublime, although we recognize that duality in her which is more or less noticeable in every one, but was present in so extraordinary a degree in George Sand. Sténio, while he recalls Alfred de Musset, typifies the struggles of an inspired poet, whose weak and vacillating will betrays him to seducing sensualism. The priest Magnus stands for the demoralized and fanatic clergy as George Sand saw it; for she was always the enemy of the clergy, if not of religion. As for the philosophical idea,—uniting as it does, in its absurd and entangled action, such strange characters as Trenmor the virtuous convict, Pulchérie the wise courtesan, etc., who all argue and declaim,—we have the key to it; for when George Sand wrote 'Lélia,' she was painting the agonized state of her own soul facing a terrible enigma. She had reached her thirtieth year without having had her eyes opened to the realities of life; and then suddenly found herself in a great social centre where all the sadness, want, vice, and injustice of

the world confronted her. Up to that time she had wept over her own woes; now she felt like an atom among the millions of creatures crushed by inexorable fate. Her despair is reflected in the character of Lélia, in whom the evil of doubt and the thirst for truth are warring; her heart, incapable of finding happiness anywhere, is consumed with boundless desires; and she dies without having gratified them.

The subject of 'Mauprat' is simpler and more wholesome. It is the effect of passion, working for good this time, upon a wild, violent, and apparently untamable creature, in whom the pure young girl he adores creates a conscience, and as it were, a soul. The supreme power of ennobling love was a subject dear to George Sand. She takes it up again in 'Simon'; where a semi-peasant, by his merit and talents, becomes the equal of the high-born lady. And both these beautiful books end by a happy marriage, no more nor less than a fairy tale. 'Le Secrétaire Intime,' if it were not the most delightful of fancies without the intention of proving anything, would lead us to believe that clandestine marriages have the greatest chance of being the happiest.

In 'Leone Leoni' George Sand reverses the subject of 'Manon Lescaut,' and shows us how a weak and gentle woman is bewitched and subjugated to the very last by a man most unworthy of her. In 'La Dernière Aldine,' she makes us, by sheer art, accept the somewhat delicate subject of the love of a great Venetian lady for her gondolier; this love, however, for some unknown reason remaining perfectly chaste.

We must not forget that this bold and mad harvest, in which common-sense has no place, was grown in 1830,—the era of all Utopias and anticipated possibilities; when a new world seemed about to be born on the ruins of the old. This was the time when Théophile Gautier went to the theatre with long hair and a pink satin waistcoat, when Balzac wore a monk's white robe instead of a dressing-gown, and when George Sand used to cut off her beautiful black locks and wear masculine attire, making herself look a boy of twelve in it on account of her diminutive stature. However much may have been said about this, she never wore those unbecoming clothes except in an intermittent way, finding them more convenient and less expensive than others.

Up to 1840 George Sand wrote under the impulse of feeling, following no system; later on, a system was grafted on the feeling without destroying it. Lamennais's humanitarian Christianity, Michel de Bourges's revolutionary tirades, Pierre Leroux's dreamy socialism,—all took hold on her either successively or at once. With more zeal than discernment she made herself the echo of the most

advanced principles of political equality and of communism. These ideas led her to publish 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France,' in which an aristocratic maiden openly declares her resolution to marry into the lower classes, so as to belong to them herself; 'Le Meunier d'Angibault,' wherein an obstinate artisan proudly refuses the hand of the young countess he adores, because she represents the wealth he would not have at any price (fortunately she becomes poor, and rejoices at it as if it were the greatest happiness); and 'La Comtesse de Rudolstadt,' that misty sequel to the sunny and harmonious story of 'Consuelo,' with all its theosophical and humanitarian allegories, that at times make us yawn. If however we leave out the political harangues, carbonarism, and other chimeras, what magnificent fragments there are in these partisan books!—although their romantic imagination is smothered by the medley of accumulated dissertations and arguments. Still the author is always arguing and fighting for progress and reforms; and some of these have been achieved since,—in a less radical way, no doubt, than she would have wished, yet they would have gratified her. George Sand was in open rebellion against every kind of slavery. She greatly admired 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' saying of Harriet Beecher Stowe: «I do not know whether she is a genius, but she has more than genius,—she surely is a saint.» She spurned the limits of sex, and above all things despised hypocrisy. As regards what is called the «woman question» to-day, Margaret Fuller certainly went as far as she did, while she had many more illusions on woman's native nobility; but setting talents aside, there is a difference between them, delicately expressed by Margaret Fuller herself:—«Those who would reform the world must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse; their lives must not be sustained by passionate error. They must be religious students of the Divine purpose with regard to men, if they would not confound the fancies of a day with the requisitions of eternal good.»

In order to rest after her socialist campaigns, George Sand would wing her flight to dreamland; and it was wise of her to do so, for we would now willingly give up all the dullness of 'Horace' and the turgid speeches in 'Le Péché de M. Antoine,' for that one day's drive on charming roads when a group of tourists, brought together by good luck, have that accidental meeting with Teverino, the vagabond genius, beautiful as a young god, and disporting himself free and naked under his wreath of reeds, in the bluest of lakes. He needs only to don gentleman's clothes to be one, and an accomplished one at that; he plays the part for a time, scorns it, and disappears. What a delightful excursion beyond the vulgarities of every-day life!

The idyl too always seized George Sand as soon as she left the streets of Paris, and returned to the peace and refreshing breezes of her beloved Nohant. After the fiery and rather bombastic eloquence and paradoxes found in her other works launched against society, the artless speech of her peasants is most restful reading.

There is no purer, simpler, nor more beautiful French than that which adapts itself so perfectly to the humble subjects of 'La Mare au Diable' and 'François le Champi.' Some critics have said that George Sand's peasants were not real. They seem to me, on the contrary, to be very closely studied from the honest and laborious population of central France; and however much they may be idealized, they are far more like those I have known than the brutes painted by the masters of the so-called naturalistic school, the latter evidently preferring to look at their coarseness through a magnifying glass. George Sand did the reverse; she set off the best traits of these primitive natures, with whom she had the greatest affinity. The revolution of 1848 tore her from her eclogues; her friends dragged her into the very thick of the fight, and used her as a sonorous instrument. She drew up 'Lettres au Peuple' and the 'Bulletins de la République'; but her illusions about the new form of government could not hold out against the bloody days of June: she says that «disgust drove her to solitude, where she faced her free and revolted conscience»; and she now went back to her best, her noblest inspirer,—Nature. Whether she carries about a broken heart in Italy after a celebrated quarrel, or gayly climbs the Alps with Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult,—whether she spends the winter at Majorca nursing Chopin, or wanders dreamily along the sunken lanes of the Black Valley and the banks of the Indre,—she never fails to reflect the humble or striking beauties surrounding her, or to make a soul vibrate in them. She has the marvelous and peculiar art of infusing a human emotion into external and inanimate objects —which then seems to emanate from them. Has she not written an immortal page on perfume and memory, in connection with a sage leaf she had bruised between her fingers?

Nohant was a salutary retreat for her in every respect. She spent the greater part of her life there in close communion with the earth, frequently cultivating it with her own hands, and drawing her favorite subjects of study from plants and stones. Nothing interested her more than natural history. She gave herself up to it with ardor; convinced that constant study was imperative, and that if a writer does not lay up a treasure of knowledge, the tool he uses, though ever so fine, will be wielded in vain. Botany and geology filled her days, and she read much besides: science, history, everything interesting her. In the evening, other things were read aloud in the

family circle; very often plays were acted. According to her fixed habit, she wrote at night after every one had retired, never failing to cover twelve large quarto pages before going to bed,—her inspiration being so tractable.

As she grew older she went to Paris less frequently, except when there was a question of performing one of the plays she willingly dramatized from her novels. She was passionately fond of the stage and all connected with it; and liked to put actors and showmen of all sorts in her books, as she did in 'L'Homme de Neige,' 'Le Château des Désertes,' 'Pierre qui Roule,' etc. But when it came to writing a play, she did not always show the qualities the stage demands,—such as logical sequence in a briskly carried action, sparkling dialogue, and a sense for comic situations. Several of her comedies or dramas, however, were very successful; viz., 'Le Mariage de Victorine,' 'Claudie,' and 'Le Marquis de Villemer.' She made a great many plays for her own little theatre at Nohant, never neglecting her marionettes, who inspired 'Le Diable aux Champs,' and for whom her fairy fingers were always making new costumes.

In the novels written towards the close of her life there is not a trace of that sensual ideality once considered such a grave fault in the author of 'Lélia'; pure and spotless ideality shines in them: and it seemed to cost her no effort to write those charming, fantastic tales for her granddaughters,—tales any child can enjoy, but needing refined scholars to do them full justice. She kept abreast of all new efforts in literature with interest and sympathy, yet always repeating that "art for art's sake" was a vain phrase; that art for whatever is worthy, and for the general welfare, should be the aim of all study; that when there is a beautiful sentiment in one's soul, it becomes a duty to find such expression for it as will make it enter into many other souls. For this reason she, the great democrat, could not belong to the haughty schools that despise the general public—the masses—to the degree of frequently using language intelligible only to a handful of the initiated. Neither would she admit, feeling *all* humanity vibrate within herself, that this humanity was to be represented by scoundrels, villains, and fools alone; nor that truth was to be found merely in the painting of evil. These may have been old-fashioned ideas; but by remaining true to them, this inexhaustible Scheherazade found the means of keeping an audience composed of all classes attentive to her ever fresh and youthful stories, and raised her readers above the obscenity so complacently provided for them elsewhere. Being sincerely modest, she did not believe in posterity, imagining that it would take her at her own valuation. Once they were finished, she completely forgot her novels. "'Consuelo'—what is that?" she asked Flaubert. "I do not remember a single

word of it. Are you indeed reading it, and does it really amuse you? If so, I must read it again and be pleased with myself, because you are.»

Death found her as busy as ever. Two days before the end, although she at times suffered acutely, she wrote cheerfully: «I feel stronger and freer within myself than ever.» She passed away in her seventy-third year, before her powers had waned.

Those who wish to enter further into this life, in which personal vicissitudes are so closely connected with the evolution of genius, will find all of George Sand in 'L'Histoire de ma Vie,' where she has drawn so correct a portrait of herself,— although she tells us hardly more than the story of her childhood and early youth, to the eternal regret of scandal-mongers; in the 'Lettres d'un Voyageur,' those poetic disclosures that she occasionally made to the public in an impersonal yet most transparent form; and finally in her 'Correspondence,' which reveals her great warm heart perfectly. One cannot fail to be touched on seeing her, while busy writing a hundred volumes, lavish kindness unceasingly on every claimant, answering every question, counseling young authors and giving them letters of introduction, helping hesitating talent to discover its vocation, pleading for exiles or political prisoners; and most bountifully putting her time, her words, her influence, even when it cost her the most, at the disposal of others. This 'Correspondence' shows how her adversaries themselves respected her; and how anxious the Emperor Napoleon III., whom she petitioned more than once, was to please her.

After reading these letters covering a period of over fifty years, and where she always appears to be the slave of her family, tender to her friends, helpful to a swarm of strangers who thought themselves authorized to intrude upon her on account of her unbounded generosity,— no one will be surprised that she should have blessed the hour of rest when it came. She had already given old age a smiling welcome, saying that it was «so good of God to calm us by taking away those stings of personality that are so sharp in youth. How can people complain of losing some things with age,» she added, «when, on the contrary, they gain so many others? when our ideas grow broader and more correct, when our heart softens and grows larger, and our victorious conscience may at last look back and say, 'I have done my task!'» Her special task had been to bear high aloft the banner of ideality and liberty, to love and glorify the humble, and to rise above herself by work. She had earned more than a million francs by her pen in the days when literature had nothing in common with merchandise, and she had given all this fortune to others.

When one day in June 1876 she dropped that valiant pen, she surely had also earned the right to a gentle, uninterrupted sleep in the pretty little cemetery at Nohant. She did not believe that death was the end, but held to a perpetual ascent towards infinite goodness and infinite truth. And she would laughingly say that she hoped she might go to some planet where reading and writing were unknown, so she might rest "for good." Indeed, she had a right to rest after having exercised the most beautiful sovereignty over the minds of two generations,—a sovereignty not yet at an end, although just now it seems somewhat eclipsed.

The future will winnow her abundant but uneven work, and separate the tares from the wheat; and of the latter there will remain a well-filled measure fully sufficing for her glory.

THE CONVENT OF THE ENGLISH AUGUSTINES

From 'The Story of my Life'

THIS convent was one of the three or four British communities established in Paris during Cromwell's ascendency. . . . It is the only one now in existence, its house having endured the various revolutions without suffering greatly. Its traditions say that Henriette of France, the daughter of our Henry IV. and wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, had often come to pray in our chapel with her son James II. All our nuns were English, Scotch, or Irish. Two-thirds of the boarding pupils and lodgers, as well as some of the priests who came to officiate, belonged to these nations. During certain hours of the day the whole school was forbidden to speak a word of French, which was the best means for learning English rapidly. Naturally our nuns hardly ever spoke anything else to us. They retained the habits of their country; drank tea three times a day, allowing those among us who were good to take it with them.

The cloister and the church were paved with long tombstones, beneath which were the venerated bones of those Catholics of Old England who had died in exile, and been buried by favor in this inviolable sanctuary. There were English epitaphs and pious

inscriptions everywhere on tombs and walls. Large old portraits of English princes and prelates hung in the Superior's room and in her private parlor. The beautiful and amorous Mary Stuart, reputed a saint by our chaste nuns, shone there like a star. In short, everything in that house was English, both of the past and of the present; and when within its gates, one seemed to have crossed the Channel. All this was a "nine days' wonder" to me, the Berri peasant.

My grandmother on presenting me could not forego the little vanity of saying that I was very well informed for my age, and that it would be a waste of time to put me in a class with young children. The school was divided into two sections: a junior and a senior class. By my age I belonged to the juniors, where there were about thirty boarding pupils between six and fourteen years old. By my reading, and the ideas it had developed, I belonged to a third class that would have had to be created for me and two or three others; but I had not been trained to work methodically, and did not know a word of English. I understood a great deal about history, and even philosophy; but I was very ignorant, or at least very uncertain, about the order of epochs and events. I might have been able to talk about everything with the professors, and perhaps have seen a little clearer and a little further than those who directed us; but the merest college fag would have greatly puzzled me on facts, and I could not have passed a regular examination on any subject whatever. I felt this perfectly; and was much relieved to hear the Superior say that as I had not yet been confirmed, I should have to enter the junior class.

We were cloistered in the full sense of the word. We went out twice a month only, and never spent a night out except at New-Year's. There were vacations, but I had none; as my grandmother said she preferred not to interrupt my studies, so as to have me at the convent a shorter time. She left Paris a few weeks after our separation, and did not come back for a year; then went away for another year. She had demanded that my mother was not to ask to take me out. My cousins the Villeneuves offered me their home for all holidays, and wrote to my grandmother for her permission. I wrote too, and begged her not to grant it; and had the courage to tell her, that not going out with mother, I ought not and did not wish to go out with any one. I trembled lest she should not listen to me; and

though I felt the need and the wish to enjoy these outings, I made up my mind to pretend illness if my cousins came to fetch me armed with a permit. This time my grandmother approved my action; and instead of finding fault, praised my feeling in a way I found rather exaggerated. I had done nothing but my duty; yet it made me spend two whole years behind bars.

We had mass in our chapel, received visits in the parlor, took our private lessons there; the professor being on one side of the grating while we were on the other. All the convent windows towards the street had not only gratings, but immovable linen screens besides. It was really a prison, but a prison with a large garden and plenty of company. I must confess that I never felt the rigors of captivity for an instant; and that the minute precautions taken to keep us locked up and prevent us from getting a glimpse of the outer world, often made me laugh. This care was the only stimulant we had to long for freedom; for there was not one of us who would ever have dreamt of crossing her mother's threshold unattended: yet almost every girl at the convent watched for the opening of the cloister door, or peeped furtively through the slits in the linen screens. To outwit supervision, go down into the court three or four steps, see a cab pass by, was the dream and the ambition of forty or fifty wild and mischievous girls, who the very next day would go about Paris without in the least enjoying it; because once outside the convent inclosure, stepping on the pavement and looking at people were no longer forbidden fruit.

[After describing the immense and complicated medley of buildings within this inclosure, their inconvenient and illogical arrangement, «so scattered that one lost a quarter of a day going to and fro,» and the curious way the one hundred and twenty or thirty persons living there were lodged,— some crowded into the closest quarters, while others were spread over more space than ten families would have needed for living at ease,— George Sand describes the nuns' cells, their cleanliness, and how their patient devotion ornamented them with the trifles dear to the pious heart. She then resumes as follows: —]

My first feeling on entering the junior school-room was a painful one. Thirty girls were crowded into a room neither large nor high enough for the number. Its walls were covered with ugly yolk-of-egg-colored paper, the ceiling was stained and cracked, the benches, tables, and stools were all dirty, the stove was ugly and smoky, and the smell of coal was mixed with that

coming from the near poultry-yard; the plaster crucifix was common, the flooring broken, and we were to spend two thirds of the day here, three quarters of it in winter,—and it was winter just then.

I do not know of anything more unpleasant than the custom followed in educational arrangements of making school-rooms the saddest and most forlorn of places: under the pretense that children would spoil the furniture and ruin the ornaments, people take away everything that would stimulate their imagination. They pretend that pictures and decorations, even the patterns on the wall-paper, would make them inattentive. Why are churches and chapels decorated with paintings and statues, if not to elevate the soul and revive its languor by the sight of venerated objects? Children, we are told, have dirty and clumsy habits. They spill ink over everything, and love to destroy. Surely they do not bring these tastes and habits from their homes, where they are taught to respect whatever is beautiful or useful; and as soon as they are old enough to think, they never dream of doing the mischief that becomes so attractive at school only because there it is a sort of revenge on the neglect and parsimony practiced upon them. The better they are housed, the more careful they would be. They would think twice before soiling a carpet or breaking a frame. Those ugly bare walls in which you shut them up soon become an object of horror; and they would knock them down if they could. You want them to work like machines, and make their minds run on by the hour, free from all personal consciousness and untouched by all that makes up life and the renewal of intellectual life. That is both false and impossible. The studying child has all the needs of a creating artist. He must breathe pure air; his body must be at ease; he must have things to look at, and be able to change his thoughts at will by enjoying form and color. Nature is a continual spectacle for him. By shutting him up in a bare, sad, unwholesome room, you suffocate his heart and brain as well as his body. I should like everything around a city child to be cheerful, from its cradle. The country child has the sky, trees, plants, and sun. The other is too often stunted both physically and morally by the squalor of a poor home, the bad taste of a rich one, or the absence of all taste in the middle-class home.

Why are Italians born, as it were, with a feeling for the beautiful? Why does a Veronese mason, a Venetian tradesman,

a peasant of the Roman Campagna, love to look at fine monuments? Why do they understand good pictures and music, while our proletarians more intelligent in other respects, and our middle class though educated with more care, love what is false, vulgar — even ugly — in art, unless a special training corrects their instincts? It is because we live amidst what is ugly and vulgar; because our parents have no taste, and we hand down the traditional bad taste to our children. It would be so easy to surround childhood with things at once noble, agreeable, and instructive.

[Owing to her grandmother's Voltairean principles, Aurore Dupin's religious training had been rather neglected: this shocked her present pious teachers. The means taken to correct this seemed silly to her already philosophical mind; and after a short time she decided to «set her cap on her ear and join the *devils*' camp.» This was the name given to those who were not pious. The latter were called «the good,» while there was an intermediate variety called «the stupid.» Mary G——, a bright Irish girl, generally spoken of as «the boy,» became Aurore's best friend, after ridiculing her and nicknaming her *Rising Sun* (Aurora) and *Some Bread* (Du pain). Being the leading spirit in the *devils*' camp, she offered to admit Aurore to its ranks.]

«You shall be initiated this evening.»

I waited for night and supper very impatiently. Recreation time began as soon as we left the refectory. In summer the two classes went to the garden. In winter each class went to its own room: the seniors to their fine and spacious study; we to our forlorn quarters, where there was no room to play, and where our teacher forced us to «amuse» ourselves quietly,— that is, not at all. Leaving the refectory always made a momentary confusion, and I admired the way the «devils» of the two classes managed to create the slight disorder under whose favor one could easily escape. The cloister had but one little lamp to light it: this left the other three galleries in semi-darkness. Instead of walking straight ahead towards the juniors' room, you stepped to the left, let the flock pass on, and you were free. I did so, and found myself in the dark with my friend Mary and the other «devils» she had told me would be there. . . . They were all armed, some with logs, others with tongs. I had nothing, but was bold enough to go to the school-room, get a poker, and return to my accomplices without being noticed.

Then they initiated me into the great secret, and we started on our expedition.

The great secret was the traditional legend of the convent: a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from "devil" to "devil," for about two centuries; a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim.* There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up somewhere in an impenetrable retreat: either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or in a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basements extending beneath the monastery as well as under a great part of the Saint-Victor district. There were indeed magnificent cellars there,—a real subterranean city, whose limits we never found,—and they had many mysterious outlets at different points within the vast area of the inclosure. We were told that at a great distance off, these cellars joined the excavations running under the greater part of Paris and the surrounding country as far as Vincennes. They said that by following our convent cellars you could reach the Catacombs, the quarries, the Baths of Julian, and what not. These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries: an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, and whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there, in spite of the insurmountable difficulties of the enterprise, and the terrible punishments the discovery of our secret would provoke.

Entering these subterranean domains was one of those unhoped-for strokes of good luck that occurred once, or at most twice, in the life of a "devil," after years of perseverance and mental effort. It was of no use thinking of getting in by the main door. That door was at the bottom of a wide staircase next to the kitchens, which were cellars too; and here the lay sisters congregated.

But we were sure that the vaults could be reached by a thousand other ways, even by the roof. According to us, every nailed-up door, every dark corner under a staircase, every hollow-sounding wall, might communicate mysteriously with the subterranean region; and we looked for that communication most earnestly up to the very attic.

I had read Mrs. Radcliffe's 'Castle of the Pyrenees' at Nohant, with terror and delight. My companions had many another Scotch and Irish legend in their heads, all fit to set one's hair on end. The convent too had innumerable stories of its own lamentable events,— about ghosts, dungeons, inexplicable apparitions, and mysterious noises. All this, and the thought of finally discovering the tremendous secret of the *victim*, so kindled our imaginations that we were sure we heard sighs and groans start from under the stones, or breathe through the cracks of doors and walls.

We started off, my companions for the hundredth, I for the first time, in search of that elusive captive,— languishing no one knew where, but certainly somewhere, and whom perhaps we were called to discover. She must have been very old, considering how long she had been sought in vain! She might have been over two hundred years old, but we did not mind that! We sought her, called her, thought of her incessantly, and never despaired.

That evening I was led into the oldest and most broken-up part of the buildings,— perhaps the most exciting locality for our exploration. We selected a little passage with wooden railings overlooking an empty space without any known outlet. A staircase with banisters led to this unknown region, but an oaken door forbade access to the stairs. We had to get around the obstacle by passing from the railing to the banisters, and walk down the outside of the worm-eaten balusters. There was a dark void below us whose depth we could not fathom. We had only a little twisted taper (a "rat"), and that hardly let us see more than the first steps of the mysterious staircase.

We were at the bottom in a moment; and with more joy than disappointment found that we were directly under the passage, in a square space without any opening. Not a door nor window, nor any explicable purpose for this sort of closed vestibule. Why was there a staircase leading into a blind space? Why was there a strong padlocked door shutting off the staircase?

The little taper was divided into several lengths, and each one began examining for herself. The staircase was made of wood. A secret spring in one of the steps must lead to a passage, another staircase, or a hidden trap. While some explored the staircase, and tried to force its old planks apart, others groped along the wall in search of a knob, a crack, a ring, or any of the

thousand contrivances mentioned in the chronicles of old manors as moving a stone, turning a panel, or opening an entrance into unknown regions.

Alas, there was nothing! The wall was smooth and plastered. The pavement sounded dull; not a stone was loose, and the staircase hid no spring. One of us looked further. She declared that in the extreme corner under the staircase the wall had a hollow sound; we struck it, and found it true. "It's here!" we all exclaimed. "There's a walled-up passage in there, but that passage leads to the awful dungeon. That is the way down to the sepulchre holding the living victims." We glued our ears to the wall, heard nothing; still the discoverer maintained that she could hear confused groans and clanking chains. What was to be done?

"Why, it's quite plain," said Mary: "we must pull the wall down. All of us together can surely make a hole in it."

Nothing seemed easier to us; and we all went to work,—some trying to knock it down with their logs, others scraping it with their shovels and tongs,—never thinking that by worrying those poor shaky walls, we risked tumbling the building down on our heads. Fortunately we could not do much harm, because the noise made by the logs would have attracted some one.

We had to be satisfied with pushing and scratching. Yet we had managed to make quite a noticeable hole in the plaster, lime, and stones, when the bell rang for prayers. We had just time to repeat our perilous escalade, put out our lights, separate, and grope our way back to the school-rooms. We put off the continuation of the enterprise till the next day, and appointed the same place of meeting. Those who got there first were not to wait for those who might be detained by punishment or unusual surveillance. Each one was to do her best to scoop out the wall. It would be just so much done towards the next day's work. There was no chance of any one's noticing it, as no one ever went down into that blind hall-way given over to mice and spiders.

We dusted each other off, regained the cloister, slipped into our respective class-rooms, and were ready to kneel at prayers with the others. I forget whether we were noticed and punished that evening. It happened so often that no single event of the kind has any special date in the great number. Still we could often carry on our work with impunity.

The search for the great secret and the dungeon lasted the whole winter I spent in the junior class. The wall was perceptibly damaged, but we were stopped by reaching wooden girders. We looked elsewhere, ransacked twenty different places, never having the least success, yet never losing hope.

One day we thought we would look for some mansard window which might be, so to speak, the upper key to the so ardently desired subterranean world. There were many such windows, whose purpose we ignored. There was a little room in the attic where we practiced on one of the thirty pianos scattered through the establishment. We had an hour for this practice every day, and very few of us cared for it. As I always loved music, I liked to practice. But I was becoming more of an artist in romance than music; for what more beautiful poem could there be than the romance in action we were pursuing with our joint imaginations, courage, and palpitating emotions?

In this way the piano hour became the daily hour for adventures, without detriment, however, to the evening ones. We appointed meetings in one of these straggling rooms, and from there would go to the "I don't know where" or the "As you please" of fancy.

From the attic where I was supposed to be playing scales, I could see a labyrinth of roofs, sheds, lofts, and slopes, all covered with moss-grown tiles and decorated with broken chimneys, offering a vast field for new explorations. So on to the roof we went. It was not hard to jump out of the window. Six feet below us there was a gutter joining two gables. It was more imprudent than difficult to scale these gables, meet others, jump from slope to slope, and run about like cats; and danger, far from restraining, only seemed to stimulate us.

There was something exceedingly foolish, but at the same time heroic, in this mania of *seeking the victim;* foolish, because we had to suppose that the nuns, whose gentleness and kindness we worshiped, were practicing horrible tortures upon some one; heroic, because we risked our lives every day to deliver an imaginary creature, who was the object of our most generous thoughts and most chivalrous undertakings.

We had been out about an hour, spying into the garden, looking down on a great part of the courts and buildings, and carefully hiding behind chimneys whenever we saw a black-veiled nun, who might have raised her head and seen us in the clouds,

when we asked ourselves how we should get back. The arrangement of the roofs had allowed us to step or jump down. Going up was not so easy. I think it would have been impossible without a ladder. We scarcely knew where we were. At last we recognized a parlor-boarder's window,—Sidonie Macdonald's, the celebrated general's daughter. It could be reached by a final jump, but would be more dangerous than the others. I jumped too hurriedly, and caught my heel in a flat sky-light, through which I should have fallen thirty feet into a hall near the juniors' room, if by chance my awkwardness had not made me swerve. I got off with two badly flayed knees, but did not give them a second thought. My heel had broken into a part of the sash of that deuced window, and smashed half a dozen panes, which dropped with a frightful crash quite near the kitchen entrance. A great noise arose at once among the lay sisters, and through the opening I had just made, we could hear Sister Theresa's loud voice screaming, "Cats!" and accusing Whisky—Mother Alippe's big tom-cat—of fighting with all his fellows, and breaking all the windows in the house. But Sister Mary defended the cat's morals, and Sister Helen was sure that a chimney had fallen on the roof. This discussion started the nervous giggle that nothing can stop in little girls. We heard the sisters on the stairs, we should be caught in the very act of walking on the roofs, and still we could not stir to find refuge. Then I discovered that one of my shoes was gone,—that it had dropped through the broken sash into the kitchen hall. Though my knees were bleeding, my laughter was so uncontrollable that I could not say a word, but merely showed my unshod foot, and explained what had happened by dumb show. A new explosion of laughter followed, although the alarm had been given and the lay sisters were near.

We were soon reassured. Being sheltered and hidden by overhanging roofs, we could hardly be discovered without getting up to the broken window by a ladder, or following the road we had taken. And that was something we could safely challenge any of the nuns to do. So when we had recognized the advantage of our position, we began to me-ouw Homerically, so that Whisky and his family might be accused and convicted in our stead. Then we made for the window of Sidonie, who did not welcome us. The poor child was practicing on the piano, and paying no attention to the feline howls vaguely striking her

ear. She was delicate and nervous, very gentle, and quite incapable of understanding what pleasure we could find in roaming over roofs. As she sat playing, her back was turned to the window; and when we burst into it in a bunch, she screamed aloud. We lost little time in quieting her. Her cries would attract the nuns; so we sprang into the room and scampered to the door, while she stood trembling and staring, seeing all this strange procession flit by without understanding it nor recognizing any one of us, so terrified was she. In a moment we had all dispersed: one went to the upper room whence we had started, and played the piano with might and main; another took a roundabout way to the school-room. As for me, I had to find my shoe, and secure that piece of evidence, if I still had the time. I managed to avoid the lay sisters, and to find the kitchen entry free. *Audaces fortuna juvat*, said I to myself, thinking of the aphorisms Deschartres* had taught me. And indeed I found the lucky shoe, where it had fallen in a dark corner and not been seen. Whisky alone was accused. My knees hurt me very much for a few days, but I did not brag of them; and the explorations did not slacken.

I needed all this romantic excitement to bear up against the convent regulations, which went very much against me. We were fed well enough, yet that is a thing I have always cared least for; but we suffered most cruelly from the cold, and that year the winter was very severe. The rules for rising and retiring were as harmful as they were disagreeable to me. I have always loved to sit up late, and not to rise early. At Nohant I had done as I pleased — read or written in my room at night, and not been compelled to confront the morning cold. My circulation is sluggish, and the word "cool-blooded" describes both my physical and my mental organization. A "devil" among the "devils" of the convent, I never lost my wits, and did the wildest things in a solemn way that always delighted my accomplices; but the cold really paralyzed me, especially during the first half of the day. The dormitory was in the mansard roof, and so icy that I could not go to sleep, but sadly heard every hour of the night strike. At six o'clock two servants came and waked us pitilessly. It has always seemed a melancholy thing to me to rise and dress by lamplight. We had to wash in water whose icy crust we

*Her father's tutor.

had to break, and *then* it could not be washed with. We had chilblains, and our feet bled in our tight shoes. We went to mass by candle-light, and shivered on the benches or dozed on our knees, in the attitude of piety. At seven o'clock we breakfasted on a piece of bread and a cup of tea. At last, on reaching the school-room, we could see a little light dawn in the sky, and a bit of fire in the stove. I never thawed until about noon; I had frightful colds, and sharp pains in all my limbs, and suffered from them fifteen years later.

But Mary could not bear complaining; being as strong as a boy, she made pitiless fun of all who were not stoical. She taught me to be pitiless towards myself. I deserved some credit for this, for I suffered more than any one else; and the Paris climate was killing me already. Sallow, apathetic, and silent, I seemed the calmest and most submissive of persons when in the school-room. I never *answered back:* anger was foreign to my nature, and I do not remember having an attack of it during the three years I spent in the convent. Thanks to this disposition, I was always loved, even at the time of my worst impishness, by my most disagreeable companions and the most exacting teachers and nuns. The Superior told my grandmother that I was "still waters." Paris had frozen the fever of movement I had had at Nohant. Yet this did not prevent me from climbing over roofs in the month of December, or spending whole evenings bare-headed in the garden in the middle of winter: for we hunted "the great secret" in the garden too; and when the doors were closed, we got down there by the windows. And that was because we lived by our brain at those times, and I never noticed then that I was dragging about a sick body.

LÉLIA

[Written in 1833, the period of passion and despair. In this magnificent, fiery, yet at times absurd poem of doubt and despair, Sténio sometimes stands for Alfred de Musset, and again for the Ideal; while Lélia is at once George Sand, and the human soul warred upon and torn by its dual nature.]

"The prophets are crying in the desert to-day, and no voice answers, for the world is indifferent and deaf: it lies down and stops its ears so as to die in peace. A few scattered groups of weak votaries vainly try to rekindle a spark

of virtue. As the last remnants of man's moral power, they will float for a moment about the abyss, then go and join the other wrecks at the bottom of that shoreless sea which will swallow up the world."

"O Lélia, why do you thus despair of those sublime men who aspire to bring virtue back to our iron age? Even if I were as doubtful of their success as you are, I would not say so. I should fear to commit an impious crime."

"I admire those men," said Lélia, "and would like to be the least among them. But what will those shepherds bearing a star on their brows be able to do before the huge monster of the Apocalypse — before that immense and terrible figure outlined in the foreground of all the prophets' pictures? That woman, as pale and beautiful as vice,— that great harlot of nations, decked with the wealth of the East, and bestriding a hydra belching forth rivers of poison on all human pathways,— is Civilization; is humanity demoralized by luxury and science; is the torrent of venom which will swallow up all virtue, all hope of regeneration."

"O Lélia!" exclaimed the poet, struck by superstition, "are not you that terrible and unhappy phantom? How many times this fear has taken possession of my dreams! How many times you have appeared to me as the type of the unspeakable agony to which the spirit of inquiry has driven man! With your beauty and your sadness, your weariness and your skepticism, do you not personify the excess of sorrow produced by the abuse of thought? Have you not given up, and as it were prostituted, that moral power, so highly developed by what art, poetry, and science have done for it, to every new impression and error? Instead of clinging faithfully and prudently to the simple creed of your fathers, and to the instinctive indifference God has implanted in man for his peace and preservation; instead of confining yourself to a pious life free from vain show, you have abandoned yourself to all the seductions of ambitious philosophy. You have cast yourself into the torrent of civilization rising to destroy, and which by dashing along too swiftly has ruined the scarcely laid foundations of the future. And because you have delayed the work of centuries for a few days, you think you have shattered the hour-glass of Eternity. There is much pride in this grief, Lélia! But God will make this billow of stormy centuries, that for him are but a drop in the ocean, float by. The devouring

hydra will perish for lack of food; and from its world-covering corpse a new race will issue, stronger and more patient than the old.»

«You see far into the future, Sténio! You personify Nature for me, and are her unspotted child. You have not yet blunted your faculties: you believe yourself immortal because you feel yourself young and like that untilled valley now blooming in pride and beauty,—never dreaming that in a single day the plowshare and the hundred-handed monster called industry can tear its bosom to rob it of its treasures; you are growing up full of trust and presumption, not foreseeing your coming life, which will drag you down under the weight of its errors, disfigure you with the false colors of its promises. Wait, wait a few years, and you too will say, 'All is passing away!'»

«No, all is not passing away!» said Sténio. «Look at the sun, and the earth, and the beautiful sky, and these green hills; and even that ice, winter's fragile edifice, which has withstood the rays of summer for centuries. Even so man's frail power will prevail! What matters the fall of a few generations? Do you weep for so slight a thing, Lélia? Do you deem it possible a single idea can die in the universe? Will not that imperishable inheritance be found intact in the dust of our extinct races, just as the inspirations of art and the discoveries of science arise alive each day from the ashes of Pompeii or the tombs of Memphis? Oh, what a great and striking proof of intellectual immortality! Deep mysteries had been lost in the night of time; the world had forgotten its age, and thinking itself still young, was alarmed at feeling itself so old. It said as you do, Lélia: 'I am about to end, for I am growing weak, and I was born but a few days ago! How few I shall need for dying, since so few were needed for living!' But one day human corpses were exhumed from the bosom of Egypt — Egypt that had lived out its period of civilization, and has just lived its period of barbarism! Egypt, where the ancient light, lost so long, is being rekindled, and a rested and rejuvenated Egypt may perhaps soon come and establish herself upon the extinguished torch of our own. Egypt, the living image of her mummies sleeping under the dust of ages, and now awaking to the broad daylight of science in order to reveal the age of the old world to the new! Is this not solemn and terrible, Lélia? Within the dried-up entrails of a human corpse, the inquisitive glance of our century discovered the

papyrus, that mysterious and sacred monument of man's eternal power,— the still dark but incontrovertible witness of the imposing duration of creation. Our eager hand unrolls those perfumed bandages, those frail and indissoluble shrouds at which destruction stopped short. These bandages that once enfolded a corpse, these manuscripts that have rested under fleshless ribs in the place once occupied perhaps by a soul, are human thought; expressed in the science of signs, and transmitted by the help of an art we had lost, but have found again in the sepulchres of the East,— the art of preserving the remains of the dead from the outrages of corruption,— the greatest power in the universe. O Lélia, deny the youth of the world if you can, when you see it stop in artless ignorance before the lessons of the past, and begin to live on the forgotten ruins of an unknown world."

"*Knowledge* is not *power*," replied Lélia. "Learning over again is not progress; seeing is not living. Who will give us back the power to act, and above all, the art of enjoying and retaining? We have gone too far forward now to retreat. What was merely repose for eclipsed civilizations will be death for our tired-out one; the rejuvenated nations of the East will come and intoxicate themselves with the poison we have poured on our soil. The bold barbarian drinkers may perhaps prolong the orgy of luxury a few hours into the night of time; but the venom we shall bequeath them will promptly be mortal for them, as it was for us, and all will drop back into blackness. . . . In fact, Sténio, do you not see that the sun is withdrawing from us? Is not the earth, wearied in its journey, noticeably drifting towards darkness and chaos? Is your blood so young and ardent as not to feel the touch of that chill spread like a pall over this planet abandoned to Fate, the most powerful of the gods? Oh, the cold! that penetrating pain driving sharp needles into every pore. That cursed breath that withers flowers and burns them like fire; that pain at once physical and mental, which invades both soul and body, penetrates to the depths of thought, and paralyzes mind as well as blood! Cold— the sinister demon who grazes the universe with his damp wing, and breathes pestilence on bewildered nations! Cold, tarnishing everything, unrolling its gray and nebulous veil over the sky's rich tints, the waters' reflections, the hearts of flowers, and the cheeks of maidens! Cold, that casts its white winding-sheet over fields and woods and lakes, even over the fur and feathers of animals! Cold, that discolors

all in the material as well as in the intellectual world; not only the coats of bears and hares on the shores of Archangel, but the very pleasures of man and the character of his habits in the spots it approaches! You surely see that everything is being civilized; that is to say, growing cold. The bronzed nations of the torrid zone are beginning to open their timid and suspicious hands to the snares of our skill; lions and tigers are being tamed, and come from the desert to amuse the peoples of the north. Animals which had never been able to grow accustomed to our climate, now leave their warm sun without dying, to live in domesticity among us, and even forget the proud and bitter sorrow which used to kill them when enslaved. It is because blood is congealing and growing poorer everywhere, while instinct grows and develops. The soul rises and leaves the earth, no longer sufficient for her needs, to steal the fire of Prometheus from heaven again: but, lost in darkness, it stops in its flight and falls; for God, seeing its presumption, stretches forth his hand and deprives it of the sun.»

A TRAVELER'S LETTERS

I REMEMBER that when I was a child the hunters, towards autumn, brought home beautiful, gentle, blood-stained ring-doves. They would give me those that were still alive, and I took care of them. I did it with all the ardor and tenderness a mother lavishes upon her children, and was able to cure some of them. When their strength came back they grew sad, and refused the fresh beans they had pecked so greedily from my hand during their illness. As soon as they could spread their wings they became restless, and wounded themselves by dashing against the bars of their cage. They would have died of grief and fatigue if I had not set them free. And so, though I was a most selfish child, I trained myself to sacrifice the pleasure of possession to the pleasure of generosity. The day I carried one of my doves to the window was always one of keen emotion, triumphant joy, and invincible regret. I would kiss it a thousand times, and beg it to remember me, return, and feed on the tender beans in my garden. Then I would unclose my hand, but instantly close it again, so as to retain my friend, and embrace it anew with a swelling heart and brimming eyes. At last, after

much hesitation and many efforts, I would set it on the window-sill. It would remain motionless for a time, as though amazed, and almost afraid of its happiness; then start off with a little cry of joy that went to my very heart. I would follow it a long time with my eyes; and when it had disappeared behind the mountain-ash trees of the garden I began to weep bitterly, and made my mother anxious all day long by looking both ill and depressed.

When we parted, I was proud and happy to see you restored to life; and I attributed some of the glory of having brought this about to the care I had taken of you. I dreamed of better days, of a calmer life, for you. I saw you revive to youth, to affection, to glory. But when I had set you on shore,—when I found myself alone in that gondola as black as a coffin,—I felt that my soul was departing with you. The wind was tossing nothing but a sick and stupefied body on the restless lagoon. A man was waiting for me on the steps of the Piazzetta. «Courage!» he said. «Yes,» I replied, «you said that same word to me one night when he lay dying in our arms, when we thought he had but an hour to live. Now he is saved, is on his way, is going to his country, his mother, his friends, his pleasures. 'Tis well; but think what you please of me, I regret that horrible night when his pale head rested on your shoulder and his cold hand lay in mine. He was here between us then, he is here no more. You are weeping too, though you shrug your shoulders. Your tears, you see, can argue no better than I do. He is gone; it was our wish: but he is here no longer—and we are in despair.»

G. Sand.

The most beautiful object I saw at Chamonix was my daughter. You cannot imagine the self-possession and pride of this eight-year-old beauty at liberty in the mountains. Diana must have looked so as a child, when, as yet unskilled to follow the wild boar in horrible Erymanthea, she gamboled with young fawns on the gentle slopes of Hybla. Solange's fresh complexion fears neither wind nor sun. Her partly opened bodice leaves her strong chest bare, and nothing can sully its immaculate whiteness. Her long fair hair floats in soft ringlets down her supple and vigorous back, which nothing ever tires: neither the mules' hard and hurried step, nor a race down abrupt and slippery slopes, nor the tiers of rocks which have to be scaled for hours together. Brave and serious at all times, her cheek colors with

pride and scorn when any one tries to help her on. As robust as a mountain cedar, and fresh as a flower of the valley, she seems to divine, although she does not yet know, the value of intelligence; that the finger of God has touched her brow, and that some day she is destined to rule those by moral force whose physical power protects her now. At the Glacier des Bossons she said to me: "When I'm a queen, you may be sure, my dear George, that I'll give you the whole of Mont Blanc."

Her brother, although five years older, is less vigorous and less daring. Tender and gentle, he recognizes and instinctively reveres his sister's superiority; but he knows equally well that kind-heartedness is a treasure. He often says, "She will make you proud: I shall make you happy."

Perpetual care and joy of our life, our despotic flatterers, greedy for the very least pleasures, skillful in obtaining them either by persistency or obstinacy, frankly selfish, instinctively sure of their too legitimate independence,—children are our masters, no matter how firm we may pretend to be with them. In spite of their natural kindness, mine signalize themselves amongst the most fiery and difficult to manage; and I confess I know no way to make them bend to social forms, before society itself makes them feel its marble angles and iron harrows. I can find no good reason to give, to a spirit fresh from the hand of God and enjoying its free integrity, for subjecting it to so many useless and foolish servitudes. Unless I had such habits as I have not, and such charlatanism as I neither could nor would have, I do not understand how I could dare ask my children to recognize the pretended necessity of our ridiculous fetters. Therefore I have but one means,—authority: and I use it when I must,—that is, very rarely; besides, it is a thing I would not advise any one to try, unless they have the means of making themselves loved as much as feared.

Truly, no one had ever sufficiently praised the beauty of the sky and the charms of Venice to us. On fine evenings the lagoon is so calm that the stars do not tremble upon it. Out in the middle, it is so blue and smooth that the eye loses the horizon line, and sky and water become an azure veil, where revery loses its way and falls asleep The air is so pure and transparent that one discerns five hundred thousand times more stars in the sky than can be seen in our northern France. I have seen nights when there were so many stars that their silvery

whiteness held more space in the vault of the firmament than the blue of the ether. There was such a sprinkling of diamonds that there was quite as much light as the moon gives in Paris. I do not wish to insinuate anything against our moon: she is a pale beauty whose melancholy says more to our intellect than this one does, perhaps. Hazy nights in our mild provinces have charms that no one has enjoyed more than I, and that no one has less desire to disown. Nature here, being more vigorous in her influence, may perhaps silence the intellect a little too much. She sends thought to sleep, agitates hearts, and rules the senses. Unless one be a man of genius, it is useless to think of writing poems during these voluptuous nights: one must either love or sleep.

There is one delightful spot for sleeping: it is the flight of marble steps leading from the viceroy's garden to the Canal. When the gilded gate is closed on the garden side, you can be rowed in a gondola to these flagstones still warm with the setting sun's rays, and not be disturbed by any intruding pedestrian unless he has the means of reaching you by the faith St. Peter lacked. I have spent many an hour there all alone, thinking of nothing, while Catullo and his gondola slept out on the water, within call of my whistle. When the midnight breeze blows over the lime-trees, and shakes their blossoms on the water; when the perfume of geraniums and clove-trees rises in puffs as if the earth were exhaling balmy sighs under the moon's gaze; when the cupolas of Santa Maria raise their alabaster hemispheres and their turban-crowned minarets to the sky; when water, sky, and marble — the three elements of Venice — are all white, and a great brazen voice floats over my head from the tower of St. Mark,— I begin to live by my pores alone, and woe to him who might come and appeal to my soul! I vegetate, rest, forget. Who, in my place, would not do the same? How could you expect me to worry about finding out whether Mr. So-and-So has written an article on my books, or whether Mr. What's-his-Name has declared my principles dangerous and my cigar immoral? All I can say is, that these gentlemen are very good to trouble about me, and that if I had no debts I should not leave the viceroy's steps to give them food for scandal at my desk. «*Ma la fama*,» says proud Alfieri. «*Ma la fame*,» gayly replies Gozzi.*

* «But — fame!» «But — hunger!»

I defy any one to prevent me from sleeping agreeably when I see Venice, so impoverished, so oppressed, and so wretched, defy Time and men to prevent *her* from being beautiful and serene. There she is, all around me, looking at her reflection in her lagoons, with the air of a sultana; and are not those fishermen who sleep on the pavement of the opposite shore both winter and summer, with no other pillow than a granite step, and no other mattress than their slashed jackets, a great example of philosophy as well? When they have not the wherewithal for a pound of rice, they sing a chorus to forget their hunger; and in the same way they defy both their masters and their misery, accustomed as they are to brave heat, cold, and squalls. It will take many a year of slavery to completely brutalize this careless and frivolous disposition, that has lived on amusements and festivities so many years. Life in Venice is still so easy! Nature there is so rich and so readily turned to account! The sea and the lagoons teem with fish and game, and there is enough shellfish caught in the open streets to feed all the population. Gardens make excellent returns: there is not a corner of that rich clay which does not generously produce more fruits and vegetables than a field on *terra firma*. Every day, boats loaded with fruits, flowers, and such sweet-smelling herbs that their perfumed trace can be scented in the early morning mist, come in from the thousand islets dotting the lagoon. The port being free, foreign commodities are not dear; the most exquisite wines from the Archipelago cost less at Venice than the commonest wine at Paris. Oranges arrive from Palermo in such profusion that on the day the Sicilian vessel comes into port, ten of the finest can be bought for four or five cents of our money. Hence animal life is the least cause of expense at Venice, and the transportation of provisions is so easily effected that it fosters the indolence of the natives. Market produce comes to your house-door by water, and hucksters pass through the streets and over the bridges. The exchange of money for daily food is managed by means of a rope and basket. In this way a family can be abundantly supplied without going out, or even sending a servant. What a difference between this convenient mode of existence and the laborious toil that a family merely half-poor is obliged to perform every single day in Paris, and then only to dine worse than the poorest Venetian workman! What a difference too, between the preoccupied and serious faces of the

people who jostle each other and hurry, get muddy and elbow their way through the Parisian crowd, and the easy-going pace of these Venetians, who sing as they crawl along, and lie down every now and then on the smooth, warm pavement of the quays! The traders who bring their whole stock to Venice daily in a single basket are the jolliest wags in the world, and retail jokes with their wares. The fishmonger, at the close of his day's wanderings, tired and hoarse after shouting all the morning, comes and sits down in a square or on a parapet; and to sell his remnants he throws out the most ingenious invitations to all who pass by, or to the smokers on the neighboring balconies. "Just look!" he says: "this is the finest fish I had in the whole lot! I kept it till now, because I know that rich people dine later than others nowadays. See these fine sardines, four for two centimes. One glance of the pretty housemaid at this fine fish, and another into the bargain at the poor fisherman!" The water-carrier makes puns while offering his merchandise. "*Aqua fresca e tenera.*" The gondolier at his station solicits passengers with marvelous offers. "Are we going to Trieste this evening, my lord? Here is a fine gondola, not afraid of a gale on the high seas, and a gondolier who can row to Constantinople without stopping!"

Unexpected pleasures are the only pleasures in this world. Yesterday I wanted to see the moon rise on the Adriatic; I never could induce Catullo the elder to take me to the shore of the Lido. He pretended what they all pretend when they do not want to obey, that wind and tide were against him. I most cordially wished the doctor to the deuce for having sent me this asthmatic fellow, who gives up the ghost at every stroke of his oar, and chatters more than a thrush when he is in his cups. I was in the worst kind of humor when, in front of the Salute, we met a boat slowly gliding down towards the Grand Canal, shedding the sounds of a delicious serenade, like a perfume, in its wake. "Turn your prow," I said to old Catullo: "I hope you'll have at least the strength to follow that boat."

Another boat loitering about there followed my example; then a second one, and yet another; and at last, all those out breathing the evening freshness on the Canalazzo, and even some empty boats, began to row towards us, their gondoliers shouting "Music! Music!" in as famished a way as the Israelites clamoring for manna in the desert. In ten minutes a flotilla had formed about the dilettanti; every oar was silent, and the boats

were carried on by the current. The harmony swept softly on with the breeze, and the oboe sighed so tenderly that every one held his breath for fear of interrupting its love-plaints. The violin began to weep so sadly and with so sympathetic a quivering that I dropped my pipe and pulled my cap down to my eyes. Then the harp let us hear two or three scales of harmonious sounds which seemed to come down from heaven, and promise the caresses and consolations of angels to suffering souls on earth. Next the horn came out of the heart of the woods, as it were; and each one of us thought he saw his first love come from the heights of the forests of Frioul, and draw near to the joyous sound of the flourish. The oboe addressed her with more passionate words than those of a dove following its beloved through the air. The violin breathed throbs of convulsive joy; the harp made its deep strings vibrate generously, as if they were the palpitations of a flaming heart; and the tones of the four instruments clasped each other like blessed souls embracing before departing for heaven together. I caught and held their accents, and my imagination heard them long after they had ceased. Their passage had left a magic warmth in the atmosphere, as if Love had shaken it with his wings.

A few moments of silence, which no one dared to break, followed. The melodious bark began to move more rapidly, as if it wished to escape from us; but we dashed in its wake. We were like a flock of petrels fighting to be the first to seize a gold-fish. We pressed around it, the great steel saws of our prows shining in the moonlight like the fiery teeth of Ariosto's dragons. The fugitive freed itself in Orpheus's manner: a few chords on the harp made all fall into silence and order again. At the sound of the light arpeggios, three gondolas took their place at either side of the one carrying the symphony, and followed the adagio with a religiously slow movement. The others dropped behind, forming a retinue; and this was not the worst place for hearing. These rows of silent gondolas, gliding so gently down the wide and magnificent Venetian canal, were a sight made to realize the loveliest of dreams. At the sound of the sweetest strains of 'Oberon' and 'William Tell,' every ripple, every light rebound of the oars, seemed to respond fondly to the sentiment of each musical phrase. The gondoliers, standing in their bold attitude at the stern, were outlined against the blue air like thin black spectres, behind the groups of friends and lovers they were rowing. The moon was rising slowly, and began to show her

inquisitive face above the roofs; she too seemed to be listening, and to like the music. One of the palace-lined banks of the Canal, still steeped in darkness, stenciled its huge Moorish lace-work, blacker than the gates of hell, against the sky. The other bank received the reflection of the full moon, now as broad and white as a silver shield, on its serene and silent façades. This immense line of fairy-like buildings, illumined by no other light than that of the heavenly bodies, was truly sublime in its look of solitude, repose, and immobility. The slender statues, rising by hundreds against the sky, seemed flights of mysterious spirits charged to protect the mute city's rest, plunged thus in a slumber like that of the Sleeping Beauty, and condemned like her to sleep a hundred years and more

We rowed along thus for nearly an hour. The gondoliers had become rather wild. Old Catullo himself bounded at the allegro, and followed the rapid course of the little fleet. Then his oar would take an amoroso movement at the andante, and he would accompany it with a sort of grunt of beatitude. The orchestra halted under the portico of the White Lion. I leaned over to see "my lord" step out of his gondola. He was a splenetic child of seventeen or eighteen, burdened with a long Turkish pipe, that he could not have smoked completely without becoming consumptive to the last degree. He looked very much bored; but he had paid for a serenade that I had enjoyed far more than he, and for which I was very much obliged to him. G. Sand.

SIMON

[The Count de Fougères had emigrated before the Revolution. During his exile he had been a merchant in Istria, had married an Italian, and when he returned brought a daughter, Fiamma, with him. She having republican blood in her veins,—the blood of those brave bandits who had held out against Austria to the death,—does not want to have the old aristocratic privileges revived in her favor. The novel closes by her marrying Simon, —a young lawyer, the son of peasants,—who typifies all the sufferings of the intelligent and generous *déclassé* of society.]

Meanwhile the Count de Fougères came to take possession of his new home. The villagers were too anxious to make him pay a sort of "earnest money," to spare him the infliction of new merry-makings and new honors. When he saw there

was no escape, he yielded gracefully and presented his "dear vassals" with a barrel of wine, at the same time wishing with all his heart that their warm affection towards him might cool a little. But that was not the way to do it. He was welcomed, extolled, complimented, awakened at dawn to the sound of bagpipes a second time, and re-bombarded with fire-crackers. He took it in good part, shook hands an incredible number of times, raised his hat even to the village dogs, composed an infinite quantity of variations on the invariable words of his gracious replies, endured the interminable and fatiguing conversations with evangelic patience; and having made himself as popular a sovereign as possible, went to bed worn out with fatigue, infected by proletarian miasmas, while his administrative brain calculated by how much he could raise this one's rent and lower that one's wages, on account of all these loans of paternal affability. Mademoiselle de Fougères displayed a disposition which was pronounced haughty and impertinent, by shutting herself up in her room during all these sentimental pasquinades. She remained invisible, and her father could not make her retiring sincerity bend to the politic considerations due to his position; she had a mute and respectful way of opposing him that broke him like a straw — him, so mean in thought, feeling, and language. He felt that he could rule that iron soul by conviction alone, and that the power to convince was precisely what he lacked. Feeling that it would be a hopeless task to punish his daughter, he was obliged to allow her to hide or be silent.

A few days after these extraordinary festivals, the village patron saint's day was to be celebrated. Monsieur de Fougères had gone to a cattle fair in Bourbonnais the previous day; for no sooner had he been made lord of the manor than he became a dealer again. Among all the persons who had testified their zeal, one thought he had not sufficiently bent the knee before his name and title. This was the village priest; a young man with neither judgment nor true piety, but who, having read some old ecclesiastical documents, wanted to resuscitate a singular custom at the earliest opportunity. On the patron saint's day the sexton was sent to Mademoiselle de Fougères, requesting her not to fail to be present at the blessing of the Holy Sacrament. This message surprised the young Italian very much. She thought it strange for a priest to arrogate to himself the right to point out her duty in such a manner. Nevertheless, she did not think she

could be excused from performing what her education rendered sacred. Still, fearing some such snare as she had hitherto been able to avoid, she did not go into the raised pew reserved for the ancient lords of Fougères,—a pew placed in full sight to the right of the choir, and now furnished with a rug and several arm-chairs at the priest's own expense. Fiamma waited until vespers had begun; then slipped into church in the plainest garments, and mingled with the crowd of women who in that part of the country kneel on the church pavement. She hated the flattery paid to any special class; but thought that before God she could not bow down with too much humility.

It was vain for her to hope to escape the village priest's scrutinizing glance, or the sexton's, who had been told to find her. The church was very small; and besides, the custom of the country separates the women from the men, and gathers the former in one of the naves. Between the 'Magnificat' and the 'Pange Lingua,' in the interval used by the officiating priest for putting on his pontifical vestments, the sexton passed through the feminine crowd, and in the priest's name came to beg Mademoiselle de Fougères to take a place more suited to her rank. When she refused to go to the pew, the obstinate assistant had an arm-chair and a hassock placed near the railing separating the two sexes at the entrance to the choir, just as he would have done for his bishop. He thought that Mademoiselle de Fougères would not be able to resist this flattering invitation, and concluded to go back to the altar.

In the mean time the rows of women separating Mademoiselle de Fougères from the insolent arm-chair had opened, and every eye seemed to be requesting her to condescend to take possession of it. Jeanne Féline alone, whose fervent prayer was somewhat disturbed, and whose honest and incorruptible good-sense was no less shocked, by what was going on, lowered her prayer-book, raised her hood, and fixed on Mademoiselle de Fougères a look in which the pride of virtue and the fire of youth shone amidst all the ravages of age and sorrow. Fiamma saw her, and recognized Simon's mother by a distant likeness of features and a striking similarity of expression. She had heard this woman's merit praised, and had wished for an opportunity to make her acquaintance. She therefore bore the look quietly, and by her own expressed that she was ready to enter into communication with her.

Madame Féline, as bold and ingenuous as truth itself, addressed her at once, and whispered:—

"Well, mademoiselle, what does your conscience bid you do?"

"My conscience," replied Fiamma unhesitatingly, "bids me stay here and offer you the arm-chair as a mark of respect due you."

Jeanne Féline was so far from expecting this answer that she was dumbfounded.

Mademoiselle de Fougères was not, like her father, a person who could be accused of courting popularity. She was said to have the opposite failing, and Jeanne could not understand why she had remained in the general crowd from the beginning of the ceremony. At length her face softened; and resisting Fiamma, who wanted to lead her to the arm-chair, she said:—

"No, not I: it would ill become me to take a place of honor before God, who sees the depths of all hearts and our weakness. But look! there is the oldest woman in the village,—one who has known four generations; she usually has a chair, but is kneeling on the ground to-day. They forgot her on your account."

Mademoiselle de Fougères followed the direction of Jeanne's gesture, and saw a centenarian, for whom some young girls had made a sort of cushion with their fustian cloaks. She went towards her, and with Madame Féline's assistance, helped her to rise and sit down in the arm-chair. The old woman did not resist, not understanding what was taking place, and thanked them by nodding her trembling head.

Mademoiselle de Fougères knelt on the pavement close to Jeanne, so as to be entirely hidden by the back of the great arm-chair; in which the ancient dame, who performed her religious duties by mere force of habit, owing to her age soon fell quietly asleep.

The priest, however, knowing that downcast eyes harmonize with the fervor of an officiator, could just see a woman with a white head-covering in the arm-chair. He fancied that his negotiations had been successful, and began to officiate calmly; but when the time came for the explosion of his great project, —when he had descended the three steps of the altar and knelt to burn incense before the Holy Sacrament, crossed the choir and walked towards the arm-chair to render the same honor to Mademoisellede Fougères according to ancient feudal custom,—he

noticed his mistake, and his arm remained suspended between heaven and earth; while all the congregation of the faithful, eyes and mouths wide open, were wondering why these unusual honors were being paid to Mother Mathurin.

The young priest did not lose his composure: but seeing that Mademoiselle de Fougères had carried her point, with a little obstinacy and malice showed her that she was not to have it all her own way; for turning briskly to the other side, he swung the censers towards the seignorial pew, thus giving the empty place the honors due more to the title than to its bearers. The whole village was amazed; and it took more than six months to make the commentators, who were worn out by inquiries and discussions, adopt the true version of the event. The relatives of the centenarian did not fail to say that she had been blessed in virtue of an ancient custom giving this preference to persons a hundred years old; and that the priest had found it in the archives of the commune. As for the old woman, being nearly blind and more than half asleep when she was thus honored, as her ear was fortunate enough to be forever closed to all human speech and all worldly noise, she died without ever knowing that she had had incense burned before her.

FRANÇOIS THE FIELD-FOUNDLING

Preface to 'François le Champi'

The moon shed a dim silver light on the paths through the darkened fields as R—— and I were on our way home from a walk. It was a mild and softly clouded autumn evening; and we were noticing the sonority peculiar to the air, as well as the indefinable mystery pervading nature at that season. One might say that as the heavy winter sleep draws nigh, all things and creatures furtively endeavor to enjoy the last remnants of life and animation before the fatal coming on of benumbing frost; and as if they wanted to cheat the flight of time, and feared to be surprised and interrupted in the last gambols of their merry-making, gave themselves up silently and without apparent activity to their nocturnal ecstasies. Birds utter smothered cries instead of the joyous flourishes of summer days. The insect in the furrows lets us hear an indiscreet exclamation now and then; but interrupts itself at once, and quickly transfers its

chirp or plaint to another rallying-point. Plants hasten to exhale their last perfume, all the sweeter for being subtler and long repressed. The fading leaves dare not quiver under the breath of the breeze; while the flocks graze in silence, without a sound of strife or love.

Even we, my friend and I, walked cautiously; instinctive meditation holding us mute, and as it were, observant of nature's softened beauty and the enchanting harmony of her last chords, now dying away in an imperceptible pianissimo. Autumn is a graceful and melancholy andante, admirably introducing the solemn adagio of winter.

At length my friend, who had followed my thoughts as I had followed his, in spite of our silence, said: "All this is so calm, and seems absorbed in a revery so foreign and indifferent to the labors, foresight, and cares of man, that it makes me wonder what expression, what coloring, what manifestation of art and poetry human intelligence could give to the physiognomy of nature at this particular moment. And to make the aim of my inquiry clearer to you, I will compare this evening, this sky and this landscape,— all of them so dim yet so harmonious and complete,— to the soul of a wise and pious peasant who works and profits by his labor, enjoys his peculiar kind of life without feeling the need or the wish, and without having the means to manifest or express, his inner life. I try to set myself in the heart of this mystery of rustic and natural life,— I, the civilized creature, who do not know how to enjoy by instinct alone,— and am forever tormented by the desire to render an account, both to myself and others, of my contemplation or my meditation."

"And then," continued my friend, "I am anxiously seeking what connection can be established between my too active intelligence, and the peasant's which is not active enough; just as I was wondering a while ago what painting, music,— in short, what the description, the translation by art,— could add to the beauty of this autumn night, which reveals itself to me by its mysterious reticence, and penetrates me although I do not know by what magic communication."

"Let me see whether I fully understand how the question is stated," I replied. "Let us take this October night, this colorless sky, this music without any marked or sequent melody, this calm of nature, and the peasant who by his simplicity comes nearer to enjoying and understanding, without describing it, than

we do,—and putting all these together, let us call it *primitive life*, relatively to our developed and complicated existence, which I will call *factitious life*. You ask what the possible connection, the direct link, between these two opposite states of the existence of things and creatures may be; between the palace and the cottage, the artist and his creation, the poet and the plowman."

"Yes," he resumed; "and to state it precisely,—between the language spoken by this nature, this primitive life, and these instincts, and that spoken by art, science,—in a word, by *knowledge*."

"To speak in the language you adopt, I should answer that the connection between *knowledge* and *sensation* is *feeling*."

"The definition of that *feeling* is precisely what I am questioning you about, while I am interrogating myself. The manifestation that so puzzles me is intrusted to it; this definition is the art—the artist, if you choose—commissioned to translate the candor, grace, and charm of primitive life for those who live the factitious life alone, and who are (permit me to say so) the greatest idiots in the world when they stand before nature and her divine secrets."

"You ask for nothing less than the very secret of art: seek that in the bosom of God, for no artist can reveal it to you. He does not know it himself, and could not give an account of either his inspiration or his impotence. How are we to express beauty, simplicity, and truth? Indeed, I do not know. And who could teach us? Not even the greatest artists could do it, for if they tried they would no longer be artists, but become critics; and as for criticism—!"

"Criticism," resumed my friend, "has been revolving around the mystery for centuries without understanding anything about it. But, pardon me, that is not precisely what I was asking. I am even more of a barbarian just now; I call the very power of art in question. I despise it; I annihilate it; I maintain that art is not born, that it does not exist, or if it has existed its time is past. It is worn out, it has no more forms, it has no more breath, it no longer has the means to sing the beauty of truth. Nature is a work of art; but God is the only existing artist, and man is but a tasteless compiler. Nature is beautiful; she exhales *feeling* at every pore: and with her, love and youth and beauty are undying. But man has only absurd means and miserable faculties for feeling and expressing them. He would do best if

he let them alone,—were silent and absorbed in contemplation. Come, what do you say to this?»

«That plan would suit me, and I should be quite content to follow it,» I answered.

«Ah! you go too far,» he exclaimed, «and enter into my paradox too fully. I am pleading: put in a rejoinder.»

«Then I will say that one of Petrarch's sonnets has its own relative beauty equal to the beauty of the water at Vaucluse; that a Ruysdael landscape has a charm as great as that of such an evening as this; that Mozart sings as well in the language of men as Philomel in that of the birds; that Shakespeare presents passions, feelings, and instincts, just as the most primitive and truthful man can feel them. This is art, the connection,—*feeling*, in short.»

«Yes, it is a work of transformation! But suppose it does not satisfy me? Even if you were right a thousand times over by all the decrees of taste and æsthetics, what if I find Petrarch's verses less harmonious than the sound of the waterfall, and feel the same about the rest? If I maintained that there is a charm in this evening that no one could reveal to me unless I had enjoyed it myself, and that all Shakespeare's passion is cold compared to what I can see blazing in a jealous peasant's eyes when he beats his wife, what would you say? The point here is to persuade my 'feeling.' And what if it eludes your examples, resists your proofs? Then art would not be an invincible demonstrator, and *feeling* not always satisfied with the best of definitions.»

«I see nothing to reply to this, indeed, except that art is a demonstration whose proof is in nature; that the pre-existing fact of this proof is ever present to justify or contradict the demonstration, and that one cannot make a good one unless the proof is examined with love and faith.»

«Then the demonstration cannot do without the proof; but may the proof not get along without the demonstration?»

«No doubt God could; but I am ready to wager that you, who are now talking as if you were not one of us, would not understand anything about the proof if you had not found the demonstration in a thousand forms in the tradition of art, and if you were not yourself a demonstration forever acting upon the proof.»

«Ah! that's just the fact I am finding fault with. I should like to get rid of this eternal demonstration that so irritates me;

erase all forms and teachings of art from my memory; never think of painting when I look at a landscape, nor of music when I listen to the wind, nor of poetry when I admire and appreciate the whole effect. I should like to enjoy everything by instinct, because it seems to me that that cricket now chirping is more joyous and ecstatic than I.»

«In short, you complain of being a man.»

«No; but I complain of no longer being the primitive man.»

«It remains to be proved whether he enjoyed, since he could not understand.»

«I do not imagine him like the brutes. The moment he was a man he understood and felt differently. But I cannot form a clear idea of his emotions, and that torments me. Therefore I would like to be what present society permits a great many men to be from the cradle to the grave,—a peasant, and a peasant unable to read, but to whom God has given good instincts, a peaceful disposition, an honest conscience; and in that torpor of useless faculties and ignorance of depraved tastes, I believe I could be as happy as the primitive man dreamed of by Jean Jacques.»

«I often have the same dream myself: who has not? But it would not make your argument win the day, for the simplest and most ingenuous peasant is an artist after all; and I claim that their art is superior to ours. It has another form, but it appeals to my soul more than all those of our civilization. Rustic songs, tales, and stories, paint in a few words what our literature merely knows how to amplify and disguise.»

«Then I am right,» resumed my friend. «That art is purest and best because it goes to nature for inspiration; is in directer contact with it. I may have gone too far when I said that art was good for nothing; but I said too that I would like to feel as a peasant does, and I do not unsay that. There are some popular songs in Brittany, made by beggars, which in their three stanzas are worth all that Goethe or Byron ever wrote, and prove that the appreciation of the true and beautiful was more complete and spontaneous in those simple souls than in the most illustrious poets. And as for music? Have we not admirable melodies in our country? True, our peasants have no painting; but they have it in their speech, which is a hundred times more expressive, more energetic, and more logical than our literary language.»

"I admit that," I answered: "and the last point particularly is a cause of despair; because I am obliged to write in the language of the Academy, when there is another I know so much better, and which is so far superior for expressing a whole order of emotions, sentiments and thoughts."

"Yes, yes, the world devoid of art!" he said; "the unknown world, closed to our modern art, and that no amount of study will allow even you to express to yourself,—you, the peasant by nature,—if you wished to introduce it into the domain of civilized art, into the intellectual intercourse of artificial life."

"Alas!" I replied, "that fact has often been in my mind. Like all civilized beings, I have seen and felt that primitive life has been the dream, the ideal, of all men and all times. From the shepherds of Longus to those of Trianon, pastoral life has been a perfumed Eden, where souls tormented and wearied by the world's tumult have tried to take refuge. Art, the great flatterer and obliging purveyor of consolation for all over-happy people, has gone through an uninterrupted series of *pastorals*. I have often wanted to write a learned and critical book entitled 'The History of Pastorals,' wherein all the various sylvan dreams so passionately cherished by the upper classes would have been reviewed. I should have followed their modifications, which were always in an inverse ratio to the depravity of morals, and grew purer and more sentimental in proportion as society became more shameless and corrupt. I wish I could *order* such a book from an author more capable of writing it than I am; and I should then read it with pleasure. It would be a complete treatise on art; for music, painting, architecture, literature in all its forms, the drama, poetry, novels, eclogue, songs, even fashions, gardens, and costumes, have had to submit to the infatuation of the pastoral dream. . . . I have often asked myself why there are no more shepherds; for we are not so impassioned for Truth in these latter days, that our arts and literature have the right to despise these conventional types in favor of those that fashion is now introducing. We are all given over to energy and atrocity at present, and are embroidering ornaments on the canvas of these passions, terrible enough to set our hair on end if we could but take them seriously."

"If we have no more shepherds," returned my friend,—"if literature no longer has that false ideal, which was worth as much as to-day's,—perhaps it is because art is making an unconscious

attempt to level itself, to put itself within the reach of all classes of intelligence. Does not the dream of equality, flung into society, drive art to become brutal and impetuous, so as to awaken the instincts and passions common to all men, of whatsoever rank they may be? Truth has not yet been reached. It lies no more in disfigured reality than in over-ornamented ideality: but it is quite evident that it is being sought; and if it is not well sought, the seekers are none the less eager to find it. For instance, the drama, poetry, and the novel have dropped the crook and taken up the dagger; and when rustic life is put upon the scene they give it a certain realistic form, not found in the pastorals of former days. Yet there is but little poetry in it, and I find fault with this; still I do not see the means of elevating the rustic ideal without heightening its color or blackening it. You have often thought of doing it, I know; but will you succeed?"

"I do not hope to," I replied; "for I have no form to cast it in, and my feeling for rustic simplicity finds no language for its expression. If I make the rustic speak as he really does, the civilized reader would need a translation on the opposite page; and if I make him speak as we do, then I make an unnatural creature of him, and have to pretend that he has ideas he really has not."

"And even if you did make him speak as he does, your own language would make a disagreeable contrast every moment; and you have laid yourself open to that reproach, in my opinion. You portrayed a rustic maiden, called her Jeanne, and put words in her mouth which strictly speaking she might say. But you, the novelist, wishing to make your readers share the attraction you feel in delineating the type, compare her to a druidess, a Joan of Arc, and what not. Your feelings and your words alongside of hers have the same incongruous effect as the clash of harsh tones in a picture; and I cannot quite enter into nature thus, even when it is idealized. You have made a better study of truth since then, in 'La Mare au Diable' [The Devil's Pool]. But I am not satisfied yet. The author still peeps out now and then; there are *authors' words* in it. . . . You must try again, even though you do not succeed; masterpieces are only successful attempts. Provided you make conscientious attempts, you may console yourself for not making masterpieces."

"I am consoled on that point beforehand," I replied, "and will begin again whenever you wish: advise me."

« Yesterday, for instance, we were at the rustic wake at the farm,» he said. « The hemp-breaker told stories up to two o'clock in the morning. The village priest's servant helped or corrected him: she was a somewhat cultured peasant; he was ignorant, but happily endowed and very eloquent in his own way. These two persons jointly told us a rather long, true story, which appeared to be a familiar novel. Do you remember it?»

« Perfectly, and I could repeat it literally in their very language.»

« Their language would need a translation: you must write in French, and not allow yourself a single word which does not belong to the language, unless it be so intelligible that a footnote would be useless for the reader.»

« I see you are setting me a task fit to make me lose my mind,—one I have never plunged into without coming out dissatisfied with myself, and penetrated by a sense of my weakness.»

« Never mind! You will plunge into it again; I know the artist nature: nothing stimulates you as much as obstacles, and you do poorly what you do without suffering. Come, begin,—tell me the story of the 'Champi'; but not as I heard it with you. It was a masterpiece for our minds and ears 'to the manner born.' Tell it as if there were a Parisian at your right speaking the modern language, and a peasant at your left before whom you would not wish to say a word or phrase he could not fathom. Thus you will have to speak plainly for the Parisian, simply for the peasant. One will rebuke you for absence of color, the other for that of elegance; but I shall be there too,—I, who am trying to find the conditions by which art, without ceasing to be art for every one, may enter into the mystery of primitive simplicity, and communicate to the mind the charm pervading nature.»

« We are going to make a joint *study*, it seems.»

« Yes; for I shall interfere when you stumble.»

THE BUDDING AUTHOR

From 'Convent Life of George Sand.' Copyright 1893, by Roberts Brothers

I BEGAN, of course, by writing verses; rebelling against the Alexandrine, which however I understood perfectly. I tried to preserve a sort of rhythm without attending to the rhyme or the cæsura; and composed many verses that had a great success among the girls, who were not very critical. At last I took it into my head to write a novel; and though I was not at all religious at that time, I made my story very pious and edifying. It was more of a tale, however, than a novel. The hero and heroine met in the dusk of evening, in the country, at the foot of a shrine, where they had come to say their prayers. They admired and exhorted each other by turns. I knew that they ought to fall in love, but I could not manage it. Sophia urged me on; but when I had described them both as beautiful and perfect beings, when I had brought them together in an enchanting spot at the entrance of a Gothic chapel under the shade of lofty oaks, I never could get any further. It was not possible for me to describe the emotions of love: I had not a word to say, and gave it up. I succeeded in making them ardently pious; —not that I knew any more about piety than I did about love; but I had examples of piety all the time before my eyes, and perhaps even then the germ was unconsciously developing within me. At all events, my young couple, after several chapters of travel and adventure that I have completely forgotten, separated at last, both consecrating themselves to God,— the heroine taking the veil, and the hero becoming a priest.

Sophia and Anna thought my novel very well written, and they liked some things about it; but they declared that the hero (who rejoiced, by the way, in the name of Fitzgerald) was dreadfully tiresome, and they did not seem to consider the heroine much more amusing. There was a mother whom they liked better; but upon the whole my prose was less successful than my verses, and I was not much charmed with it myself.

Then I wrote a pastoral romance in verse, still worse than the novel; and one winter day I put it into the stove. Then I stopped writing, and decided that it was not an amusing occupation, though I had taken infinite delight in the preliminary composition.

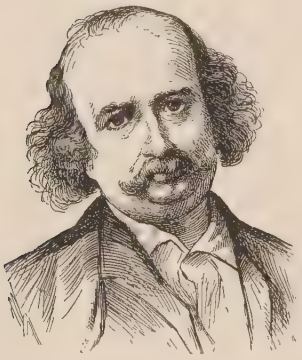
Translation of Maria Ellery Mackaye.

LÉONARD SYLVAIN JULES SANDEAU

(1811–1883)

When Jules Sandeau (as he is usually known) was a humble young law student, he visited Nohant, and there he met the young Baroness Dudevant (George Sand), whose influence was to change the whole course of his life. Up to that time he had pursued the regular routine of French boys.

Born in the heart of France — at Aubusson, in the Department of Creuse — in 1811, he passed his school days there; and then was sent to the law school in Paris. It was during one of his vacation trips that he and Baroness Dudevant discovered their congeniality of tastes and ambitions. She was heartily tired of her husband and of an irksome domestic life, and convinced of her own latent power of authorship; while Sandeau too inclined more toward literature than law. So they went to Paris together in 1831, when Sandeau was twenty and Madame Dudevant twenty-seven. There they rented a garret on the Quai Saint Michel, and toiled cheerfully for a meagre livelihood.



Jules Sandeau

Henri de Latouche, editor-in-chief of Le Figaro, became interested in these gifted young Bohemians. He subjected them to severe but helpful criticism, and accepted some of their sketches for his paper. At his suggestion they wrote a novel in collaboration,— 'Rose et Blanche,' a colorless tale not indicative of either's power. It is said that Sandeau suggested the plot of George Sand's powerful novel 'Indiana.' He also furnished her with her *nom de plume:* George because upon St. George's day he advised her to try her hand alone, and Sand from his own name.

The *liaison* terminated in two years, when Sandeau went off to Italy; and with the exception of one moment's chance encounter, the two never met again. Unquestionably the strongly emotional period spent with the gifted young woman deepened Sandeau's nature, and stimulated all his faculties. He continued to write, and proved his possession of individual though not powerful talent. In 1839 'Marianna' appeared,— a delicate analysis of the ebb and flow of passion;

and its success enabled him to become a frequent contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes.

The true value of Sandeau's work lay in a nobility of sentiment which was the spontaneous expression of his own nature. He was always obliged to earn his own living; yet he never allowed mercenary considerations to affect the quality of his work. His novels are models of careful construction. He could not treat overwhelming passions; but his refined nature had an intuitive appreciation of the more delicate emotions acquired by civilized society. He was particularly fond of depicting the inevitable repulsion experienced by the ancient aristocracy when forced to meet and adapt itself to new and more democratic social conditions. This was the theme of 'Mademoiselle de la Seiglière,' and also of 'La Maison de Penarvan,' —two of his strongest books. That he could also write charmingly for children is shown in 'La Roche aux Mouettes.'

It was Sandeau's fate to be associated with greater minds, to whom perhaps more than their share of praise was sometimes given. He wrote several plays in collaboration with Émile Augier; notably 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier,' which ranks as one of the best modern French comedies. He did not cater to public taste, and never became widely popular. It was his fellow authors who most respected and admired him.

In spite of his scanty means, he was very generous. During his early struggles he and the great Balzac were friends. It is said that one day Balzac, hard pressed for a small sum, asked Sandeau for it. Sandeau went out, and by pawning his overcoat raised the money, and took it to him. A few days later, Balzac asked the loan of Sandeau's coat. "I cannot give it to you," said Sandeau simply; and Balzac stormed at his meanness until shamed by a discovery of the truth. Another time, feeling sorry for an old, poor, and embittered publisher named Werdet, he presented him with the manuscript of one of his ablest and most popular stories, 'Le Docteur Herbleu.' Naturally he himself never became rich; although he was made comfortable by the proceeds of his writing, augmented by his salary as librarian,—first at the Mazarin library, to which position he was appointed in 1853, and later at St. Cloud. Upon the downfall of the second Napoleon this office was abolished; and Sandeau was granted a pension.

Sandeau was elected Academician in 1859. His literary activity extended over about twenty-five years; and he ceased to write many years before his death on April 24th, 1883. Although he had little influence in determining the trend of literature, Sandeau was a decided romanticist in the early days of the romantic movement. His tales are pleasant rather than exciting reading; most noteworthy for delicacy of perception and sympathetic delineation of character.

HOW THE HISTORY OF PENARVAN WAS WRITTEN

From 'The House of Penarvan'

[The Marquise de Penarvan, an aristocrat of the old régime, has been actuated all her life by a ruling passion of family pride. She sacrifices her husband to it; and after his death, her greatest interest is the history of the family of Penarvan, which the Abbé Pyrmil, the chaplain and devoted friend of the family, is writing. She does not love her only child,—her daughter Paule,—because she cannot perpetuate the family name.

After vainly trying to win her mother's consent to her marriage with Henri Coverley,—a young man who, although not of noble birth, is in every other respect worthy of her,—Paule marries without it.]

From the day of her marriage Paule was seized with what some would call a natural, others a morbid, self-reproach, the suffering of which was increased by everything which otherwise would have rendered her happy. She had made a desperate effort to secure the bliss so long coveted, and the capacity of enjoying it when attained was denied to her.

Young, beautiful, worshiped by her husband, in the midst of everything this world can offer of comfort and pleasure, she suffered unremittingly, and in secret wept bitterly; loving her husband as much as ever, the wealth and luxury with which he surrounded her she simply hated. Her thoughts were perpetually reverting to the stern mother, and the old château she had forsaken. A strange sort of yearning for its poverty and simplicity took possession of her soul. She turned with loathing from all the magnificence that her sensitive feelings compared with the penury of the home where her early life had been overshadowed and saddened.

For the first time she understood the grand side of her mother's character,—the dignity of her uncomplaining poverty. She was haunted by the thought of the tears she had—for the first time—seen in those eyes, the severe or forgiving glance of which she was never again to meet; they seemed to be dropping like molten lead on her heart.

Henri lavished upon her all that the most devoted affection and tenderest care could devise. His patience, his delicacy of feeling, never failed; and she responded to his love with passionate affection.

"Oh, if you knew how I love you!" she would say. "I would suffer far more even than I do suffer, rather than forego the

blessing of being your wife. Yes, I bless the hour when I first saw you; and I thank God morning, noon, and night for the priceless gift of your love. But oh, forgive me if I cannot be happy, if I cannot forget; if I cannot live on in the midst of splendor and gayety, unforgiven and unblest by my mother.»

If Henri reminded her of all she had suffered under that mother's roof, she would answer: —

«I was not patient enough; I did not wait as I ought to have done, Henri. I think — I have thought so ever since — that she was beginning to love me when I left her.»

They wrote: only the abbé answered, and his letters held out no hope. They still went on writing, and with no other result. They traveled in Italy, in Greece; but in the midst of all the wonderful beauties of nature and art there was always before Paule's eyes the same vision, — her mother growing old in solitude and poverty.

She gave birth to a child; and the joys of maternal love only sharpened the pangs of a remorse which had grown into a malady. The more intensely she cared for her little girl, the more acute became her regrets and her fears. Would that little one abandon her one day as she had abandoned her mother? Had she any claim upon her own child, — she who had disobeyed and defied her only parent?

Once more Paule wrote to the marquise: no answer came. The abbé was obliged to admit that her letters were never opened, that her name was never to be uttered in her mother's ears.

They spent a year on the banks of the lake of Como. As time went by, Paule found Henri even more excellent, more perfect, than she had ever supposed that any one could be. It was terrible to her to feel that the wife of such a man should be an unhappy woman; that with such a husband and with such a child she should be wasting away with sorrow. They came back to France discouraged and depressed.

People are often more selfish in their sorrows than in their joys; and yet there is no sort of selfishness which those who are conscientious and kind-hearted should more anxiously shrink from. Paule awakened at last to a sense of the fault she was committing by making the weight of her self-reproach sadden her husband's life; and she made up her mind to reappear in society.

The magnificent house of the Coverleys was thrown open to the world; and she did the honors of balls and parties with simplicity and grace. She was as much admired then as the first days she had been seen at Bordeaux, walking arm in arm with the prince. Her dress was always simple: she disliked to wear jewels or trinkets.

But in spite of all efforts to appear happy in Henri's presence, and her pleasure in her little girl, who was a singularly engaging child, he could not help seeing that she was miserable; and so did Madame de Soleyre, who noticed that whereas formerly she seldom spoke of the marquise, and seemed afraid almost of mentioning her name, now she was always anxious to revert to the subject of her mother's past life, and questioned her minutely as to the time when, in the height of her youth and beauty, Renée de Penarvan had acted such a noble and heroic part, and been the admiration of the Vendean nobility. Paule accused herself of the indifference and want of understanding, as she called it, which had made her fail to appreciate the grand side of her mother's nature.

One night when they had returned from a ball, Paule threw herself down on a sofa and burst into an agony of tears. She had struggled all the evening with an oppressive sense of contrast between her mother's fate and her own; and at last the overburdened heart gave way, and she could not control herself any longer, even in Henri's presence. He knelt by her side, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"What is it, my darling?" he tenderly said. "What can I do to comfort you?"

"Henri," she whispered, "I must go and see my mother. Even at the risk of her driving me away,—of her cursing me,—I must go to her."

"But, dearest, if she refuses — and she will refuse — to see you?"

"Then I shall hide myself in the park; I shall catch sight of her in some way or other."

"We shall set off to-morrow," Henri said.

"Oh, how good, how kind you are, my own love!" she said, throwing her arms round his neck.

Two days afterwards, in the dusk of an October evening, they arrived at the inn at Tiffange with their little girl, then just three years old. It was too late to send for the abbé, and they set out

on foot for the château; Paule leading the way, and Henri carrying the child.

They entered the park through one of the breaks in the wall, and walked along the alleys strewed with dead leaves. As they approached the house, Paule pointed to a window in which a light was visible, and whispered to her husband:—

"That is her room. She must be sitting there."

It was a strange thing that those young people, who had youth and beauty and mutual love to gladden their lives, who possessed houses and villas and many a ship crossing the ocean laden with rich merchandise, and whose wealth was every day increasing, should have been standing before that dilapidated building with the one wish, the one desire, to be admitted within those doors, closed to them perhaps forever.

In another window a light gleamed also. That was the abbé's room. What was he doing? Was he praying for his little Paule? Was he still working at his 'History of the House of Penarvan'?

When Paule was a child, she used to stand under the abbé's window and clap her hands together three times to summon him into the garden. She advanced and made the well-known signal. The window opened, and the abbé, looking like a tall ghost, appeared, leaning out of it as if to dive into the outward darkness.

"Abbé, my own abbé," Paule cried in a mournful voice.

The ghost disappeared; and a moment afterwards the abbé was clasping Paule, her husband, and her child in his wide arms, and then dragging them like secreted criminals into his room.

"You here, my child, and you, M. Henri, and this darling?"

"I am broken-hearted, abbé: I cannot live on in this state. Do, do make my mother see me. Oh, do get her to forgive me."

The abbé had taken the little child on his knees, and she was looking up into his face with a pretty smile.

"Oh, M. l'Abbé, do help us!" Coverley said.

The abbé was looking attentively at the little girl. She was so like what Renée had been as a child.

"What does my mother feel? Does she allow you to speak of us? Does she ever mention me?"

The abbé was silent. He could not say yes, he could not bear to say no.

"I see there is no hope," Paule exclaimed in a despairing manner. "It is really to her as if I were dead!"

The abbé made the little child join her little hands together and said to her:—

"Do you love the good God, my child?"

"Oh yes," she answered.

"Then say to the good God, 'My God, come with me.'"

"My God, come with me," the little one repeated; and then the abbé took her in his arms and exclaimed:—

"Come along, come with me; and may God help thee."

The marquise was sitting in her old oak-wood chair by the chimney, where two small logs were burning; an ill-trimmed lamp by her side. Her features had grown thin and sharp; her hollow cheeks and dim eyes spoke of silent suffering and inward struggles, and of the secret work which had been going on in her soul during the last four years. She looked like the ghost of her former self; but there was still something striking and impressive in her appearance. She seemed crushed indeed, but not subdued. Around her nothing but ruins, within her nothing but bitter recollections; and a blank, desolate future in view.

Had she too felt remorse? Had she heard a voice whispering misgivings as to the course she had pursued? Had she closed her ears to it? Was it true, as Paule in her grief and repentance had suspected, that she had begun to love and admire her child during the months which had preceded their final separation? Did she ask herself sometimes, when kneeling in the dismantled chapel, and before that crucifix which war and devastation had spared, if she had acted up to the Christian as well as to the ancestral traditions of her race when she had driven that child away from her forever? And the mourning garb in which she was arrayed,—did she feel certain that it was God's will, and not her own unrelenting heart, which had condemned her to wear it?

No one could tell, not even the abbé. But that she was becoming every day more thin, more haggard, more gloomy, others besides him could observe.

As in a besieged city where famine is doing fell work, and from which a cry for mercy and life despairingly rises, a stern commander refuses to capitulate, holds out, and dooms himself and others to a lingering death,—so the pride of her soul stifled the yearnings, the pleadings, the cries of nature; and never perhaps had they been more distinctly heard, never had the weight of solitude and loneliness pressed more heavily on Renée

de Penarvan's heart than upon that autumnal evening. As she sat in that large, dimly lighted room, her elbow resting on the side of her arm-chair, her head on her hand, a slight noise made her look up: the door opened, and a little child came in. Alarmed at the sight of the pale lady in black by the fireside, the child stopped in the middle of the room, and her smiling face became grave.

"Who are you?" asked the marquise, who did not even know that Paule had a child.

"I am a little girl."

"Come here, my child."

Taking courage, the little thing toddled up to the chimney, and put her little hands on the arm of the oak chair.

"What is your name?" the marquise asked, softened by the sight of the lovely little face.

"Renée," the child answered.

The marquise started with emotion and a sort of fear; she scanned the features of the child, she saw, she guessed, she understood it all.

"Go back to your mother," she said in a trembling voice. "Go back to Madame Coverley."

Frightened at the stern voice and manner of the lady, the little thing turned round and slowly went towards the door.

The marquise watched her with a beating heart. During the instants it took the child to cross the room, the whole of her life passed before her. She saw her gentle, affectionate husband riding from the hall door on his way to a bloody death; she saw her beautiful, gentle daughter driven from her home: and now that lovely little creature so like herself — with her fair hair, her white skin, her blue eyes — was disappearing also.

She looked round at the pictures on the walls: she felt as if they, those ancestors, to whom she had sacrificed everything, had doomed her to a lingering death.

And meanwhile the little girl had reached the door. Renée was still hesitating. The child turned round and said with a reproachful expression in her baby face: —

"You not my grandmamma. You not love Renée. You send Renée away."

She could not hold out, — the poor marquise! She uttered a sort of cry. She sprang up, seized the child in her arms, kissed her, wept over her, hugged her to her breast.

« Stay, stay, my little one, stay,» she wildly exclaimed; « stay, my little life, my darling, my treasure.»

A YEAR had elapsed; and on the banks of the Sèvres there were no longer any ruins to be seen. The old castle of Penarvan had recovered its former aspect. The towers, the walls, the handsome entrance, were all restored, the armorial bearings had reappeared, the invading weeds were banished from the court. The stables were filled with horses and carriages, the kennel with dogs.

In the handsomely furnished drawing-room the whole set of ancestors looked new and bright in their cleaned state and fresh-gilded frames. Inside and outside the house there was life and animation. The ruined farms were rebuilt, the greatest part of the estate repurchased; manufactories of ropes and sails rose on the banks of the river.

The time of ragged cassocks had likewise gone by; the chapel of the château had recovered its old splendor. The abbé officiated in great pomp, on Sundays and festivals, at a magnificent altar; and the seat of the lords of the manor had been restored to its wonted place. A look of happiness and prosperity reigned in the whole neighborhood. Respect for the past was joined to modern enterprise, and the poetry of old associations to the activity of useful labor.

Henri Coverley had not only repurchased the estates of the ancient domain of Penarvan, he had also bought back La Brigazière.

M. Michaud, who possessed several houses in the neighborhood of Rennes, looked with contempt on that little old-fashioned manor-house, and was quite ready to sell it. Père Michaud had now grown into that famous Michaud so conspicuous on the Liberal benches in the days of the Restoration, who denounced the nobility and protested against the feudal distinctions, till in 1830 the new government stopped his mouth by making him a baron.

On a beautiful summer's afternoon the Marquise de Penarvan, with her little granddaughter and the abbé, were sitting in that same drawing-room where we have so often seen them. Renée was still handsome; her magnificent fair hair was not yet tinged by a single thread of gray. The abbé was rather less thin than he used to be. Little Renée was sitting on his knees, and

learning to read in his history; the first chapters of which were being printed for private circulation.

That child was now the abbé's idol; she made the happiness of his declining years. As to the marquise, she was fondly, passionately attached to her grandchild. The old Renée loved the little Renée with a tenderness she had never before felt towards any human being. She had taken, as it were, possession of the child; and her softened but still despotic nature showed itself in the excess to which she carried her devotion to this little creature.

Paule and Henri were just going out on horseback; the marquise stood at the window and watched them as they rode down the avenue.

"Abbé," she said, calling him to her side, "look at them." And she made a gesture which implied, "How handsome they are; how happy they seem!"

The abbé, trying to look very sly, said in a low voice:—

"*I* married them."

"O you arch-deceiver, you abominable hypocrite," the marquise exclaimed: "it was just like you,—you have always played me tricks."

They both laughed; the abbé rubbed his hands in a self-complacent manner.

"Well, well," the marquise said, "we shall be quite a large party this evening: you know we expect Madame de Soleyre."

The abbé had returned to little Renée, and was again opening his book.

"Really, abbé," the marquise exclaimed, "you have no mercy on that child: you will bore her to death."

"Not at all, Madame la Marquise: Mademoiselle Renée promises to be a very good scholar; and she likes stories about battles, which her mamma never did."

Little Renée pointed with her small finger to one of the paintings in the manuscript, and said:—

"Guy de Penarvan die at Massoure."

It may be imagined if she was applauded by the abbé, and hugged by her grandmother; who, after kissing her over and over again, turned to the abbé and said:—

"But, by the way, is it at last finished,—that eternal history?"

"That eternal history is finished, madame," the abbé answered, in a rather touchy manner. "Yesterday I copied into it

the last lines of the chapter devoted to the memory of your husband, the late marquis.»

«You have not quite accomplished your task, abbé: your history is not complete.»

«Alas, Madame la Marquise, I know that too well. That wretched prelate — »

«Oh, but without reckoning the prelate there is still something to add to it.»

«Something more, madame? what can that be?»

«Well, and my history, M. l'Abbé! You make no mention of me.»

«I write the history of the dead, not of the living, Madame la Marquise; and I fully reckon on never writing yours.»

«I will dictate to you what to say about me. Sit down here and take a pen.»

The abbé, somewhat surprised, did as he was told; and seated himself in an expectant position.

«At the top of the page write: 'Louise Charlotte Antoinette Renée, Marquise de Penarvan,—last of the name.'»

«'Last of the name,'» the abbé re-echoed.

«And now write:—'She lived like a recluse, devoted to the worship of her ancestry; and found out—though rather late—that if it is right to honor the dead, it is very sweet to love the living.'»

«Is that all, madame?»

«Yes, my dear abbé,» Renée answered, taking her grandchild in her arms, and fondly kissing her soft cheek. «But if you like you may add:—

«'Here ends the History of the House of Penarvan.'»

Translation of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

SAPPHO

SAPPHO

(612 B. C.–?)

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

SAPPHO (more properly Psappha), the greatest of all poetesses, was born in 612 B. C., at Eressos in the island of Lesbos. Her father's name was Scamandronymus, her mother's Cleïs. Few facts of her life are recorded. As a girl she doubtless learnt by heart her Homer and Hesiod, and sang the songs of her countrymen Terpander and Arion. While still young she paid a visit to Sicily, and possibly there made the acquaintance of the great Western poets, Stesichorus and Ibycus. When she returned home she settled at Mitylene, being perhaps disgusted with the conduct of her brother Charaxus, who had married the courtesan Rhodopis. To one of her satirical poems on him belongs perhaps the line—

«Wealth without worth is no harmless housemate.»

She found some compensation in her youngest brother Larichus, who for his beauty had been chosen as cupbearer in the public banquet hall at Mitylene. In an extant fragment she says to him:—

«Stand kindly there before me, and unfold
The beauty of thine eyes.»

As we may well believe, the beautiful, gifted Sappho had many admirers. Chief among these was the great Alcæus,—statesman, warrior, and lyric poet. There is still extant the opening of a poem which he addressed to her:—

«Violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho,
I fain would speak; but bashfulness forbids.»

She replied in the spirited lines, showing her simplicity of character:

«Had thy wish been pure and manly,
And no evil on thy tongue,
Shame had not possessed thine eyelids:
From thy lips the right had rung.»

To a suitor younger than herself she wrote:—

«Remain my friend, but seek a younger bride:
I am too old, and may not mate with thee.»

Indeed, a passionate nature like hers was not easily mated; and so we find a strain of longing pathos in her. In one fragment she says:

«The moon hath set,
The Pleiades are gone:
'Tis midnight, and the time goes by,
And I—I sleep alone.»

Elsewhere she says (in the exact words of a Scotch ballad),—

«For I sall aye gang a maiden mair.»

The much-quoted but absurd story of Sappho's flinging herself from the Leucadian Rock, in despair at her unrequited love for the handsome Phaon, is due to a confusion between her and a courtesan of the same name. So far from such folly was the poetess, that, late in life apparently, she changed her mind about marrying, and gave her hand to a wealthy Andrian named Cercylas, by whom she had a daughter, named after her own mother, Cleïs. We have still a fragment referring to this child:—

«I have a little maid, as fair
As any golden flower,
My Cleïs dear,
For whom I would not take all Lydia,
Nor lovely Lesbos here.»

Elsewhere she says to the same child,—

«Let me enfold thee, darling mine.»

Of the events of Sappho's later life we know little: merely that she lived to a ripe old age, and died leaving a name which the Greeks for a thousand years, with one accord, placed next to that of Homer. After her death the Lesbians paid her divine honors, erected memorial temples to her, and even stamped her image upon their coins, as other cities did those of their tutelary deities. How she was regarded by her great contemporaries we may learn from a story told of Solon. When near his end, some one having repeated to him a poem of Sappho's, he prayed the gods to allow him to live long enough to learn it by heart. From his day to the latest times of antiquity, poets and critics strove in vain for words to express their admiration of herself and her works. Plato calls her «the beautiful

Sappho»; and she is often referred to as «the tenth Muse.» An epigram on the great lyric poets, after enumerating the eight men, says, «Sappho was not the ninth among men: she is catalogued as the tenth among the Muses.» Horace writes:—

«Still breathes the love, still live the hues,
Intrusted to the Æolian maiden's strings.»

And the great critic Longinus is even more complimentary.

Such uniform, unqualified praise for a thousand years may well make us mourn the loss of Sappho's works. For with the exception of two short poems (one incomplete), and about a hundred and twenty fragments of from one to five lines, they are all lost. But what remains is very precious, containing a wealth of deft expression not easy to match in any other poet, and more than sufficient to enable us to comprehend the estimate given of the poetess by Strabo: «Sappho is a kind of miracle; for within the memory of man there has not, so far as we know, arisen any woman worthy even to be mentioned along with Sappho in the matter of poetry.»

Sappho left nine books and rolls of poems, the subjects of which were so various that they were arranged according to metres, a book being devoted to each of the nine metres in which she wrote. Of these metres the most famous was the «Sapphic stanza,» which she seems to have invented. Another invention of hers was the *plectrum* or *pectis*, with which the lyre was struck,—the first step toward the piano.

We shall arrange her briefer fragments not according to metre but to subject, premising the remark that through most of them runs a trait to which she frankly bears testimony,—the love of splendor. She says:—

«I am in love with luxury:
The love of the sun hath won for me
The splendid and the beautiful.»

Her love of nature, and her power of expressing its charm in simple, striking language, remind us of Burns and Goethe. Her pathetic lines about her loneliness at midnight have already been quoted. But it is not merely the pathetic in nature that she feels: she feels all its living beauty. It is not only the night, with the moon and the Pleiads set, that touches her: every hour of the day comes to her with a fresh surprise. Of the morning she says:—

«Early uprose the golden-slippered Dawn;»

and of the evening:—

«O Hesperus! thou bringest all
The glimmering Dawn dispersed.»

And again:—

«O Hesperus! thou bringest all:
Thou bring'st the wine; thou bring'st the goat;
Thou bring'st the child to the mother's knee.»*

Of the night she says:—

«The stars about the pale-faced moon
Veil back their shining forms from sight,
As oft as, full with radiant round,
She bathes the earth with silver light.»

And again of the moon and the Pleiads:—

«The moon was shining full, and they
Stood as about an altar ranged.»

And just as the hours of the day, so the seasons of the year bring her joy. Her ear is open to—

«Spring's harbinger, the passion-warbling nightingale;»

and her eye brightens when—

«The golden chick-peas spring upon the banks.»

What a picture of the Southern summer, with its noonday siesta in the open air, we have in these lines:—

«The lullaby of waters cool
Through apple-boughs is softly blown,
And, shaken from the rippling leaves,
Sleep droppeth down.»

And how we should like to hear the termination of this simile:—

«As when the shepherds on the hills
Tread under foot the hyacinth,
And on the ground the purple flower [lies crushed].»

Along with her delight in nature goes a keen joyous feeling for all that is festive: song, wine, and dance, garlands, gold vessels, and purple robes are dear to her. To her lyre she says:—

«Come then, my lyre divine!
Let speech be thine.»

And to Aphrodite she calls,—

«Come, Queen of Cyprus! pour the stream
Of nectar, mingled lusciously
With merriment, in cups of gold.»

*Lord Byron's expansion of this in 'Don Juan' will be remembered. See page 2968 of this work.

But Aphrodite is not enough. Life requires other ennobling elements,—light, sweetness, and art, represented by Hermes, the Graces, and the Muses. Of a wedding-feast she says:—

«Then with ambrosia the bowl was mixed,
And Hermes took a cup, to toast the gods,
While all the rest raised goblets, poured the wine,
And prayed for all brave things to bless the groom.»

Again she calls:—

«Hither come, ye dainty Graces,
And ye fair-haired Muses now!»

And again:—

«Come, rosy-armed, chaste Graces! come,
Daughters of Jove!»

And yet again:—

«Hither, hither come, ye Muses!
Leave the golden sky.»

Nay, she even calls upon Justice herself to put garlands about her fair locks, and come to the feast; adding, characteristically enough, that the gods turn away from worshipers that wear no wreaths. From such sayings we see that Sappho's delight in nature, deep as it was, was chastened and refined by a delight in art. The Grecian grace of movement and management of drapery are particularly dear to her. She exclaims:—

«What rustic hoyden ever charmed the soul,
That round her ankles could not kilt her coats!»

But far more than all outward adornment of the body, which is but an index of the soul, is the adornment of the soul itself with sweetness and art. To an uncultivated woman she says:—

«When thou art dead, thou shalt lie in the earth:
Not even the memory of thee shall be,
Thenceforward and forever; for no part
Hast thou, or share, in the Pierian roses:
But, formless, even in Hades's halls shalt thou
Wander and flit with the effacèd dead.»

On the other hand, to a cultivated woman she says:—

«I think no other maid, nay, not even one,
That hath beheld the sunlight, e'er shall be
Like thee in wisdom, in all days to come.»

She knows too that she herself will not be easily forgotten. She says:—

«I think there will be memory of us yet,
In after days.»

But, aware of the labor required by genius, she adds:—

«I do not think with these two arms to clasp
The heavens.»

What calls forth Sappho's supreme admiration and love is the cultivated, genial, loving soul, at home in a beautiful body. Her joy in such souls expresses itself in language of the most tempestuous sort. In one fragment she says:—

«Love again, unnerving might,
Bitter-sweet, doth shake and smite,
Like a serpent folded tight.»

In another:—

«Love again hath tossed my spirit,
Like a blast down mountain-gorges,
Rushing on the oak-tree's branches.»

She is sad when her love is not returned. Of one friend she says:—

«I loved thee, Atthis, once, in days gone by;
A little maid thou seemedst, nor very fair.
Atthis, thou hatest now to think of me,
And fleest to Andromeda.»

Of others she speaks pathetically:—

«The heart within their breast is cold,
And drops its wings.»

Then her sorrow is too great for utterance.

«To you, dear ones, this thought of mine may not
Be told; but in myself I know it well.»

There is a whole heart-tragedy in such snatches as this:—

«The beings that I have toiled to please,
They wound me most.»

But the strongest expression of her love occurs in the two longer poems which follow this article. Of the second, Longinus says:—

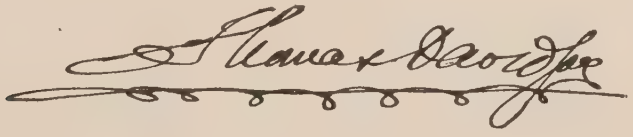
«Do you not admire the manner in which, at one and the same time, she loses soul, body, hearing, speech, color, everything, as if they were passing from her and melting away? how, in self-contradiction, she is at once hot and cold, foolish and wise? how she is afraid, and almost dead, so that not one feeling, but a whole congregation of feelings, appears in her? For all these things are true of persons in love. But it was the seizing of the salient points, and the combination of them, that produced the sublime.»

And he classes the poem as sublime. Certain it is that her influence, like that of Homer, went far to determine the character of all

subsequent Greek poetry and art,—to keep it pure and high, above sensuality and above sentimentalism.

The character of Sappho's work may be thus summed up: Take Homer's unstudied directness, Dante's intensity without his mysticism, Keats's sensibility without his sensuousness, Burns's masculine strength, and Lady Nairne's exquisite pathos, that goes straight to the heart and stays there, and you have Sappho. What a darkened world it must have been that allowed such poetry as hers to be lost! And yet it is not all lost. Enough remains to show us the extent of our loss; and of it we may say, in the words of the ancient epigram:

> «Sappho's white, speaking pages of dear song
> Yet linger with us, and will linger long.»



TO APHRODITE

THOU of the throne of many changing hues,
Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove,—
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise
My heart with pain of love.

But hither come, if e'er from other home
Thine ear hath heard mine oft-repeated calls;
If thou hast yoked thy golden car and come,
Leaving thy father's halls;

If ever fair, fleet sparrows hastened forth,
And swift on wheeling pinions bore thee nigher,
From heights of heaven above the darkened earth,
Down through the middle fire.

Ay, swift they came; then, Blessed One, didst thou
With countenance immortal smile on me,
And ask me what it was that ailed me now,
And why I called on thee;

And what I most desired should come to pass,
To still my soul inspired: «Whom dost thou long
To have Persuasion lead to thine embrace?
Who, Sappho, does thee wrong?

"For if she flee, she quickly shall pursue;
If gifts she take not, gifts she yet shall bring;
And if she love not, love shall thrill her through,
Though strongly combating."

Then come to me even now, and set me free
From sore disquiet; and that for which I sigh
With fervent spirit, bring to pass for me:
Thyself be mine ally!

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

TO THE BELOVED

I HOLD him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet,
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.

Thou smiledst: like a timid bird
My heart cowered fluttering in its place.
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

My tongue was broken; 'neath my skin
A subtle flame shot over me;
And with my eyes I could not see;
My ears were filled with whirling din.

And then I feel the cold sweat pour,
Through all my frame a trembling pass;
My face is paler than the grass:
To die would seem but little more.

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY

(1828–)

On any important first night, and on many unimportant ones, in the theatres of Paris will be noticed among the most attentive spectators a short, stout, comfortable-looking old gentleman, with a white beard, a high color, and shrewd eyes. It is Francisque Sarcey. For more than thirty years, his has been a position of special distinction among the critics of France concerning themselves particularly with French dramatic literature and the French drama. No writer on these topics has so large an audience, and one of such distinctively popular character. Of the old school of critics, and of many old-fashioned convictions; at swords' points with many brother commentators and journalists on questions of theatrical art, and of that theatrical article the play; the object of much good-natured ridicule (of some by no means as good-natured as it might be),—seen everywhere and known everywhere in the dramatic movement of the capital, and continually putting himself in close touch with a wide provincial public by either his lectures or his notices,—M. Sarcey easily overtops in authority many new and brilliant confrères. He has been a voluminous writer; he has been an incessant lecturer; and special gifts for maintaining the courage of his convictions from the first have marked him in both capacities.

Francisque Sarcey

M. Sarcey was born in 1828 at Dourdan, in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise. He was an honor-pupil in the famous Charlemagne School in Paris; and when pursuing his studies in the École Normale in 1848, his fellow-students were About and Taine. His lively spirits and independent ideas brought him into trouble when he was serving the Department of Public Instruction at Chaumont. He quitted the school-teacher's desk for the newspaper office. In 1859 he began critical work on the Figaro. He made a business of studying the drama and dramatic criticism. He passed from the Figaro to various other journals. Finally he became a permanent member of the staff

of Le Temps. To that well-known and influential newspaper he contributes one or two articles every week in the year. The platform is also still his avocation; and his critical talks, delivered with a charmingly colloquial manner,—a manner entirely in accord with his theories of what a lecture should be,—are among the best attended on the part of a public not too fond of that particular method of receiving critical impressions.

M. Sarcey is not merely a specialist in the drama, and in the art of acting: he is a man of fine and wide literary and artistic education. He has a style which is like himself: clear, nervous, direct, with touches of humor, and with occasionally the grace of true sentiment, but utterly opposed to the formalism which is to many writers the only critical expression. He writes as he speaks,—off-hand, yet never in a slipshod fashion. He has much humor, but always in good taste. He believes in tradition on the stage; and in the making of stage plays, he likes the melodrama better than the modern literary play. He abhors the drama in which plot is not supreme; he hates the faddists and the symbolists. His sense of himself is strong but never offensive. He is respected as a philosopher of the play-house and the play. His very weaknesses are so much a part of himself that he would not be "Our Uncle Sarcey" without them; so no one wishes them away. Past his middle years, he writes with the youthfulness of a man of twenty-five, united with the vast experience and the maturity of a Nestor of the French theatre. His reputation is international. All the world reads him, and nowhere else in the world is there to be found a critic quite like him.

HOW A LECTURE IS PREPARED

From 'Recollections of Middle Life.' Copyright 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons

WHEN you have taken all your notes, when you have possessed yourselves of at least the substance of all the ideas of which the lecture is to be composed,—whether you have them already arranged in fine order, or in the mass, still confused, seething in your mind; when you have reached the moment of preparation, when you no longer seek anything but the turn to give them, the clearest, the most vivid and picturesque manner in which to express them: when you are so far,—mind, my friend, never commit the imprudence of seating yourself at your desk, your notes or your book under your eyes, a pen in your

hand. If you live in the country, you doubtless have a bit of a garden at your disposal; and in default of an alley of trees belonging to you, a turn around the town where no one passes. If you are a Parisian, you have in the neighborhood either the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or the Parc Monceau, or in any case some wide and solitary street where you can dream in the open air without too much interruption. If you have nothing of all this, or if the weather be execrable, you have in your house a room larger than the others: get up and walk. A lecture is never prepared except while walking. The movement of the body lashes the blood and aids the movement of the mind.

You have possessed your memory of the themes from the development of which the lecture must be formed: pick out one from the pile,—the first at hand, or the one you have most at heart, which for the moment attracts you most, and act as if you were before the public; improvise upon it. Yes, force yourself to improvise. Do not trouble yourself about badly constructed phrases, nor inappropriate words—go your way. Push on to the end of the development, and the end once reached, recommence the same exercise; recommence it three times, four times, ten times, without tiring. You will have some trouble at first; the development will be short and meagre: little by little around the principal theme there will group themselves accessory ideas or convincing facts, or pat anecdotes that will extend and enrich it. Do not stop in this work until you notice that in thus taking up the same theme you fall into the same development; and that this development, with its turns of language and order of phrases, fixes itself in your memory.

For, what is the purpose of the exercise that I recommend to you? To prepare for you a wide and fertile field of terms and phrases upon the subject that you are to treat. You have the idea: you must seek the expression. You fear that words and forms of phrase will fail you. A considerable number must be accumulated in advance; it is a store of ammunition with which you provide yourself for the great day. If you commit the imprudence of charging your memory with a single development which must be definitive, you will fall into all the inconveniences that I have brought to your attention: the effect is that of reciting a lesson, and that is chilling; the memory may fail, you lose the thread, and are pulled up short; the phrase has no longer that air of negligence which improvisation alone gives, and which

charms the crowd. But you have prepared a half-dozen developments of the same idea without fixing them either in your memory or upon paper; you come before the audience. The mind that day, if good fortune wills that you be in train, is more alert, keener; the necessity of being ready at call communicates to it a lucidity and ardor of which you would not have believed yourself capable. It draws from that mass of words and phrases accumulated beforehand, or rather that mass itself is set in motion and runs toward it and carries it along; it follows the flood; it has the appearance of improvising what it recites, and in fact it is improvising even while reciting.

This is not a new method that I am inventing. The ancients, alas! have worn the matter threadbare, and one must always go back to the 'De Oratore' of the late Cicero. You have, I imagine, heard it told that Thiers, when he had an important speech to make in the Chamber, first tried the effect of his arguments upon his friends and guests. He received much company, and every evening he improvised, for a little circle of auditors, some parts of his future speech. Visitors succeeded one another; and he recommenced without weariness, and indeed without wearying them, the same developments. He was firing at a target. After all, isn't this the same kind of preparation that I have recommended to you? You are not M. Thiers, you have not at hand a series of listeners, who relieve one another to give you a chance. I would not advise you to inflict the suffering of these recommencements and hesitations upon your unfortunate wife. Improvise for yourself, as if you were speaking before an audience.

It will doubtless happen more than once, in the course of these successive improvisations, that you will hit upon a picturesque word, a witty thrust, a happy phrase. Beware of storing it in your memory, and on your return sticking it on paper like a butterfly fastened on a blank sheet with a pin. If you bring it to the lecture you will certainly wish to place it; and instead of abandoning yourself to improvisation in the development of your idea, you will be wholly occupied with directing it toward the ingenious or brilliant sally that you have stored away. You will appear embarrassed and awkward in spite of yourself, and three quarters of the time you will spoil the effect upon which you counted. You will have sacrificed the thought to a *mot*, and the *mot* will miss fire.

That *mot*,—heavens! perhaps it will not be lost, though you have taken pains to forget it. Who knows? Perhaps on some great day, in the flow of improvisation, it will mount to the surface, and you will see it suddenly spring up in the eddy of a phrase. Oh, then throw it in boldly: it will be more attractive from having the air of a "find," a bit of good luck.

The great principle to which we must always return is that every lecture must be improvised; but have a care! one does not improvise successfully before the public until one has twenty times improvised in solitude, as one can only draw from a fountain the water that one has taken care to put into it beforehand.

Many believe that at least the exordium and the peroration may be learned by heart. It is not my opinion. I have tried it. I have never succeeded by that means. The most that I would admit is, that in speaking before a new public, if one has first to address to it some of the phrases of courtesy and thanks demanded by custom, one may fix the expressions; because they are pure formulas of politeness, and it is better to know them by heart. It would be ridiculous to stumble in the phrase used to congratulate a person on his good health or felicitate him upon his marriage.

But every time that you have true ideas to express,—and they enter into the exordium and the peroration as well as into the rest,—you must improvise. For the audience is always warned, by a change of tone or manner, of the moment when the author passes from recitation to pure improvisation, and it begins to be distrustful; it constantly wonders if the improvisation may not simply be an uncertain recitation; it loses confidence and resists. You see! there is no real success to be had—I cannot too often repeat it—unless the audience feels itself in some sort plunged, completely bathed, in the deep and rapid flow of improvisation.

Even the peroration—and between ourselves, is there any need in the lecture of what is called a peroration? The peroration is the bellow of the mediocre actor upon the last verse of the tirade. Great artists disdain the applause that it arouses. What do you undertake to do when you speak? You wish to explain and prove an idea. Well, when your demonstration is finished, you put a period to it: that is the peroration. The worth of a lecture is not in the ingenuity of an exordium, in the brilliant *fanfare* of a peroration, in the number and splendor of the lustrously cut phrases sown through the discourse: it is in the

ensemble of its mass. Be sure that when you have faithfully explained, developed, and revealed your idea; when you have, with or without applause, impressed it upon the mind of your audience,—there is no success comparable to that.

Applause! flee from it as from the plague. An audience that applauds is an audience that is given leisure from listening. When it claps its hands, it's a sign that it is no longer bound to the idea that you express; that it is no longer carried away, rolled in the torrent of your discourse. It takes time to cry out at a pretty phrase, to go into ecstasy over a flash of wit;—bad business for you! for it forgets, while lingering to applaud this, that which is the foundation of the lecture, the succession of ideas and reasoning; you will have trouble in recapturing it again.

I am so persuaded of this truth that I never leave my listeners leisure to breathe. Of course it has happened to me, as to my fellows, to touch here and there a corner of my discourse with a more brilliant vivacity than usual, and to be conscious of it; one is always conscious of that sort of thing. In such a case I hardly launched the last word of the development before setting out again at full speed for another series of ideas, cutting short all tendency to applause. The confidence felt in an orator evaporates in these bravos.

"Le vrai feu d'artifice est d'être magnanime,"* said M. Belmontet once upon a time, in a verse still celebrated. The only applause that counts, the only true applause, is the attention of the audience, letting itself be so won by what you say that it no longer thinks of the way in which you have said it.

You will doubtless be somewhat alarmed to know that it is necessary to improvise a dozen times, and often more, each of the subjects for development of which a lecture is composed. You think to yourself that that is a tremendous task. Yes, my friends, there is nothing so long and so preoccupying as the preparation of a lecture; you must make up your mind to it, if you expect to follow that career. You will spend much time and pains on it. Reassure yourselves, however: the work will become easier and more rapid as the habit of doing it grows with you. Among these themes of development, as each lecturer approaches only the subjects which relate to his studies and are within his

*"True brilliancy comes from greatness of spirit."

range, some will often present themselves anew, and will only require a summary preparation.

This *humus* of which I just now spoke to you — this prepared heap of turns of speech, of exact and picturesque words — will naturally grow richer; you will have it right at hand, and it will serve the occasion without fresh effort.

There will come a time when, even with themes that are new to you, you will no longer need, in order to establish the development, ten or twelve successive improvisations. You will be astonished to find with what facility, all at once, accessory ideas and convincing facts will spring from the first improvisation, and arrange themselves about the principal idea to sustain and clear it. It will always be delicate work, but it will no longer be so painful or so distressing. In a few hours, spread over two or three days, you will get through the preparation of a lecture; on condition, be it understood,—it is a prime condition,—of fully possessing your subject.

You have improvised — picking them out one after the other just as they came — each of the themes, so that it only remains to put them in their place on the day of the final improvisation. One of the great anxieties of a novice in lecturing is to know how to pass from one theme to another; what Boileau called the labor of transition, which used to give us blue terror in college. Permit me to give you, just here, an axiom which I only succeeded in formulating after much reflection and many attempts: In lecturing there is no transition.

When you have finished one development you enter upon another; as at dinner, when you have eaten the soup you pass to the entrée, and then to the roast. If there is no connection between two ideas that succeed one another in your discourse, what use is there in an imitation of one? When you speak, distrust little strokes of finesse, tricks of style, bits of false elegance: all this is worth nothing and serves no purpose. When you have finished the explanation and the demonstration of the idea, say honestly, if you must say something, "We have done with that theme: let us pass to the next."

But the best way would be to say nothing at all, and to enter upon another order of development, with no warning but a short silence.

If, on the contrary, there is a connection between the two themes, do not disturb yourself,—you do not need expressly to

mark it. It is useless to take the trouble to throw a bridge between the two ideas: the moment that you, the orator, leap from one to the other, the audience must leap after you, borne on by the same impulse. The transition is no more than the movement of your thought, that the audience necessarily follows if you keep a firm hand upon it.

Ah, bless me! you, the lecturer, must have always present to your mind, even through any digression you permit yourself, your principal idea, and must not let your audience forget it; you will have no trouble in leading them back when you yourself return. And if by chance you are so far removed from it that you do not know what road to take to reach it again, the simplest way is frankly to announce your embarrassment. "It seems to me that we are straying — where was I? Ah! I wished to demonstrate to you that — " and there is the thread picked up, without great art, I confess: but I have remarked that the public likes very well to have you make a confidant of it; speak to it with open heart; if need be, ask counsel from it. It would not do to make an artifice, a trick, of this means of exciting interest and sympathy: the public is very sharp; it would easily see that you played upon its credulity, and would range itself against you. But if you have truly lost the thread, do not fear to say frankly, "I do not know where I am — put me on the right track." If a word escapes you, ask some one to prompt you. They probably will not do so; but you will have had time to find it while they search for it, or an excuse for not having found it any sooner than the others. This excuse would not be permitted to a man who recites, for it would pass for a failure in memory; and to be brought up by a defeat of memory is the worst that can happen in lecturing, as in the theatre and in the pulpit. Laughter breaks forth invincibly. It never offends in an orator who improvises; it may even please by a certain air of sincerity and good-fellowship.

Is there a special tone and style for the lecture, as there is for academic discussions,— for the pulpit, for the Sorbonne, for the bar? That is a point to be looked into.

What is a lecture? It is, properly, to hold a conversation with many hundreds of persons, who listen without interrupting. It may be said, in general, that the tone of the lecture should be that of a chat. But there it is,— there are as many tones for chatting as there are people who chat. Each one talks according

to his temperament, his cast of mind, his turn of thought; each talks as he is: and that which is pleasing in a chat is precisely the discovery in it of the physiognomy of the talker. I can give you only one piece of advice on this point: try to be, through art, when once seated in the lecturer's chair, that which you naturally are in your drawing-room, when you talk with five or six persons and when you engross the conversation. Hear yourself speak, observe yourself,—these introspections are become very easy to us, thanks to the habit that we have contracted of analyzing ourselves,—and bend all your efforts to producing a lecture, not according to your neighbor, who perhaps speaks better than you, but yourself, only yourself, accentuating if possible the rendering of your principal traits. I will condense my counsels in this formula, which is not so humorous as it seems: It is permitted you, it is even recommended to you, to have a "make-up" for the lecture; but the "make-up" must be your own.

Your entire personality must shine forth in your discourse. And that is the especial service rendered by this method of successive improvisations that I have just prescribed for you. While you are thus improvising alone, face to face with yourself, without any witness to inspire you with a desire to pose, you are free; you unconsciously set your entire being in full swing. The mold is taken; you spread your personality before the public; you are no longer a more or less eloquent, more or less affected orator,—you are a man; you are yourself.

To be one's self: that is the essential thing.

Among the young lecturers discovered in these later times, there is not one who has more quickly acquired a greater or more legitimate reputation than M. Brunetière. Nevertheless there is not one further removed in speaking from the ordinary tone of familiar conversation. It would seem that the lecture, as he practices it, would hardly come within the definition we have given of the species,—a conversation with an audience that holds its tongue. But what would you have? That is the way that Brunetière talks, and he talks as he is. He is a man of doctrine, who loves to dogmatize; he feels an invincible need of demonstrating that which he advances, and to force conviction on those who hear him. He manœuvres his battalions of arguments with a precision of logic and an ardor of temperament that are marvelous. The phrases fall from his authoritative lips with an amplitude, correctness, and force to which everything

bends. He is to be found entire in his lecture: the lecture is excellent, then, because it is of him; or rather, because it *is* he.

Old Boileau had already expressed these truths in some verses that are not among his best known:—

> « Chacun pris dans son air est agréable en soi;
> Ce n'est que l'air d'autrui qui peut déplaire en moi. » *

If I should try to talk like Brunetière, I should be execrable: it is possible, on the other hand, that if Brunetière tried to appropriate some of my methods he would not succeed; because, to tell the truth, my air of good-fellowship, my familiarities of language, my jovial anecdotes interspersed with frank laughter, my unpolished and torrent-like phrases, are not methods, they are all of a piece with myself; it is all I—a little more I perhaps than I ordinarily am, but Brunetière is also probably a little more himself in his lecture than in his chimney-corner at home.

May I be permitted to end these reflections on the art of the lecturer with some practical advice?

Never dine before the lecture hour. A soup, some biscuits dipped in Bordeaux, nothing more. If you fear gnawing at the stomach, add a slice of roast beef, but without bread. Do not fill the stomach. There is a rage in the provinces for inviting you to a gala dinner when you have a lecture to give. It's the worst of all preludes. It is in vain to try to restrain yourself. You eat and you drink too much; you arrive at the lecture hall chatting with the dinner company. You have infinite trouble in recovering yourself.

Dine lightly and alone an hour beforehand; stretch yourself for half an hour on a sofa, and take a good nap. Then go, entirely alone, to where you are expected, improvising, reimprovising, pondering upon your exordium, so that when the curtain rises you are in perfect working order; you are in form. I do not know how the political orators manage to deliver their long discourses after gala banquets. It is true that they generally do not dine. I have seen some who all during the repast abstractedly roll balls of bread under their fingers, and only respond vaguely with insignificant monosyllables to the tiresome talk of their neighbors.

* « Every one taken in his own manner is pleasing in himself;
It is only another's manner that is displeasing in me. »

Speak standing: one commands a fuller and stronger voice, but especially the audience is dominated; you hold it with your eye. Speak from behind a table, even though (according to the rules that I have laid down) you have no notes to read, no quotation to make, book in hand. One is sustained by the table, and brought around to the conversational tone. If one has before him the wide space of the platform, in proportion as one warms up he makes more motions, he surprises himself striding across the stage; the voice rises, and is soon no longer in harmony with the level of the things that are to be delivered. Beware of these balks. Watch the play of your physiognomy and your gestures, but not too much. I leave mine to the grace of God; what is natural, even though it be exuberant and trivial, is worth more than a factitious and studied correctness.

Have I other recommendations to make? No, I truly believe that I am at the end of my list. All the rest can be put into one sentence: "Be yourself." It is understood, is it not, that it is necessary first to be some one? You now know the processes which I have used, which I still use.

FURTHER HINTS ON LECTURING

From 'Recollections of Middle Life.' Copyright 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons

You have to speak, we will suppose, of 'Le Cid' by Corneille. Do not weary yourself at first by reading all that has been written on 'Le Cid': steep yourself in the play, think of it, turn it over and over, go to see it if it is being played: if neither the reading nor the representation of the drama suggests to you any impression that is properly yours — good gracious, my friend! what would you have me say? Don't meddle with lecturing either on 'Le Cid' or any other theme drawn from literature. Manifestly you are not born for the trade.

But if you have shuddered and thrilled at a given passage; if there has been presented to your mind some comparison that has, so to speak, sprung from the depths of your reading; if you have yourself formed an opinion upon the whole or upon some scenes of the work,— you must cling to that: it is that which must be told, it is that which I call having something to say.

Do not trouble yourself to know if others have thought it before you, and have said it perhaps even better than you will say it yourself. That is not the question. The idea, however old it may be, will appear new; and will be so, indeed, because you will strongly impress upon it the turn of your mind, because you will tinge it unconsciously with the colors of your imagination.

As you will have made it flash from the reading, as you will yourself have drawn this truth from its well, your passion will go out to it, you will naturally put into its expression a good faith, a sincerity, a transport, the heat of which will be communicated to the public.

Not until you have performed this first task, the only necessary one, the only efficacious one, shall I permit you — pay attention: permit you, not advise you — to read what your predecessors have thought of 'Le Cid,' and written about it. If by chance you run across some interesting point of view that had escaped you, and that strikes you, take care, for the love of heaven, not to transfer it just as it is to your lecture, where it would have the mischievous effect of second-hand and veneer. No: take up 'Le Cid' anew; re-read it with this idea, suggested by another, in mind; put that back into the text in order to draw it out yourself, rethink it, make it something of your own; forget the turn and the form given it by Sainte-Beuve, from whom it first came to your notice. If you cannot succeed in taking possession of it, in melting it so well in the crucible of your mind that it will be no longer distinguished from the matter in fusion which is already bubbling there, better discard it, however pleasing, however ingenious it may be.

Be assured there will be nothing good in your lecture but what you shall have thought for yourself; and what you shall have thought for yourself will always have a certain seal of originality. You have thought that Chimène sacrifices her love to her duty, that Rodrigue is a hero boiling over with love and youth, that Don Diègue is an epic Gascon. Do not embarrass yourself with scruples, and repeat to yourself in a whisper, "But every one has said that."

Every one *has* said it! So much the better, because there is some chance that your audience will be enchanted, seeing you plunged up to your ears in the truth. But every one has not said it as you will say it; for you will say it as you have thought it, and you have thought it yourself.

JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL

(1826–1886)

A SUCCESS so splendid and so sustained as that which has attended 'Ekkehard' and the 'Trumpeter of Säkkingen,' has not before been witnessed in the history of German literature. It is safe to regard as final an emphatic popular verdict, which has not only stood unreversed but has annually been reaffirmed in the course of nearly half a century. The 'Trumpeter' was published in 1854, 'Ekkehard' in the following year; in 1895 the former reached its two hundred and sixteenth edition, the latter passed its one hundred and forty-third. This great and growing demand is the plébiscite of two generations; and the decision of this high court of appeal has gone in favor of Scheffel's claim to a poet's immortality.

J. V. VON SCHEFFEL

Joseph Victor von Scheffel was born at Karlsruhe on February 16th, 1826; and there, sixty years afterward, he died on April 9th. He was another example of the young man of many capabilities who fails at first to find the right one. His father was an engineer, and the son's talent for drawing was inherited; the poetic gift came from his mother, who, besides other works, had written a drama which was produced at the court theatre of Karlsruhe. But young Scheffel, through the persistence of his parents, was forced to study law and prepare himself for the career of a government official. After taking his degree he held several public positions, and practiced law at Säkkingen.

During the six years which he spent in this uncongenial employment it was his ardent desire to become a painter. At last in 1852 he abandoned his profession, and went to Rome. Fortunately, however, his friends and his own failures soon made it clear to him that he had mistaken the direction of his genius; and the man who three years later had completed the most popular German poem and the most popular German novel of the century, retired to Capri in the depths of despondency because he could not paint.

During the winter at Capri and Sorrento, he sought to comfort himself in his disappointment by shaping the memories of his Rhine-

land home into the half playful, half melancholy romance of the 'Trumpeter of Säkkingen.' The success of this poem was not immediate. Scheffel returned to Germany, determined to produce a scholarly work on the history of the Middle Ages. The 'Monumenta Germaniæ Historica' formed a part of his systematic studies; and in these his imagination was captivated by the Chronicles of St. Gall.

At St. Gall, and at the foot of the Hohentwiel, he spent his Easter vacation, writing the opening chapters of 'Ekkehard.' It was finished at Heidelberg early in 1855. Upon the novel and the poem together his fame was firmly established. This period of his greatest productivity was the happiest period of his life. His high spirits found expression in the rollicking student songs which appeared under the title of 'Gaudeamus.' These songs are now the permanent possession of the university youth of Germany, to whom they have doubly endeared the poet's name. The volume has passed its sixtieth edition.

But these happy days fled swiftly. The severe mental strain of two years of uninterrupted literary creation left Scheffel a nervous wreck. He planned several more historical works; but in each case his painstaking preparations broke down his weakened health, and his task was left unfinished. The death of his sister in 1857 was a blow from which his spirits never recovered. The gay poet and convivial student became gradually a morose and disappointed man. He married in 1864 Fräulein von Malzen, the daughter of the Bavarian ambassador; but his shattered nerves and erratic habits made him an incompatible companion, and a separation followed two years later. He wrote many more tales and novels, but none ever attained the popularity of the first two works. The poet's fiftieth birthday was celebrated by all Germany; and the Grand Duke of Baden conferred upon him a patent of hereditary nobility. The last years of his life were spent in melancholy retirement on his estate at Radolfszell on Lake Constance, where he had once been wont to play the generous but eccentric host. Soon after the attainment of his sixtieth birthday he died. On the great terrace of Heidelberg Castle stands his statue in bronze.

It is only by comparison with 'Ekkehard' and the 'Trumpeter' that Scheffel's other works may be called unsuccessful. 'Frau Aventiure' (Lady Adventure) reached some twenty editions, and 'Juniperus' five. Both works are parts of a broadly planned attempt to portray the features of the olden time when the Nibelungenlied at last assumed its classic form. The scheme was never carried out, and the scholarly element in these detracts somewhat from their directness of appeal; but the graphic touch is not altogether lost. A lyric play called 'Der Brautwillkomm auf Wartburg' (Welcoming the Bride on the Wartburg) was likewise a product of these mediæval

studies, as were also the 'Bergpsalmen' (Mountain Psalms). These psalms appeared in 1870. Ten years later came 'Waldeinsamkeit' (Woodland Solitude); which with 'Der Henri von Steier' (Henry of Styria), and an ancient tale of 'Hugideo' (1884), completes the list of the poet's works.

In a century which began with Scott and ends with Sienkiewicz, a discussion of the historical novel as an allowable form of art would be academic. In Germany, Hauff's 'Lichtenstein' (1826), modeled after Scott, was the first distinctively historical novel of importance. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer attained a high mastery of form in this *genre;* but it is to Scheffel that we must look for the one classic example and supreme achievement. In 'Ekkehard' he skillfully avoids the dangers of partisanship, in the delineation of well-known characters and in the interpretation of famous events, by seeking rather to show the thoughts, ambitions, and customs of the age in the daily life of convent and castle; while the onrush of history is heard only from afar,—coming for a moment, in the attack of the Huns, to the very gates of the monastery. The book is an authentic picture of the tenth century in Suabia. Even had such men and women, such conditions, such events, never had their actual counterparts, the work would be still instinct with life; for its vitality is in no wise dependent upon its historical setting. Scheffel in his own charming preface asserts that «neither history nor poetry will lose anything by forming a close alliance.» This depends, it is true, upon the genius of the man who makes the treaty; but in 'Ekkehard' men will long continue to enjoy the vivid and faithful presentation of a picturesque age, in which the elements of poetry and history are exquisitely blended.

The 'Trumpeter' is a romantic love tale full of playful humor and graceful trifling, sustained by a true and tender sentiment. Of course the humble trumpet-blower marries the high-born maiden in the end. In its rhythmic measures the poem reminds one of Heine's 'Atta Troll'; but it is kindlier and born of a serener mood than that brilliant piece of bitterness, in which the old Romantic School, expiring, laughed in frivolous self-ridicule. Gentleness, chivalry, and love are the themes of Scheffel's Rhineland romance; and the satirical blows of Hiddigeigei are delivered with velvet paws.

Scheffel has himself declared that the ironical flavor of his poetry was the result of an underlying melancholy. The events of 1848, although he was an ardent advocate of a united Fatherland, failed to stir him; and the hopeless, reactionary period that followed made him a political pessimist. «My soul,» he said, «took on a rust in those days which it will never wear off.» His humor was a conscious concealment of an essentially melancholy disposition; and as

the years wore on, he was less and less able to maintain his mental disguise. He lived in an atmosphere of mediævalism, and there is a natural touch of antiquity in his style which removes the last trace of pedantry from his historical pictures. His mild mockery and delightful drollery have an old-time flavor that mellows the effect; and his work is wholesome and refreshing through its pure and healthy sentiment.

REJECTION AND FLIGHT

From 'Ekkehard.' Copyright 1895, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

EKKEHARD remained long sitting in the garden bower; then he rushed out into the darkness. He knew not whither his feet were carrying him.

In the morning he found himself on the top of the Hohenkrähen, which had stood silent and deserted since the forest woman's departure. The remains of the burnt hut lay in a confused heap. Where the living-room had once been, the Roman stone with the Mithras was still to be seen. Grass and ferns grew over it, and a blindworm was stealthily creeping up on the old weather-beaten idol.

Ekkehard burst into a wild scornful laugh.

"The chapel of St. Hadwig!" he cried, striking his breast with his clenched hand. "Thus it must be!"

He upset the old Roman stone, and then mounted the rocky crest of the hill. There he threw himself down and pressed his forehead against the cool ground, which had once been touched by Frau Hadwig's foot. There he remained for a long time. When the scorching rays of the midday sun fell upon him, he still lay there, and — slept.

Toward evening he came back to the Hohentwiel, hot and haggard, and with an unsteady gait. Blades of grass clung to the woolen texture of his cowl.

The people of the castle timidly stepped out of his way, as if before one on whose forehead ill-luck had set her seal. In other times they had been wont to come toward him to entreat his blessing.

The duchess had noticed his absence, but made no inquiries about him. He went up to his tower, and seized a parchment,

as if he would read. It was Gunzo's attack upon him. "Willingly I would exhort you to aid him with healing medicine; but I fear, I sadly fear, that his disease is too deeply rooted," was what he read.

He laughed. The arched ceiling threw back an echo; he leaped to his feet as if he wanted to find out who had laughed at him. Then he went to the window, and looked down into the depths below. It was deep, deep down: a sudden giddiness came over him; he started back.

The small phial which the old Thieto had given him stood near his books. It made him melancholy. He thought of the blind old man! "The service of women is an evil thing for him who wishes to remain good," he had said when Ekkehard took leave.

He tore the seal off from the phial, and poured the Jordan water over his head and drenched his eyes. It was too late. Whole floods of holy water will not extinguish the inward fire, unless one plunges in never to rise again. . . . Yet a momentary feeling of quiet came over him.

"I will pray," said he. "It is a temptation."

He threw himself on his knees: but soon it seemed to him as if the pigeons were swarming round his head, as they did on the day when he first entered the tower room; but now they had mocking faces, and wore a contemptuous look about their beaks.

He got up and slowly descended the winding staircase to the castle chapel. The altar below had been a witness of earnest devotions on many a happy day. The chapel was, as before, dark and silent. Six ponderous pillars, with square capitals adorned with leaf-work, supported the vault. A faint streak of daylight fell in through the narrow windows. The recesses of the niche where the altar stood were but faintly illuminated; the golden background of the mosaic picture of the Redeemer alone shone with a soft glitter. Greek artists had transplanted the forms of their church ornaments to the German rock. In a white flowing garment, with a gold-red aureole round his head, the Savior's emaciated figure stood there, with the fingers of the right hand extended in the act of blessing.

Ekkehard bowed before the altar steps; his forehead rested on the stone flags. Thus he remained, wrapt in prayer.

"O Thou who hast taken the sorrows of the world on thyself, send out one ray of thy grace on me unworthy."

He raised his head and gazed up, as if he expected the earnest figure to step down from the wall and hold out his hand to him.

"I am here at thy feet, like Peter, surrounded by tempest, and the waves will not bear me up! Save me, O Lord! save me as thou didst him when thou didst walk over the raging billows, extending thy hand to him and saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?'"

But no sign was given him.

Ekkehard's brain was giving way.

There was a rustling through the chapel like that of a woman's garments. He heard nothing.

Frau Hadwig had come down under the impulse of a strange mood. Since she had begun to bear a grudge against the monk, the image of her late husband recurred oftener to her mind. Naturally, as the one receded into the background, the other must come forward again. The later reading of Virgil had also been responsible for this, as there had been said so much about the memory of Sichæus.

The following day was the anniversary of Herr Burkhard's death. With his lance and shield by his side, the old duke lay buried in the chapel. His tomb at the right of the altar was covered by a rough stone slab. The eternal lamp burned dimly over it. A sarcophagus of gray sandstone stood near it, resting on small clumsy pillars with Ionic capitals; and these again rested on grotesque stone animals. This stone coffin Frau Hadwig had had made for herself. Every year, on the anniversary of the duke's death, she had it carried up and filled with corn and fruits, which were distributed among the poor,— the means of living coming from the resting-place of the dead. It was a pious ancient custom.

To-day it was her purpose to pray on her husband's grave. The duskiness of the place concealed Ekkehard's kneeling figure. She did not see him.

Suddenly she was startled from her devotions. A laugh, subdued yet piercing, struck her ear. She knew the voice. Ekkehard had risen and recited the following words of the Psalms:—

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
From the wicked that oppress me,
From my deadly enemies who compass me about.
With their mouth they speak proudly."

He spoke it in an ominous tone. It was no more the voice of prayer.

Frau Hadwig bent down beside the sarcophagus: she would gladly have placed another on it to hide her from Ekkehard's view. She no longer cared to be alone with him. Her heart beat calmly now.

He went to the door.

Then suddenly he turned back. The everlasting lamp was softly swinging to and fro over Frau Hadwig's head. Ekkehard's eye pierced the twilight. . . . With one bound,—quicker than that which in later days St. Bernard made through the cathedral at Speier when the Madonna had beckoned to him,—he stood before the duchess. He gave her a long and penetrating look.

She rose to her feet, and seizing the edge of the stone sarcophagus with her right hand, she confronted him. The everlasting lamp over her head still gently swung to and fro on its silken cord.

"Blessed are the dead: prayers are offered for them," said Ekkehard, interrupting the silence.

Frau Hadwig made no reply.

"Will you pray for me also when I am dead?" continued he. "Oh, you must not pray for me! Have a drinking-cup made out of my skull; and when you take another doorkeeper away from the monastery of St. Gallus, you must offer him the welcoming draught in it,—and give him my greeting! You may put your own lips to it also: it will not crack. But you must then wear the circlet with the rose in it."

"Ekkehard," said the duchess, "you are outrageous!"

He put his right hand to his forehead.

"Oh," said he, in a mournful voice,—"oh, yes! the Rhine is also outrageous. They stopped its course with giant rocks; but it gnawed through them, and now rushes and roars onward in foam and tumult and destruction! Bravo, thou free heart of youth! And God is outrageous also; for he has allowed the Rhine to be, and the Hohentwiel, and the Duchess of Suabia, and the tonsure on my head."

The duchess began to shiver. Such an outbreak of long-repressed feeling she had not expected. But it was too late: she remained indifferent.

"You are ill," she said.

"Ill?" asked he: "it is merely a requital. More than a year ago at Whitsuntide, when there was as yet no Hohentwiel for me,

I carried the coffin of St. Gallus in solemn procession out of the cloister, and a woman threw herself on the ground before me. 'Get up,' cried I; but she remained prostrate in the dust. 'Walk over me with thy relic, priest, so that I may recover,' cried she; and my foot stepped over her. That woman was suffering from the heartache. Now it is reversed."

Tears interrupted his voice. He could not go on. Then he threw himself at Frau Hadwig's feet, and clasped the hem of her garment. The man was all of a tremble.

Frau Hadwig was touched,—touched against her will; as if from the hem of her garment, a feeling of unutterable woe thrilled up to her heart.

"Stand up," said she, "and think of other things. You still owe us a story. Overcome it!"

Then Ekkehard laughed through his tears.

"A story!" cried he; "oh, a story! But not told. Come, let us act the story! From the height of yonder tower one can see so far into the distance, and so deep into the valley below,—so sweet and deep and tempting. What right has the ducal castle to hold us back? No one who wishes to get down into the depth below need count more than three, and we flutter and glide softly into the arms of death there. Then I should be no longer a monk; and I might wind my arms around you."

He struck Herr Burkhard's tombstone with his clenched hand.

"And he who sleeps here shall not prevent me! If he—the old man—comes, I will not let you go. And we will float up to the tower again, and sit where we sat before; and we will read Virgil to the end; and you must wear the rose in your circlet, as if nothing whatever had happened. We will keep the gate well locked against the duke, and we will laugh at all evil tongues; and folks will say, as they sit at their fireplaces of a winter's evening: 'That is a pretty tale of the faithful Ekkehard, who slew the Emperor Ermanrich for hanging the Harlungen brothers, and who afterwards sat for many hundred years before Frau Venus's mountain, with his white staff in his hands, and meant to sit there until the Day of Judgment to warn off all pilgrims coming to the mountain. But at last he grew tired of this, and ran away, and became a monk at St. Gall; and he fell down an abyss and was killed; and he is sitting now beside a proud, pale woman, reading Virgil to her. And at midnight may be heard the words ringing through the Hegau: "Thou

commandest, O Queen, to renew the unspeakable sorrow.» And then she will have to kiss him, whether she will or not; for death makes up for what life denies.'»

He had spoken with a wild, wandering look; and now his voice failed with low weeping. Frau Hadwig had stood immovably all this time. It was as if a gleam of pity shone in her cold eyes; she bent down her head.

«Ekkehard,» said she, «you must not speak of death. This is madness. We live, you and I!»

He did not stir. Then she lightly laid her hand on his burning forehead. A wild thrill flashed through his brain. He sprang up.

«You are right!» cried he. «We live — you and I!»

A dizzy darkness clouded his eyes; he stepped forward, and winding his arms round her proud form, he fiercely pressed her to his heart; his kiss burned on her lips. Her protest died away unheard.

He raised her high up toward the altar, as if she were an offering he was about to make.

«Why dost thou hold out thy gold glittering fingers so quietly, instead of blessing us?» he cried out to the dark and solemn picture.

The duchess had started like a wounded deer. One moment, and all the passion of her hurt pride revolted within her. She pushed the frenzied man back with a strong hand, and tore herself out of his embrace.

He had one arm still round her waist, when the church door was suddenly opened, and a flaring streak of daylight broke through the darkness; they were no longer alone. Rudimann the cellarer, from Reichenau, stepped over the threshold; other figures became visible in the background of the court-yard.

The duchess had grown pale with shame and anger. A tress of her long dark hair had become loosened and was streaming down her back.

«I beg your pardon,» said the man from the Reichenau, with grinning politeness. «My eyes have beheld nothing.»

Then Frau Hadwig tore herself entirely free from Ekkehard's hold and cried out:—

«Yes, I say! Yes, yes, you have seen a madman, who has forgotten himself and God. I should be sorry for your eyes if they had beheld nothing, for I would have had them torn out!»

It was with an indescribably cold dignity that she pronounced these words.

Then Rudimann began to understand the strange scene.

"I had forgotten," said he scornfully, "that he who stands there is one of those to whom wise men have applied the words of St. Hieronymus, when he says: 'Their manners are more befitting dandies and bridegrooms than the elect of the Lord.'"

Ekkehard stood leaning against a pillar, with arms stretched out in the air, like Odysseus when he wanted to embrace his mother's shade. Rudimann's words roused him from his dreams.

"Who comes between her and me?" he cried threateningly.

But Rudimann, patting him on the shoulder with an insolent familiarity, said:—

"Calm yourself, my good friend: we have only come to deliver a note into your hands. St. Gallus can no longer allow the wisest of all his disciples to remain out in the capricious, malicious world. You are summoned home!—And don't forget the stick with which you are wont to ill-treat your confraters who like to snatch a kiss at vintage-time, you chaste moralist," he added in a low whisper.

Ekkehard stepped back. Wild longings, the pang of separation, burning passionate love, and the added insults,—all these stormed up in him. He hastily advanced toward Frau Hadwig; but the chapel was already filling.

The abbot of Reichenau himself had come to have the pleasure of witnessing Ekkehard's departure. "It will be a difficult task to get him away," he had said to the cellarer. It was easy enough now. Monks and lay brothers came in after him.

"Sacrilege!" Rudimann called out to them. "He has laid his wanton hand on his mistress even before the altar!"

Then Ekkehard boiled over. To have the most sacred secret of his heart profaned by insolent coarseness, a pearl thrown before swine! He tore down the everlasting lamp, and swung the heavy vessel like a sling.

The light went out; a hollow groan was heard,—the cellarer lay with bleeding head on the stone flags. The lamp fell clattering beside him. A blow, fierce struggle, wild confusion—all was at an end with Ekkehard.

They had overpowered him; tearing off the girdle of his cowl, they bound him.

There he stood, the handsome youthful figure, now the very picture of woe, like the broken-winged eagle. He gave one mournful, troubled, appealing look at the duchess. She turned away.

"Do what you think right," she said to the abbot, and swept through the throng. . . .

It was a dreary, depressing evening. The duchess had locked herself up in her bow-windowed room, and refused admittance to every one.

Ekkehard had been hurried away into a dungeon by the abbot's men. In the same tower, in the airy upper story of which his chamber was situated, there was a damp, dark vault; fragments of old tombstones — deposited there long before when the castle chamber had been renovated — were scattered about in unsightly heaps. A bundle of straw had been thrown in for him, and a monk was sitting outside to guard the entrance.

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, ran up and down, wailing and wringing his hands. He could not understand the fate which had befallen his uncle. The servants were all putting their heads together, eagerly whispering and gossiping, as if the hundred-tongued Rumor had been sitting on the roof of the castle, spreading her falsehoods about.

"He tried to murder the duchess," said one.

"He has been practicing the Devil's own arts with that big book of his," said another. "To-day is St. John's day, when the Devil has no power, and so he could not help him."

At the well in the court-yard stood Rudimann the cellarer, letting the clear water flow over his head. Ekkehard had given him a sharp cut; the blood obstinately and angrily trickled down into the water.

Praxedis came down looking pale and sad. She was the only soul who felt sincere pity for the prisoner. On seeing the cellarer, she ran into the garden, tore up a blue corn-flower with the roots, and brought it to him.

"Take that," said she, "and hold it in your right hand till it gets warm: that will stop the bleeding. Or shall I fetch you some linen to bind up the wound?"

He shook his head.

"It will stop of itself when the time comes," said he. "'Tis not the first time that I have been bled. Keep your corn-flowers for yourself."

But Praxedis was anxious to conciliate Ekkehard's enemy. She brought some linen: he allowed his wound to be dressed. Not a word of thanks did he proffer.

"Are you not going to let Ekkehard out to-day?" she asked.

"To-day!" Rudimann repeated sneeringly. "Do you feel inclined to weave a garland for the standard-bearer of Antichrist, — the leading horse of Satan's car, whom you have petted and spoiled up here as if he were the darling son Benjamin? To-day! In a month ask again over there!"

He pointed toward the Helvetian mountains.

Praxedis was frightened. "What are you going to do with him?"

"What is right," replied Rudimann with a dark look. "Wantonness, deeds of violence, disobedience, haughtiness, sacrilege, blasphemy — there are scarcely names enough for all his nefarious acts; but thank God, there are yet means for their expiation!" He made a gesture with his hand like that of flogging. "Ah, yes, plenty of means of expiation, gentle mistress! We will write the catalogue of his sins on his skin."

"Have pity!" said Praxedis: "he is a sick man."

"For that very reason we are going to cure him. When he has been tied to the pillar, and half a dozen rods have been flogged to pieces on his bent back, then all his spleen and his devilries will vanish!"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the Greek girl.

"Calm yourself: there are better things yet. A stray lamb must be delivered up to the fold it belongs to. There he will find good shepherds who will look after the rest. Sheep-shearing, little girl, sheep-shearing! There they will cut off his hair, which will make his head cooler; and if you feel inclined to make a pilgrimage to St. Gall a year hence, you will see on Sundays and holidays some one standing barefooted before the church door, and his head will be as bare as a stubble-field, and the penitential garb will become him very nicely. What do you think? The heathenish practices with Virgil are at an end now."

"He is innocent!" said Praxedis.

"Oh," said the cellarer sneeringly, "we shall never harm a single hair of innocence! He need only prove himself so by God's ordeal. If he takes the gold ring out of the kettle of boiling water with unburnt arm, our abbot himself will give him the blessing; and I will say that it was all a delusion of the Devil's

own making when my eyes beheld his Holiness, Brother Ekkehard, clasping your mistress in his arms."

Praxedis wept. . . .

"Cellarmaster, you are a wicked man!" she cried; and turned her back on him. . . .

"Have you any further commands?" she asked, once more looking back.

"Yes, thou Greek insect! A jug of vinegar, if you please. I want to lay my rods in it: the writing is clearer then, and does not fade away so soon. Never before have I flogged an interpreter of Virgil. He deserves particular attention."

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, was sitting under the linden-tree, still sobbing. Praxedis, as she passed, gave him a kiss. It was done to spite the cellarer.

She went up to the duchess, intending to prostrate herself and intercede for Ekkehard; but the door remained locked against her. Frau Hadwig was deeply irritated. If the monks of the Reichenau had not come in upon them, she might have pardoned Ekkehard's audacity, for she herself had indeed sowed the seeds of all that had grown to such portentous results; but now it had become a public scandal, it demanded punishment. The fear of evil tongues influences many an action.

The abbot had caused to be put into her hands the summons from St. Gall. St. Benedict's rules, said the letter, exacted not only the outward forms of a monastic life, but also the actual conformity of body and soul to its discipline. Ekkehard was to return. Passages from Gunzo's diatribe were quoted against him.

It was all the same to her. What his fate would be in the hands of his antagonists, she knew quite well. Yet she was determined to do nothing for him.

Praxedis knocked at her door a second time, but it was not opened.

"O thou poor moth," said she sadly.

Ekkehard lay in his dungeon like one who had dreamt some wild dream. Four bare walls surrounded him; above there was a faint gleam of light. Often he trembled as if shivering with cold. After a while a melancholy smile of resignation began to hover round his lips, but it did not settle there; now and again he would clench his fists in a fit of fierce anger.

It is the same with the human mind as with the sea: though the tempest may have blown over for a long time, the billowing surge is even stronger and more impetuous than before; and

some mighty chaotic breaker dashes wildly up and drives the sea-gulls away from the rocks.

But Ekkehard's heart was not yet broken. It was still too young for that. He began to reflect on his position. The view into the future was not very cheering. He knew the rules of his order, and monastic customs, and he knew that the men from Reichenau were his enemies.

With big strides he paced up and down the narrow room.

"Great God, whom we may invoke in the hour of affliction, how will all this end?"

He shut his eyes and threw himself on the bundle of straw. Confused visions passed before his soul, and he saw with his inward eye of the spirit how they would drag him out in the early morning. The abbot would be sitting on his high stone chair, holding the crosier as a sign that it was a court of judgment; and then they would read out a long bill of complaints against him. All this in the same court-yard in which he had once sprung out of the litter with such a jubilant heart, and in which he had preached his sermon against the Huns on that solemn Good Friday; and the men of the court would be gnashing their teeth against him!

"What shall I do?" thought he. "With my hand on my heart and my eyes raised toward heaven, I shall say, 'Ekkehard is not guilty!' But the judges will say, 'Prove it!' The big copper kettle will be brought; the fire lighted beneath; the water will hiss and bubble up. The abbot draws off the golden ring from his finger. They push up the right sleeve of his habit; solemn penitential psalms resound. 'I conjure thee, spirit of the water, that the Devil quit thee, and that thou serve the Lord to make known the truth, like to the fiery furnace of the King of Babylon when he had the three men thrown into it!'—Thus the abbot addresses the boiling water; and 'Dip thy arm and fetch forth the ring,' says he to the accused.—Righteous God, what judgment will thy ordeal give?"

Wild doubts beset Ekkehard's soul. He believed in himself and his good cause, but his faith was less strong in the dreadful means by which priestcraft and church laws sought to arrive at God's decision.

In the library of his monastery there was a little book bearing the title, 'Against the Inveterate Error of the Belief that through Fire, Water, or Single Combat, the Truth of God's Judgment can be Revealed.'

This book he had once read; and he remembered it well. It was to prove that with these ordeals, which were an inheritance from the ancient heathen time, it was as the excellent Gottfried of Strassburg has expressed it in later days: —

"Der heilig Christ
Windschaffen wie ein Ärmel ist." *

"And if no miracle is performed?"

His thoughts were inclined to despondency and despair.

"With burnt arm and proclaimed guilty, condemned to be flogged, — while she perhaps would stand on the balcony looking on, as if it were done to an entire stranger! — Lord of heaven and earth, send down thy lightning!"

Yet hope does not entirely forsake even the most miserable.

Then again he imagined how, through all this shame and misery, a piercing "Stop!" would be heard: she comes rushing down with disheveled locks and in her rustling ducal mantle, and drives his tormentors away, as the Savior drove out the usurers from the temple. And she presents him her hand and lips for the kiss of reconciliation.

Long and ardently his fantasy dwelt on that beautiful possibility; a breath of consolation came to him; he spoke in the words of the Preacher: "'As gold is purified from dross in the fire, so the heart of man is purified by sorrow.' We will wait and see what will happen."

He heard a slight noise in the antechamber of his dungeon. A stone jug was put down.

"You are to drink like a man," said a voice to the lay brother on guard; "for on St. John's night all sorts of unearthly visitors people the air and pass over our castle. So you must take care to keep your courage up. There's another jug for you too."

It was Praxedis who had brought the wine.

Ekkehard did not understand what she wanted. "Then she also is false," thought he. "God protect me!"

He closed his eyes and fell asleep. After a good while he was awakened. The wine had evidently been to the lay brother's taste: he was singing a song in praise of the four goldsmiths who once on a time had refused to make heathenish idols at Rome, and suffered martyrdom. With his heavy sandal-clad foot he was beating time on the stone flags. Ekkehard heard another

* "The good Lord is as much the sport of the wind as a sleeve."

jug of wine brought to the man. The singing became loud and uproarious. Then he held a soliloquy, in which he had much to say about Italy and good fare, and «Santa Agnese fuori le mura.» Then he ceased talking. The prisoner could distinctly hear his snoring through the stone walls.

The castle was silent. It was about midnight. Ekkehard lay in a doze, when it seemed to him as if the bolts were softly drawn. He remained lying on his straw. A figure came in; a soft hand was laid on the slumberer's forehead. He jumped up.

«Hush!» whispered his visitor.

When all had gone to rest, Praxedis had kept awake. «The wicked cellarer shall not have the satisfaction of punishing our poor melancholy teacher,» was her thought; and woman's cunning always finds ways and means to accomplish her schemes. Wrapping herself up in a gray cloak, she had stolen down. No special artifices were necessary: the lay brother was sleeping the sleep of the just. If he had been awake, the Greek girl would have frightened him by some ghost trickery. That was her plan.

«You must escape!» said she to Ekkehard. «They mean to do their worst to you.»

«I know it,» he replied sadly.

«Come, then.»

He shook his head. «I prefer to endure it,» said he.

«Don't be a fool,» whispered Praxedis. «First you built your castle on the glittering rainbow; and now that it has all tumbled down, you will allow them to ill-treat you into the bargain? As if they had a right to flog you and drag you away! And you will let them have the pleasure of witnessing your humiliation? It would be a nice spectacle they would make of you! 'One does not see an honest man put to death every day,' said a man to me once in Constantinople, when I asked him why he was in such a hurry.»

«Where should I go to?» asked Ekkehard.

«Neither to the Reichenau nor to your monastery,» said Praxedis. «There is many a hiding-place left in the world.»

She was getting impatient; and seizing Ekkehard by the hand, she dragged him on. «Come!» whispered she. He allowed himself to be led by her.

They glided past the sleeping watchman: now they stood in the court-yard; the fountain was splashing merrily. Ekkehard bent over the spout, and took a long draught of the cool water.

«All is over,» said he. «And now away.»

It was a stormy night. "You cannot go out by the doorway, — the bridge is drawn up," said Praxedis; "but you can get down between the rocks on the eastern side. Our shepherd boy has tried that path before."

They entered the little garden. A gust of wind went roaring through the branches of the maple-tree. Ekkehard scarcely knew what was happening to him.

He mounted the battlement. Steep and rugged fell the klinkstone precipices; a dark abyss yawned before him; black clouds were chasing each other across the dusky sky, — weird, uncouth shapes, as if two bears were pursuing a winged dragon. Soon the fantastic forms melted together; the wind whipped them onward toward the Bodensee, that glittered faintly in the distance. Indistinctly outlined lay the landscape.

"Blessings on your way!" said Praxedis.

Ekkehard sat motionless on the battlement; he still held the Greek girl's hand clasped in his. A mingled feeling of gratitude and melancholy surged through his storm-tossed brain. Then her cheek pressed against his, and a kiss trembled on his lips; he felt a pearly tear. Gently Praxedis drew away her hand.

"Don't forget," said she, "that you still owe us a story. May God lead your steps back again to this place some day, so that we may hear it from your own lips."

Ekkehard now let himself down. He waved his hand once more, then disappeared from her sight. The stillness of night was interrupted by a rattling and clattering down the cliff. The Greek girl peered down into the depths. A piece of rock had become loosened, and fell noisily down into the valley. Another followed somewhat slower; and on this Ekkehard was sitting, guiding it as a rider does his horse. So he went down the steep precipice into the blackness of the night.

Farewell!

She crossed herself and went back, smiling in spite of all her sadness. The lay brother was still fast asleep. As she crossed the court-yard, Praxedis spied a basket filled with ashes, which she seized; and softly stealing back into Ekkehard's dungeon, she poured out its contents in the middle of the room, as if this were all that was left of the prisoner's earthly remains.

"Why dost thou snore so heavily, most reverend brother?" she asked; and hurried away.

SONG OF THE ICHTHYOSAURUS

From 'Gaudeamus.' By permission of the Translator

THERE'S a rustling in the rushes,
There's a flashing in the sea;
There's a tearful Ichthyosaurus
Swims hither mournfully!

He weeps o'er the modern corruption,
Compared with the good old times,
And don't know what is the matter
With the Upper Jura limes!

The hoary old Plesiosaurus
Does naught but quaff and roar;
And the Pterodactylus lately
Flew drunk to his own front door!

The Iguanodon of the Period
Grows worse with every stratum;
He kisses the Ichthyosauresses
Whenever he can get at 'em!

I feel a catastrophe coming;
This epoch will soon be done:
And what will become of the Jura
If such goings-on go on?

The groaning Ichthyosaurus
Turns suddenly chalky pale;
He sighs from his steaming nostrils,
He writhes with his dying tail!

In that selfsame hour and minute
Died the whole Saurian stem:
The fossil-oil in their liquor
Soon put an end to them!

And the poet found their story
Which here he doth indite,
In the form of a petrified album-leaf
Upon a coprolite!

Translation of Rossiter W. Raymond.

DECLARATION AND DEPARTURE

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

At his morning meal the baron
Sat, deep poring o'er a letter
Which the day before had reached him.
From afar a post had ridden,
From the Danube, deep in Suabia,
Where the baby river ripples
Gleeful through a narrow valley.
Lofty crags jut sharply o'er it,
And its limpid waters mirror
Clear and bright their rugged outlines,
And the tender green of beech-woods.
Thence the messenger had ridden.
This the purport of the letter:—

"My old comrade, do you ever
Think of Hans von Wildenstein?
Down the Rhine and down the Danube
Many drops of clearest water
Must have run to reach the ocean,
Since we lay beside our watch-fires,
In our last campaign together.
And I mark it by my youngster,
Who has grown a lusty fellow,
And his years count four-and-twenty.
First, as page, he went to Stuttgart,
To the duke; and then to college
To old Tübingen I sent him.
If I reckon by the money
He has squandered, it is certain
He must be a mighty scholar.
Now by me at home he tarries,
Chasing deer and hares and foxes;
And when other sport is lacking,
Chasing pretty peasant-maidens:
And 'tis time that he were broken
To the wholesome yoke of marriage.
Now, methinks, you have a daughter
Who a fitting bride would make him.
'Twixt old comrades, such as we are,
Many words are surely needless;
So, Sir Baron, I would ask you

Would it please you if my Damian
To your castle rode a-wooing,
Rode a-wooing to the Rhineland?
Send me speedy answer.—Greetings
From old Hans von Wildenstein.
Postscript.—Do you still remember
That great fray we fought at Augsburg
With the horsemen of Bavaria?
And the rage of yon rich miser
And his most ungracious lady?
Why, 'tis two-and-thirty years since!»

Toilsomely the baron labored
At his comrade's crabbed writing,
And a full half-hour he puzzled,
Ere he mastered all its import.
Laughing then he spake:—«These Suabians
Are in sooth most knowing devils!
They are lacking in refinement,
Somewhat coarse in grain and fibre,
Yet of wit and prudence plenty
In their rugged pates is garnered.
Many a brainless coxcomb's noddle
They could stock and never miss it.
And my valiant Hans manœuvres
Rarely, like a veteran statesman.
His poor, mortgaged, moldering owl's-nest
By the Danube would be bolstered
Bravely by a handsome dowry.
Yet the scheme deserves a hearing.
Far and wide throughout the kingdom
Are the Wildensteins respected,
Since with Kaiser Barbarossa
To the Holy Land they journeyed.
Let the varlet try his fortune!»

To the baron entered Werner.
Slow his gait and black his jerkin,
As on feast-days. Melancholy
Sat upon his pallid features.
Jestingly the other hailed him:—
«I was in the act of sending
Honest Anton out to seek you.
Pray you, mend your pen and write me,
As my trusty scribe, a letter,
Letter of most weighty import.

For a knight has written asking
Tidings of my lady daughter,
And he seeks her hand in marriage
For his son, the young Sir Damian.
Tell him, then, how Margaretha
Has grown tall and fair and stately.
Tell him — but you need no prompting:
Fancy you a painter — paint him,
Black on white, her living image,
Fairly, and forget no detail.
Say, if 'tis the youngster's pleasure,
I shall make no opposition
If he saddle and ride hither."
"If he saddle and ride hither — "
Spake young Werner, as if dreaming
To himself; and somewhat sharply
Quoth the baron, "But what ails you
That you wear a face as lengthy
As a Calvinistic preacher's
On Good Friday? Has the fever
Once more taken hold upon you?"

Gravely made reply young Werner: —
"Sire, I cannot write the letter;
You must seek another penman,
Since I come myself to ask you
For your daughter's hand in marriage."

"For my — daughter's — hand in marriage?"
Gasped the baron, sore bewildered
In his turn; and wryly twitching
Worked his mouth, as his who playeth
On a Jew's-harp. Through his left foot
Shot a bitter throb of anguish.
"My young friend, the fever blazes
In your brain-pan like a furnace.
Go, I rede you, to the garden,
Where there plays a shady fountain.
If you dip your head beneath it
Thrice, the fever straight will vanish."

"Noble sir," rejoined young Werner,
"Spare your gibes. You may require them,
Peradventure, when the wooer
Out of Suabia rideth hither.

Sober come I, free from fever,
On a very sober errand;
And of Margaretha's father
Ask, once more, her hand in marriage."

Darkly frowning spake the baron:—
"Do you force me, then, to tell you
What your own wit should have taught you?
Sore averse am I to meet you
With harsh earnest; for the pike-thrust,
That so late your forehead suffered,
Have I not forgotten; neither
In whose service you received it.
Yet he only may look upward
To my child, whose noble lineage
Makes such union meet and fitting.
For each one of us has nature
Limits strait and wise appointed,
Where, within our proper circle,
We may fitly thrive and prosper.
From the Holy Roman Empire
Has come down the social order
Threefold,—Noble, Burgess, Peasant:
Each, within itself included,
From itself itself renewing,
Full of health abides and hearty.
Each is thus a sturdy pillar
Which the whole supports, but never
Prospers any intermixture.
Wot ye what that has for issue?
Grandsons who of all have something
Yet are altogether nothing;
Shallow, empty, feeble mongrels,
Tottering, unloosed and shaken
From tradition's steadfast foothold.
Sharp-edged, perfect, must each man be;
And within his veins, as heirloom
From the foregone generations,
He should bear his life's direction.
Therefore equal rank in marriage
Is demanded by our usage,
Which, by me, as law is honored,
And across its fast-fixed ramparts
I will have no stranger scramble.

Item: Shall no trumpet-blower
Dare to court a noble maiden!»

Thus the baron. Sorely troubled
By such serious and unwonted
Theoretic disquisition,
Had he pieced his words together.
By the stove the cat was lying,
Hiddigeigei, listening heedful,
With his head approval nodding
At the close. Yet, musing, pressed he
With his paw upon his forehead,
Deep within himself reflecting:—
«Why do people kiss each other?
Ancient question, new misgiving!
For I thought that I had solved it,—
Thought a kiss was an expedient
Swift another's lips to padlock,
That no word of cruel candor
Issue forth. But this solution
Is, I fear me, quite fallacious;
Else my youthful friend most surely
Would long since have kissed my master.»

To the baron spake young Werner,
And his voice was low and muffled:—
«Sire, I thank you for your lesson.
In the glamour of the pine-woods,
In the May month's radiant sunshine,
By the river's crystal billows,
Did mine eyes o'erlook the ramparts
Raised by men, which lay between us.
Thanks for this reminder timely.
Thanks, too, for the hours so joyous
I have spent beneath your roof-tree.
But my span is run: the order
'Right about!' your words have given me.
And in sooth, I make no murmur.
As a suitor worthy of her
One day I return, or never.
Fare you well! Think kindly of me.»
So he said, and left the chamber,
Knowing well what lay before him.
Long, with troubled mien, the baron
Scanned the door through which he vanished.
«Sooth, it grieves me sore,» he muttered.

"If the brave lad's name were only
Damian von Wildenstein!"

Parting, bitter hour of parting!
Ah, who was it first conceived thee?
Sure, some chilly-hearted mortal
By the distant Arctic Ocean.
Freezing blew the North Pole zephyrs
Round his nose; sore pestered was he
By his wife, unkempt and jealous.
E'en the whale's delicious blubber
Tickled not his jaded palate.
O'er his ears a yellow sealskin
Drew he; in his fur-gloved right hand
Grasped his staff, and nodding curtly
To his stolid Ylaleyka,
Uttered first those words ill-omened,—
"Fare thee well, for I must leave thee."

Parting, bitter hour of parting!
In his turret chamber, Werner
Girded up his few belongings,
Girded up his slender knapsack,
Threw a last regretful greeting
To the whitewashed walls familiar—
Loth to part, as from old comrades.
Farewell spake he to none other.
Margaretha's eyes of azure
Dared he never more encounter.
To the castle court descending,
Saddled swift his faithful palfrey;
Then there rang an iron hoof-fall,
And a drooping, joyless rider
Left the castle's peace behind him.

In the lowland by the river
Grows a walnut-tree. Beneath it
Once again he reined his palfrey,—
Once again he grasped his trumpet.
From his sorrow-laden spirit
Upward soared his farewell greeting,
Winged with saddest love and longing.
Soared—ah, dost thou know the fable
Of the song the swan sang dying?
At her heart was chill foreboding,
But she sought the lake's clear waters

Yet once more, and through the roses,
Through the glistening water-lilies,
Rose her plaintive song regretful:—
"Fairest world, 'tis mine to leave thee;
Fairest world, I die unwilling!"

Thus he blew. Was that a tear-drop
Falling, glancing, on the trumpet?
Was it but a summer rain-drop?
Onward now! His spurs relentless
In his palfrey's flanks he buried,
And was borne in rousing gallop
To the outskirts of the forest.

SONG: FAREWELL

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

This is the bitterness of life's long story,—
That ever near the rose the thorns are set;
Poor heart, that dwells at first in dreams of glory,
The parting comes, and eyes with tears are wet.
Ah, once I read thine eyes, thy spirit's prison,
And love and joy in their clear depths could see:
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Long had I borne with envy, hate, and sorrow,
Weary and worn, by many a tempest tried;
I dreamed of peace and of a bright to-morrow,
And lo! my pathway led me to thy side.
I longed within thine arms to rest; then, risen
In strength and gladness, give my life to thee:
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Winds whirl the leaves, the clouds are driven together,
Through wood and meadow beats a storm of rain:
To say farewell 'tis just the fitting weather,
For like the sky, the world seems gray with pain.
Yet good nor ill shall shake my heart's decision;
Thou slender maid, I still must dream of thee!
May God protect thee! 'twas too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

SONGS OF HIDDIGEIGEI, THE TOM-CAT

From 'The Trumpeter of Säkkingen'

I

By the storms of fierce temptation
Undisturbed I long have dwelt;
Yet e'en pattern stars of virtue
Unexpected pangs have felt.

Hotter than in youth's hot furnace,
Dreams of yore steal in apace;
And the Cat's winged yearnings journey,
Unrestrained, o'er Time and Space.

Naples, land of light and wonder,
Cup of nectar never dry!
To Sorrento I would hasten,
On its topmost roof to lie.

Greets me dark Vesuvius; greets me
The white sail upon the sea;
Birds of spring make sweetest concert
In the budding olive-tree.

Toward the loggia steals Carmela,—
Fairest of the feline race,—
And she softly pulls my whiskers,
And she gazes in my face;

And my paw she gently presses;—
Hark! I hear a growling noise:
Can it be the Bay's hoarse murmur,
Or Vesuvius's distant voice?

Nay, Vesuvius's voice is silent,
For to-day he takes his rest.
In the yard, destruction breathing,
Bays the dog of fiendish breast,—

Bays Francesco the Betrayer,
Worst of all his evil race;
And I see my dream dissolving,
Melting in the sky's embrace.

II

Earth once was untroubled by man, they say;
Those days are over and fled,
When the forest primeval crackling lay
'Neath the mammoth's mighty tread.

Ye may search throughout all the land in vain
For the lion, the desert's own;
In sooth we are settled now, 'tis plain,
In a truly temperate zone.

The palm is borne, in life and in verse,
By neither the Great nor the Few:
The world grows weaker and ever worse,
'Tis the day of the Small and the New.

When we Cats are silenced, ariseth the Mouse,
But she too must pack and begone;
And the Infusoria's Royal House
Shall triumph, at last, alone.

III

Near the close of his existence
Hiddigeigei stands and sighs;
Death draws nigh with fell insistence,
Ruthlessly to close his eyes.

Fain from out his wisdom's treasure,
Counsels for his race he'd draw,
That amid life's changeful measure
They might find some settled law.

Fain their path through life he'd soften:
Rough it lies and strewn with stones;
E'en the old and wise may often
Stumble there, and break their bones.

Life with many brawls is cumbered,
Useless wounds and useless pain;
Cats both black and brave unnumbered
Have for naught been foully slain.

Ah, in vain our tales of sorrow!
Hark! I hear the laugh of youth.
Fools to-day and fools to-morrow,
Woe alone will teach them truth.

All in vain is history's teaching:
Listen how they laugh again!
Hiddigeigei's lore and preaching
Locked in silence must remain.

IV

Soon life's thread must break and ravel;
Weak this arm, once strong and brave;
In the scene of all my travail,
In the granary, dig my grave.

Warlike glory there I won me;
All the fight's fierce joy was mine:
Lay my shield and lance upon me,
As the last of all my line.

Ay, the last! The children's merit
Like their sires' can never grow:
Naught they know of strife of spirit;
Upright are they, dull and slow,

Dull and meagre; stiffly, slowly,
Move their minds, of force bereft;
Few indeed will keep as holy
The bequest their sires have left.

Yet once more, in days far distant,
When at rest I long have lain,
One fierce caterwaul insistent
Through your ranks shall ring again:—

«Flee, ye fools, from worse than ruin!»
Hark to Hiddigeigei's cry;
Hark, his wrathful ghostly mewing:—
«Flee from mediocrity!»

EDMOND SCHÉRER

(1815–1889)

BY VICTOR CHARBONNEL

EDMOND SCHÉRER was at once a very learned theologian, a very profound philosopher, a very vigorous writer. What makes him especially interesting is the crisis in his faith and in his thought which led him to abandon theology for philosophy and literature. He is one of those great spirits, very numerous in our century, who have delivered themselves from the formulas of an unquestioning and passive faith, and sought with absolute sincerity the religion of the conscience.

Edmond Schérer was born at Paris, in 1815. His family was of Swiss descent, and held the Protestant faith. He early manifested an ardent love of reading: his school tasks suffered somewhat from it. Moreover, his father sent him to England to be with the Rev. Thomas Loader of Monmouth. This earnest clergyman had a salutary influence upon the young man; he inspired him with the love of duty and of work, he made a Christian of him. When Edmond Schérer, after an absence of two years, was about to leave England, he determined to become a shepherd of souls; and besides, he now understood the language admirably, and had made a study of English literature.

He then entered upon the course of the Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, where celebrated professors were among the instructors, notably Édouard Reuss. When his theological studies were over, he retired for several years, and published his first writings.

Owing to the reputation thus achieved, he was elected in 1845 professor in the School of Liberal Theology at Geneva. The instruction he gave at that time had no small renown. But one of the fundamental doctrines of the School of Liberal Theology was faith in the full inspiration of the Bible. He soon declared himself unable to accept it, and spoke of resigning his chair.

In his remarkable article, the 'Crisis of the Faith,' he protested against the abuse of authority in religious things, and affirmed the duty of personal examination, of unrestricted investigation, of religion founded on criticism. Thenceforward, according to Sainte-Beuve, he was «an indefatigable intelligence, ever advancing in ceaseless evolution.»

Having resigned his professorship in 1850, he became, with Colani, the head of the new French school of liberal Protestantism, and took a most active part in editing the Review of Theology and Christian Philosophy, of Strasbourg. His articles and his studies gave rise to violent discussions. Assuredly he recognized that «if there is anything certain in the world, it is that the destiny of the Bible is closely linked with the destiny of holiness upon the earth.» But he whom he called with full conviction a great Christian — a Goethe or a Hegel in intellectual power and literary talent, but carrying the Evangel in his heart — was «he who will let fall like a worn-out garment all that is temporary in the faith of past ages, all that criticism has victoriously assailed, all that divides the churches, but who shall know at the same time how to speak to men's consciences, how to revive the love of the truth, how to find the word of the future, while disengaging all that is identical, eternal in the Christianity of all ages.»

Suddenly in 1860, a volume that he published under the title 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism,' — containing vigorous studies of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Le P. Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, — revealed in the theologian a very searching critic. Sainte-Beuve hailed the book with many encomiums, and placed the author in «the front rank of French writers.»

Also, the contradictions perceptible between different parts of this work clearly show that Edmond Schérer continually sought his way; and that he tended towards that philosophical rather than theological conception, which makes of Christianity the perfect and definitive *religion*, but not the absolute and complete truth. Christianity appeared to him the result of a long elaboration of the human conscience, destined to prepare further elaborations; in a word, one of the phases of universal transformation. The theory of the evolution of the human mind became his new religion.

But if he ceased to be an orthodox believer, Edmond Schérer was always a man of noble moral faith, a true Christian; and he was so throughout his work of literary criticism. When the newspaper Le Temps was established in 1861, he did a share of the editing; he wrote for it political articles, and above all studies in literature. They showed the talent of a writer, the force of a thinker; and the prodigious extent of knowledge manifested in the care he took to attack all subjects, to reduce them to two or three essential points, to discuss them exhaustively, to give a concise opinion in regard to ideas and a firm judgment in regard to literary qualities, — and that with reference to works that chance brought to his notice. However, the preoccupations of a high morality of art, frankness and rectitude, — in a word, virtue and character, — were still more perceptible

in his work. «He held,» says M. Gréard, «that there is an infection of the taste that is not compatible with honesty of the soul. He reckoned among the virtues of a man of letters of the first rank, self-respect and decency, that supreme grace.» And Sainte-Beuve considers him a true judge, who neither gropes nor hesitates, having in his own mind the means of taking the exact measure of any other mind.

His literary criticism forms a collection of several volumes, bearing the title 'Studies in Contemporary Literature.' His other principal works are 'Criticism and Belief' (1850), 'Letters to my Pastor' (1853), 'Miscellanies of Religious Criticism' (1860), 'Miscellanies of Religious History' (1864); and a considerable number of articles for the newspapers and magazines.

Edmond Schérer died in 1889. He had taken for rule the maxim of Emerson: «Express clearly to-day what thou thinkest to-day; to-morrow thou shalt say what thou thinkest to-morrow.» To this rule he was ever faithful. He was grandly sincere.

Victor Charbonnel.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From Review of 'Woman in the Eighteenth Century,' by the Goncourts

I could have wished this book of the brothers Goncourt a little different: not abler, more instructive, better supported with facts, for no man ever had a firmer grasp on his eighteenth century than these authors; not juster in its appreciations, because, captivated as they were by the graces of that corrupt century, their judgment of it was none the less rigorous. I could only have wished that they had not proceeded so exclusively by means of description and enumeration; and that in the many pictures that pass before our eyes, the characteristic feature, the association, the anecdote, had not taken the form of simple allusions, had not so often been indicated by a simple reference to some book I had not under my hand, to some engraving I have no time to look up among the cartoons of the Imperial Library. In a word, I should have liked more narratives and more citations. With this reservation, I willingly recognize that

the volume of the brothers Goncourt is one of those works that most fully enable us to understand the century of which it treats; which at least make us enter most fully into its innermost life, its intellectual character. An epoch is not wholly known when its literature is known; it does not even suffice us to read the memoirs of those who lived in it: there are, besides, endless details of manners, customs, dress; a thousand observations upon the different classes of society and their condition; a thousand nothings, unnoticed as the very air we breathe, yet having their value and making their contribution to the complete effect. Now the brothers Goncourt, with praiseworthy zeal and discretion, have brought all this together. They have done for the eighteenth century what learned pedants with fewer resources but with no more ability have done for past civilizations: they have reconstructed it by means of the monuments.

This volume on the woman of the eighteenth century is to be followed by three others, dealing with man, the State, and Paris at the same epoch. To say truth, however, the woman is already the man, she is already the State itself, she is the whole century. The most striking characteristic of the period under consideration is, that it personifies itself in its women. This the brothers Goncourt have recognized. «The soul of this time,» say they in their somewhat exuberant style, «the centre of the world, the point whence everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, the image after which all things are modeled, is woman. Woman in the eighteenth century is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal and inevitable cause, the origin of events, the source of things. Nothing escapes her, and she holds everything in her hand: the king and France, the will of the sovereign and the power of opinion. She rules at court, she is mistress at the fireside. The revolutions of alliances and systems, peace, war, letters, arts, the fashions of the eighteenth century as well as its destinies,—all these she carries in her robe, she bends them to her caprice or her passions. She causes degradations and promotions. No catastrophes, no scandals, no great strokes, that cannot be traced to her, in this century that she fills up with prodigies, marvels, and adventures, in this history into which she works the surprises of a novel.» The book of the brothers Goncourt furnishes proof of these assertions on every page. It sets forth on a small scale, but in a complete way, that epoch of

which they have so truly said that it is the French century *par excellence*, and that all our roots are found in it. This volume puts a finger on its meanness, its greatness, its vices and its virtues. It is the vices that are the most conspicuous. The corruption of the eighteenth century has become proverbial. To tell the truth, this corruption is the result of a historical situation. What is meant by the France of the eighteenth century is a particular class of society, the polite and brilliant world. The theme of history has always gone on enlarging. In old times there was no history save that of conquerors and lawgivers. Later we have that of the courts and of the nobility. After the French Revolution, it is the nations and their destinies who occupy the first plane. In the eighteenth century the middle class has already raised and enriched itself, the distinction of ranks is leveled; there is more than one plebeian name among those that adorn the salons: nevertheless, society is still essentially aristocratic; it is chiefly composed of people who have nothing to do in the world save to enjoy their hereditary privileges. The misfortune of the French nobility has always been thus to constitute a dignity without functions. It formed not so much an organic part of the State as a class of society. Confined within the limits of a narrow caste, it had reduced life to a matter of elegant and agreeable relations.

Hence the French salon, and all those graces of conversation, all those refinements of mind and manners, that make up its inimitable character. Hence at the same time, something artificial and unwholesome. Life does not easily forego a serious aim. It offers this eternal contradiction: that, tending to happiness, it nevertheless cannot adopt that as its special object without in that very act destroying the conditions of it.

These men, these women, who seemed to exist only for those things that appear most enviable,—grace and honor, love and intelligence,—these people had exhausted in themselves the sources of intelligence and love. This consummate epicurism defeated its own object. These virtues, limited to the virtues of good-fellowship, were manifestly insufficient to uphold society. This activity, in which duty, effort, sacrifice, had no place, consumed itself. Extinguish the soul, the conscience, as useless lights, and lo, all is utter darkness! The intellect was to have taken the place of everything; and the intellect has succeeded only in blighting everything, and in blighting itself before all.

Only one demand was made of human destiny,—pleasure; and it was ennui that responded.

That incurable evil of ennui—the eighteenth century betrays it everywhere. That was its essential element, I had almost said its principle. This explains its agitations, its antipathies, its furtive sadnesses, the boldness of its vices. It floats about, finding no object worth its constancy. It undertakes everything, always to fall back into a profounder disenchantment. Each fruit it gnaws can only leave a more bitter taste of ashes. It shakes itself in the vain effort to realize that it is alive. It is sorrowful, sorrowful as death, and has not even the dignity of melancholy. It finds all things spectacular; it watches itself live, and that experiment has ceased to interest it. Lassitude, spiritual barrenness, prostration of all the vital forces,—this is all that came of it. Then a well-known phenomenon makes its appearance. Man never pauses: he goes on digging, he scoops out the very void; no longer believing anything, he yet seeks an unknown good that escapes him. Dissipation, even, pursues a fleeting dream. It demands of the senses what they can never yield. Irritated by its miscalculations, it invents subtleties. It seasons libertinism with every kind of infamy. It becomes savage. It takes pleasure in bringing suffering upon the creatures it annihilates. It enjoys the remorse, the shame, of its victims. Its vanity is occupied with compromising women, with breaking their hearts, with corrupting them if it can. Thus gallantry is converted into a cynicism of immorality. Men make a boast of cruelty and of calculation in their cruelty. Good style advertises villainy. But even this is not enough. Insatiable appetites will demand of crime a certain savor that vice has lost for them. "There is," as the brothers Goncourt truly say,—"there is an inexorable logic that compels the evil passions of humanity to go to the end of themselves, and to burst in a final and absolute horror. This logic assigned to the voluptuous immorality of the eighteenth century its monstrous coronation. The habit of cruelty had become too strong to remain in the head and not reach the senses. Man had played too long with the suffering heart of woman not to feel tempted to make her suffer more surely and more visibly. Why, after exhausting tortures for her soul, should he not try them upon her body? Why not seek grossly in her blood the delights her tears had given? The doctrine sprang up, it took shape: the whole century went over to it without knowing it; it

was, in its last analysis, nothing more than the materialization of their appetites: and was it not inevitable that this last word should be said, that the erethism of ferocity should establish itself as a principle, as a revelation; and that at the end of this polished and courtly decadence, after all these approaches to the supreme torture of woman, M. de Sade, with the blood of the guillotines, should set up the Terror in Love?»

This then is the eighteenth century: a century brilliant rather than delicate, pleasure-loving without passion, whose void forever goes on emptying itself, whose blunted vices seek a stimulus in crime, whose frivolity becomes in the end almost tragical; a century of impotence and of decline, a society that is sinking and putrefying.

Let us not forget, however, that judgments made wholly from one point of view are like general ideas: they can never do more than furnish incomplete notions. Things can always be considered on two sides, the unfavorable and the favorable. The eighteenth century is like everything else: it has its right side as well as its wrong. I am sorry for those who see in it only matter for admiration: its feet slipped in the mire. I am sorry for those who do not speak of it without crossing themselves: the eighteenth century had its noble aspects, nay, its grand aspects.

And in the first place, the eighteenth century is charming. Opinions may differ as to the worth of the elegance, but that its elegance was perfect cannot be denied. The inadequacy of the *comme il faut*, and of what is called good society, may be deplored; but there is no gainsaying that the epoch in question was the grand model of this good society. France became in those days its universal school, as it were its native country. It makes of fine manners a new ethics, composed of horror for what is common, the desire to find means of pleasing, the art of attention, of delicacy in beauty, of the refinements of language, of a conversation that does not commit itself to anything, of a discussion that never degenerates into a dispute, of a lightness that is in reality only moderation and grace. The good-breeding of the eighteenth century does not destroy egoism, but it dissimulates it. Nor does it in the least make up for the lost virtues, but it vouchsafes an image of them. It gives a rule for souls. It acquires the dignity of an institution. It is the religion of an epoch that has no other.

This is not all. One feels a breath of art passing over this century. If it does not create, still it adorns. If it does not seek the beautiful, it finds the charming. Its character is not grand, but it has a character.

It has set a seal upon all that it has produced: buildings, furniture, pictures. When, two or three years ago, an exhibition brought together the works of the principal painters of the French school in the eighteenth century, the canvases of Greuze, of Boucher, of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Chardin, great was the astonishment to find so much frankness under all that affectation, originality in that mannerism, vitality in that conventional school of art. We should never lose sight of one thing: the epoch under consideration had what was lacking in some other epochs, — in the Empire, for example, — an art and a literature. That is not enough to make a great century, but it can aid a century to make a figure in history.

But observe what still better characterizes French society before the Revolution. That society is animated with intellectual curiosity. It has the taste for letters, and in letters the taste for new things, for adventures. It devours voyages, history, philosophy. It is concerned about the Chinese and the Hindus; it desires to know what Rome was, and what England is; it studies popular institutions and the faculties of the human understanding. The ladies have great quartos on their dressing-tables (that is the accepted size). Nothing discourages them. They read Raynal's 'Philosophic History,' Hume's 'Stuarts' [History of England], Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws.' But it is with the sciences that they are most smitten. It is there that their trouble of mind is best diverted. Fontenelle discourses to them on the worlds, and Galiani on political economy. The new arts, the progress of industry, excite their enthusiasm. They wish to see all, to know all. They follow courses, they frequent laboratories, they assist at experiments, they discuss systems, they read memoirs. Run after these charming young women, — they go to the Jardin des Plantes to see a theriac put together; to the Abbé Mical to hear an automaton speak; to Rouelle to witness the volatilization of the diamond; to Réveillon, there to salute Pilâtre de Rozier, before an ascension. This morning they have paid a visit to the great cactus that only blossoms once in fifty years, this afternoon they will attend experiments upon inflammable air or upon electricity. Nothing even in medicine or

anatomy is without attraction for their unfettered curiosity: the Countess de Voisenon prescribes for her friends; the Countess de Coigny is only eighteen, and she dissects!

This tendency to hyper-enthusiasm is a sign of mobility; and mobility is one of the distinguishing features of the eighteenth century. It has had a result that has not been fully noted. The eighteenth century had its crisis; or if you will, its conversion. A day came when it turned against itself. The change was perhaps not very profound, but it was very marked. From having the man of nature constantly preached to them, they wished to resemble him somewhat. The men gave up the French coat and ceased to carry the sword. The women laid down their hoops, they covered their bosoms, they substituted caps for towering head-dresses, low-heeled for high-heeled shoes, linen for brocade. Simplicity was pushed to pastoralism. Their dreams took the form of idyls. They had cottages, they played at keeping dairies, they made butter. But the true name of this new cult, whose prophet was Jean-Jacques, is sensibility. They talked now only of attraction, affinity, sympathy. It is the epoch of groups in bisque, symbols: hearts on fire, altars, doves. There are chains made of hair, bracelets with portraits. Madame de Blot wears upon her neck a miniature of the church where her brother is buried. Formerly beauty was piquant, now it aspires to be "touching." Its triumph is to "leave an emotion." The feelings should be *expansive*. Every woman is ambitious to love like Julie. Every mother will raise her son like Émile. And since it is the Genevese philosopher who has revealed to the world the gospel of sensibility, upon him most of all will that gift be lavished with which he seems all at once to have endowed French society. His handwriting is kissed: things that belonged to him are converted into relics. "There is not a truly sympathetic woman living," exclaims the most virtuous of the beauties of those days, "who would not need an extraordinary virtue to keep her from consecrating her life to Rousseau, could she be certain of being passionately loved by him!"

All this has the semblance of passion, but little depth. It would seem, in truth, that the eighteenth century was too frivolous ever to be truly moved. And nevertheless it has been moved, it has had a passion, perhaps the most noble of all — that of humanity. Pity, in the times that precede it, appears almost as foreign to polite society as the feeling for nature. Who, in the

seventeenth century, was agitated if some poor devil of a villager was crushed by the taxes, if a Protestant was condemned to his Majesty's galleys? Who troubled himself about the treatment of the insane, about the régime of prisons, the barbarities of the rack and the wheel? The eighteenth century, on the contrary, is seized with an immense compassion for all sufferings. It is kindled with generous ideas; it desires tolerance, justice, equality. Its heroes are useful men, agriculturists, benefactors of the people. It embraces all the nations in its reforms. It rises to the conception of human solidarity. It makes itself a golden age where the philosopher's theories mingle with the reveries of the mere dreamer. Every one is caught by the glorious chimera. The author of 'La Pucelle' has his hours of philanthropy. Turgot finds support in the salons. Madame de Genlis speaks like Madame Roland or Madame de Staël. Utopia, a Utopia at once rational as geometry and blind as enthusiasm,—the whole of the French Revolution is there already.

The eighteenth century has received the name of the philosophical century, and with good reason if an independent spirit of inquiry is the distinguishing feature of philosophy. It rejected everything in the nature of convention and tradition. It declared an implacable war on what is called prejudice. It desired truths that stand on their own legs. It sought in man, in the mere nature of things, the foundation of the true and the good. The doctrines of this epoch are not exalted, but they have that species of vigor that the absence of partiality gives. The problem of problems, for this century, is how to live; and to the solution of that problem it brings only natural methods. The men of those times, to use the expression of the brothers Goncourt, "keep themselves at the height of their own heart, without aid, by their own strength. Emancipated from all dogma and system of belief, they draw their lights from the recesses of their own hearts, and their powers from the same source." There are some who "afford in this superficial century the grand spectacle of a conscience at equilibrium in the void, a spectacle forgotten of humanity since the Antonines." The Countess de Boufflers, with whom M. Sainte-Beuve has lately made us acquainted, had maxims framed and hung in her chamber; among them might be read such words as the following: "In conduct, simplicity and sense. In methods, justice and generosity. In adversity, courage and self-respect. Sacrifice all for peace of mind. When an

important duty is to be fulfilled, consider perils and death only as drawbacks, not as obstacles.» See what thoughts made up the daily meditations of a woman of the world. Adversity was supported with cheerful courage. Old age was accepted without pride or effort, without surprise or consternation. One detached oneself little by little, composed oneself, conformed to the changed condition, extinguished oneself, discreetly, quite simply, with decorum, and so to speak with spirit. Let us take care when we speak of the eighteenth century—let us take care not to forget the trials of the emigration and the prisons of the Terror!

I have spoken of the greatness and the debasement of the epoch that the brothers Goncourt set themselves to interpret. If there is some contradiction between the two halves of the picture, I am not far from thinking that this very contradiction might well be a proof of correctness. Human judgments are true only on the condition of perpetually putting the yes by the side of the no. The truth is, one can say of the eighteenth century what our authors somewhere say of the Duchess of Mirepoix: in default of esteem it inspires sympathy. The French century above all others, it has our defects and our qualities. Endowed with more intelligence than firmness, argumentative rather than philosophic, didactic rather than moral, it has given lessons rather than examples to the world, examples rather than models. It was not entirely fixed, either in good or in evil. However low it fell, it was far from making an utter failure. Carried to extremes, it showed its strength most of all in extremity. It is an assemblage of contradictions where all happens without precedent, and it is safest to take nothing in it too literally. It will ever be a bad sign in France, when this century is underrated and when it is overrated; but it would be above all a sinister day if we should ever adopt its frivolity and corruption, and leave unappropriated its noble instincts and its capacity for enthusiasm.

Translated for ‹A Library of the World's Best Literature› by Lucy C. Bull.

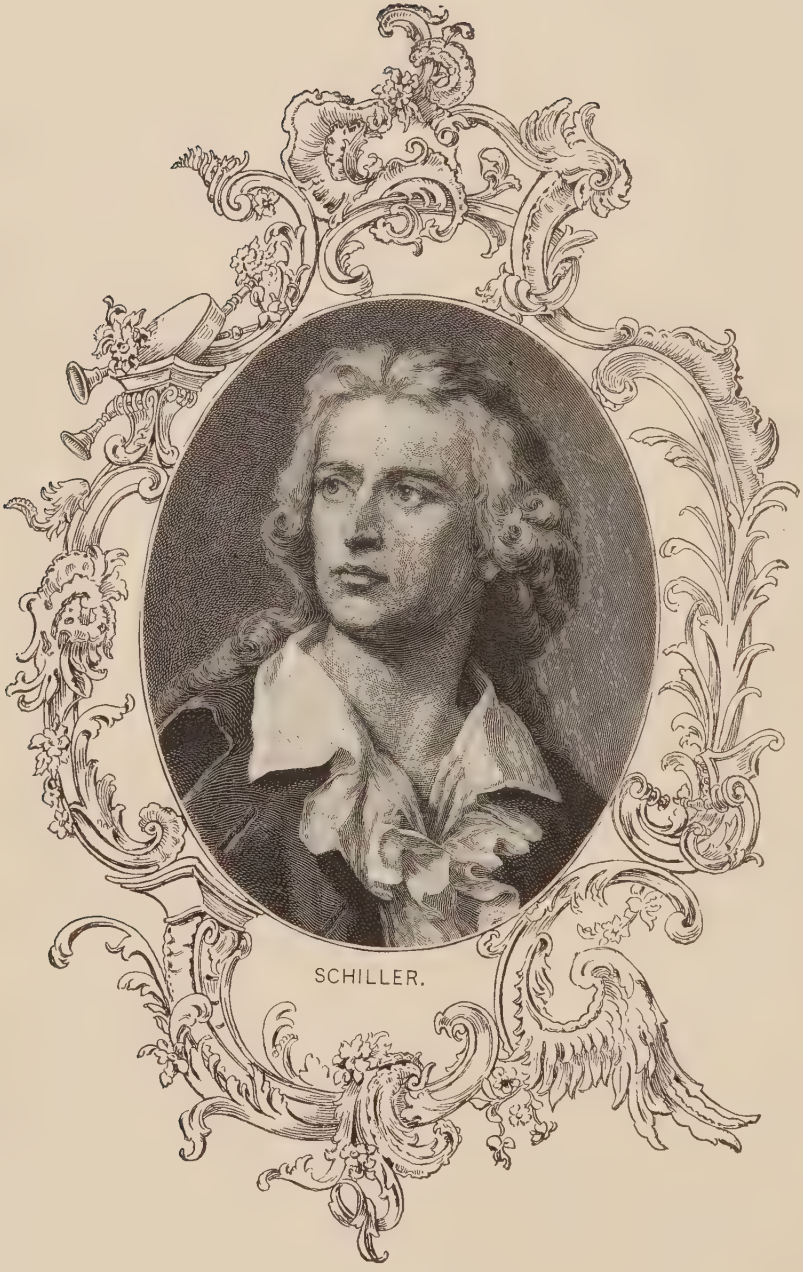
A LITERARY HERESY

«Here I stand. I cannot otherwise. God help me! Amen.»
— LUTHER at the Diet of Worms.

I SHALL never cease to protest against the infatuations that in our day exercise a kind of tyranny in literature. To raise personal preferences to the dignity of a creed is not enough. A cult once established, a dogma once accepted,—no more freedom of analysis, no more independent criticism, no more permissible dissent: the order is to «admire like a beast.» Mental indolence is of course at the bottom of this fashion: it is easier to accept an opinion than to form one. But these habits of mind are an exceedingly curious study, for the reason that never has the tendency to slavish partisanship been more general, nor the despotism of ready-made judgments more absolute, than in these times of pretended emancipation and so-called individualism. Doubtless it is the same with enfranchised intelligence as with political rights: great efforts are made to secure them, and when they are secured we no longer care for their exercise.

I will cite the cult of which Goethe is the object in Germany as an example of the propensity that I have in mind. This cult has all the characteristics of superstition. The Germans long since exhausted their critical acumen upon the Trinity; of the infallibility of the Church or the Holy Scriptures they have left standing not a stone: but they have overleaped themselves in the case of Goethe. They have made a seer, nay, a divinity, of him. His works have become, beyond the Rhine, the Bible of cultivated men: a Bible in twenty volumes, but a true Bible, treated with the superstitious care that befits the study of an inspired text. If we do not put all the writings of this author on the same plane, if we admit preferences, we thereby relinquish the idea that all are divine, that none of them may be rejected or deprecated, that we need penetrate only a little further to find depths in what looked flat, hidden meanings in what seemed commonplace or tedious.

Instead of Goethe read Molière, and you will realize that France is not far from falling into the same habit as Germany. Among us, admiration for Molière is tending to that state of orthodoxy outside of which there is no salvation. We read little nowadays; we read badly, inattentively, without reflecting, without analyzing, without tasting.



SCHILLER.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

(1759–1805)

BY E. P. EVANS

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born November 10th, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg situated near the junction of the Murr and the Neckar. He was the second child and only son of Johann Caspar Schiller, a worthy man of humble origin, but of sterling character and superior abilities; who began his career as barber and cupper, was advanced to surgeon in a Bavarian regiment of hussars, received the rank of captain and finally of major, and died as landscape gardener in the service of the Duke of Würtemberg. Schiller's mother, Elizabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, the daughter of an innkeeper in Marbach, was a woman of warm affections, as well as a person of uncommon intelligence and fine taste, with a special fondness for poetry, in which she showed a discrimination rare in people of her class. Both parents were sincerely and even fervently pious, and wished that their son should study theology; and this desire corresponded to his own early inclinations. He afterwards abandoned divinity for jurisprudence, and then exchanged law for medicine, before finding his true vocation in literature.

The dull military drill and preceptorial pedantry of the school founded by Duke Karl, and entered by Schiller at the age of fourteen, were extremely irksome to him, and tended to repress and stunt rather than to cherish and develop the natural propensities and powers of his mind. His love of letters, and especially his passion for poetry, could be gratified only by stealth, or by the feint of a headache or a sore throat, which enabled him to evade for a few hours the stern eye of the pedagogical task-master and to devote himself to his favorite pursuits in his own room. But notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, his genius kept its native bent with laudable firmness, and he succeeded in cultivating the best literature of his day,—Klopstock's 'Messias,' Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen' and 'Werther,' Miller's 'Siegwart,' Müller's 'Faust,' Gerstenberg's 'Ugolino,' Leisewitz's 'Julius von Tarent,' Lessing's dramas, Klinger's tragedies, and other products of the «storm and stress» period; and Shakespeare, through the somewhat imperfect medium of Wieland's translation. To his over-intense and effusive

sentimentalism the ruggedly healthy English poet seemed cold and cynical, and the introduction of clowns and fools with their jests in the most pathetic scenes of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' jarred upon his sensibilities; but as he afterwards confesses, this indignation had its source in his own limited knowledge of human nature.

He left the Ducal Academy December 14th, 1780, as a doctor of medicine, and even practiced this profession for a time as assistant surgeon in a grenadier regiment at a salary of eighteen florins ($7.50) a month. Meanwhile, when he was scarcely eighteen years of age, he had written 'The Robbers'; the existence of which he prudently kept secret until after his graduation, and then, not being able to find a publisher, printed it at his own expense, and even borrowed the money for this purpose. This play, in which not only his hatred of the galling personal restraints and daily vexations he had suffered, but also the restless and impetuous spirit of the storm and stress movement, found vigorous expression, excited great enthusiasm in Germany, and was soon translated into the principal languages of Europe. It also made a strong but by no means favorable impression on the mind of the Duke of Würtemberg, who punished the author with a fortnight's arrest for going clandestinely to Mannheim to see it performed in January 1782, and forbade him "henceforth and forever to compose comedies or anything of the sort." Having before his eyes the fate of the poet Schubart, whom for a less heinous offense the same paternal sovereign had confined for ten years in the fortress of Hohenasperg, he took advantage of some public festivity on September 17th, 1782, to slip out of the gates of Stuttgart and flee to Mannheim, beyond the reach of Würtemberg bailiffs.

'The Robbers' is a work of unquestionable but undisciplined genius; a generous wine in the first stages of fermentation. The characters are the mental creations of an ardent and enthusiastic youth, taking shape and color in a great measure from the dramatic literature on which his imagination had fed. As Schiller himself confessed, it was an attempt to portray men by one who had not the slightest knowledge of mankind. Its power and popularity, in spite of all defects, and the firm hold it still has of each rising generation, are due to the sincere spirit of revolt against social, political, and intellectual tyranny that permeates it, and is the sole source of its verity and vitality.

Not feeling himself safe from ducal catchpolls at Mannheim, Schiller went to Bauerbach near Meiningen, where he was hospitably received by Frau von Wolzogen, the mother of one of his schoolfellows; and remained for several months under the name of Dr. Ritter. In this friendly retreat and place of refuge he finished 'The Conspiracy of Fiesco,' brought in a rough draught from Stuttgart;

and wrote 'Cabal and Love,' or 'Luise Miller' as it was originally called. The first of these plays marks a decided advance in artistic execution: the situations are more probable and the characters truer to life; indeed, the ambitions, intrigues, loves, hatreds, pomp and pageantry of the Genoese nobility in the sixteenth century are vividly and vigorously delineated, although a certain crudeness in laying on the glowing colors, and a conspicuous lack of delicacy in blending them, still betray the hand of the novice. 'Cabal and Love' is a bold exposure of the selfish greed, corruption, and cruelty of contemporary court life in Germany; and puts the Hessian landgrave (who sold his subjects to England as soldiers to fight against American independence, to get money to squander on his mistresses) in the pillory forever. The plan of this tragedy formed itself in his mind while undergoing the fourteen days' arrest already referred to, and this circumstance doubtless added to the impressiveness of his protest against the oppression of the middle and lower classes by arbitrary power; the enthusiastic applause with which it was received, proved that it dared to utter the thoughts and feelings timorously concealed in the bosom of every citizen.

During his stay at Bauerbach he began a new drama, 'Don Carlos,' based chiefly on a historical novel with the same title published by the Abbé de Saint-Réal at Paris in 1672. This partially finished piece he took with him to Mannheim, whither he went as poet to the theatre in July 1783; but he did not complete and print it until 1786, when he was living with Körner at Loschwitz near Dresden. This is his first drama in blank verse, and it is in every respect maturer than the earlier ones, which are all in prose; it follows them also in its tendency as a fit and logical sequence. In the three former plays he inveighs vehemently against existing evils; in 'Don Carlos' he sets forth his own ideas of humanity and liberty, in the utterances of the Infante and especially of Marquis Posa. Schiller's intention was to make the prince the hero of the piece, and he did so in the first three acts: but as the composition was delayed, the marquis gradually usurped this place in the poet's imagination, and finally overshadowed Carlos altogether; and although this change may mar the artistic unity of the plot, it adds immensely to the energy of the action in the last two acts and to the impressiveness of the whole.

The poet now turned his attention to historical and philosophical studies, as the best means of correcting the defects — arising from inadequate acquaintance with human nature and human affairs, and from imperfect knowledge of æsthetic principles — that had hitherto characterized his dramatic productions. In 1787 he went to Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of Herder and Wieland. In 1788 he published 'The History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands,'

and in the following year was appointed to a professorship in the philosophical faculty of Jena. From 1790 to 1793 appeared his 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' in three volumes. These works, while showing careful and conscientious research, are most remarkable for the vivid descriptions of events and lifelike delineations of individual characters, congenial to the pre-eminently plastic taste and talent of the dramatist. In the province of æsthetics he wrote a series of thoughtful and readable dissertations bearing throughout the visible stamp of Kantean criticism and speculation: 'On Tragic Art,' 'On Grace and Dignity,' 'On the Sublime,' 'Letters on Man's Æsthetic Education,' and finally a less abstract and more distinctively literary essay 'On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' Meanwhile he did not cease his devotion to the Muses; although exchanging for a time the service of the buskined Melpomene for that of Euterpe the delightful goddess of the softly breathing flute, and Erato with the lyre. Besides some occasional poems and amatory odes to Laura, evidently suggested by Petrarch's canzoni, he wrote at this time the exalted and exultant hymn 'To Joy,' subsequently set to music in Beethoven's ninth symphony. This was followed by numerous lyrics and ballads, the most noteworthy of which are 'The Gods of Greece,' 'The Artists,' 'The Knight Toggenburg,' 'The Sharing of the Earth,' 'The Visit' (dithyramb), 'The Power of Song,' 'Worth of Women,' 'German Art,' 'The Fight with the Dragon,' 'The Glove,' 'The Maiden from Afar,' 'Resignation,' and 'The Song of the Bell.' As a purely lyrical poet Schiller is decidedly inferior to Goethe; and the best of his minor poems are those in which the qualities of the historian, the philosopher, and the poet are combined, and epic narration and didactic meditation are blended and fused with lyrical emotion, as in 'The Song of the Bell.'

It is the historical drama for which Schiller showed a strong predilection and peculiar talent, and in which he stands pre-eminent. While engaged in his 'History of the Thirty Years' War' he was irresistibly attracted by the imposing form of Wallenstein, and resolved to make him the hero of a drama; which was originally conceived as a single piece in five acts, but was gradually expanded into three parts: 'Wallenstein's Camp' (one act), 'The Piccolomini' (five acts), and 'Wallenstein's Death' (five acts). In the following year (1800) appeared 'Maria Stuart'; then 'The Maid of Orleans' (1801), 'The Bride of Messina' (1803), and 'William Tell' (1804),—of which the last mentioned surpasses all the others in dramatic continuity and creative power: the individuals are admirably portrayed, and the idyllic life and occupations of the honest, fearless, freedom-loving Swiss peasants brought out with wonderful fidelity, in contrast to the blind brutality of their Austrian oppressors. Indeed, the very

fact (which some critics have regarded as a defect) that there is no outward connection between the deed of Tell and the oath of the men of Rütli, so far from disturbing the unity of the plot, renders it more effective; since they both work together, like unconscious forces of nature, for the attainment of the same noble end. The first part of 'Wallenstein' is a masterpiece of its kind; in the second part the action drags somewhat, but in the third moves on with the force and irresistibility of fate, in a tumult of conflicting aims and interests, and with touches of tender pathos, as in the relations of Max to Thekla, to its tragical conclusion. 'Maria Stuart' violates to some extent the truth of history, by making the conflict chiefly a matter of personal animosity instead of an antagonism of political principles and religious systems; but is distinguished for depth of psychological insight in the delineation of the characters of the rival queens and the principal statesmen and courtiers,—Burleigh, Talbot, Leicester, Mortimer, and Shrewsbury. In 'The Maid of Orleans' the heroine is the pure-souled and patriotic representative of her people, and the Divinely chosen defender of her country; and the contest is between nations. She is here no longer the devil's satellite and sorceress of her English foes and of Shakespeare, and her memory is cleansed of the filth with which Voltaire defiled it. In this "romantic tragedy," as Schiller called it, he images forth with wonderful accuracy the romantic spirit of the age, which rendered such apparitions and supernatural agencies credible. Touchingly human and true is the scene with Lionel, in which the invincible and inexorable virgin is suddenly transformed into a tender-hearted and weak-handed woman through the power of earthly love. The fable of 'The Bride of Messina,' the fatal enmity of two brothers, rivals in love, was the theme of Greek tragedy, and forms the plots of Klinger's 'The Twins' and Leisewitz's 'Julius of Tarentum.' The dialogue is interspersed with choral odes, suitable to the action and summing up the supposed reflections of the spectators; and the traditional idea of fate pervades the whole, although Schiller gives larger scope to free-will, and makes the individual in reality the author of his own destiny through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect. The poet comprises it all in the concluding verse: "Life is not the chief good, and the greatest of evils is guilt." Schiller's dramatic style is the grand style, and rather ornate and oratorical. He is truly eloquent, and in the glittering coils of his rhetoric there is no pinchbeck; but his speeches are often too long, and in the mouths of second-rate actors are apt to degenerate into rant. It would be unjust, however, to hold the poet responsible for the deficiencies of the player.

While holding his professorship at Jena, Schiller married, on February 22d, 1790, Charlotte von Lengefeld; by whom he had two sons (Carl and Ernst) and two daughters (Caroline and Emilie), and who

died at Bonn July 9th, 1826, thus surviving her husband more than twenty-one years. In 1799 he settled permanently in Weimar; in 1802 he was raised to the nobility,—a distinction for which he cared little himself, but which he thought might be of some advantage to his children. Personally he prized far more highly the honorary citizenship of the French Republic, which had been conferred upon him by the National Convention in 1793. In 1797 he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm. In 1791 he had a severe attack of catarrhal fever, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. Fortunately his pecuniary anxieties were partially relieved by the Danish poet Jens Baggesen, who induced the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, and the Danish minister Count von Schimmelmann, to grant him a pension of a thousand speciesdaler (equivalent to about $1000), with the injunction to take care of his health and not overwork. In the spring of 1804 he went to Berlin to a representation of 'William Tell,' but the exertion caused a recurrence of his old malady. He grew better, however; translated Racine's 'Phèdre' in twenty-six days, and completed two acts of a new play, 'The False Demetrius,'—when a return of catarrhal fever ended his days on May 9th, 1805.

During the last ten years of his life, Schiller's relations to Goethe were those of cordial friendship and literary co-operation; one of the most important results of which was the joint production of a series of satirical epigrams called 'Xenien,' and published in the Musenalmanach in 1797. The more philosophic and less personal, or what Schiller called the "harmless" ones, were also collected and printed under the title of 'Tabulæ Votivæ' (Votive Tablets). 'Xenia' (*ξείνια*, gifts to guests) is the title of the thirteenth book of the epigrams of the Roman poet Martial, from whom the term was borrowed by Goethe, who first mentioned it in a letter to Schiller dated December 23d, 1795; Schiller immediately replied that the idea "is splendid, and must be carried out." The epigrams contain many happy hits at the isms and ologies of the day, as well as at individual foibles. They were evidently thrown off hastily, and are not always perfect in form; but they are full of pointed wit and pungency, and made an immense sensation. Some writers by whom they were fiercely resented, ought to have been gratified and grateful, since the allusions to them in these distichs have alone saved their names from oblivion.

In the ordinary relations of life Schiller was a simple-hearted, noble-minded, and clear-sighted man, all alive with enthusiasm and full of delicate sensibility, but free from every sort of affectation. He was endowed with an intellect of high order, which he spared no pains to cultivate by assiduous and systematic study. The versatility of his genius was remarkable; and he might have excelled as a philosopher or historian, had it not been for the predominance of his

poetic gifts, to which he made all acquisitions of learning subordinate and contributory. Perhaps the least conspicuous of his mental powers was humor; but the scenes in 'Wallenstein's Camp,' 'The Famous Wife, an Epistle from One Husband to Another,' and some of his epigrams and parables, show that he was by no means destitute of this rare faculty. Remembering that he died before he was forty-six, and suffered severely from sickness during the last decade of his life, one cannot but wonder at the extent and brilliancy of his achievements as a poet and scholar.

E. P. Evans

TO LAURA

(RAPTURE)

LAURA, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams,—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

Bulwer's Translation.

THE KNIGHT TOGGENBURG

"KNIGHT, a sister's quiet love
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly—not a word he said—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band—
To the Savior's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair,—
On to that belovèd land
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.
There when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice till
Clinked the lattice bar.
Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping — till
Clinks the lattice bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.
So upon that lonely spot
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not,
Towards the casement cast.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH

"TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given:
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire:
The harvest the husbandman seizes;
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the squire.

The merchant his warehouse is locking;
The abbot is choosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfare blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet,—he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me! is there nothing remaining
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of thy dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God, "Canst thou murmur at *me?*
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"*I was,*" said the poet, "by thee!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,
Mine ear by thy music of bliss:
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

Bulwer's Translation.

THE BEST STATE

How the best state to know? It is found out:
Like the best woman — that least talked about.

Bulwer's Translation.

GERMAN ART

By no kind Augustus reared,
To no Medici endeared,
German Art arose:
Fostering glory smiled not on her;
Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
Did her blooms unclose.

No,— she went by monarchs slighted,
Went unhonored, unrequited,
From high Frederick's throne;
Praise and pride be all the greater,
That man's genius did create her
From man's worth alone.

Therefore, all from loftier mountains,
Purer wells and richer fountains,
Streams our poet-art:
So no rule to curb its rushing;
All the fuller flows it gushing
From its deep,— the heart.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The maiden sits lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.

Thou Holy One, call now thy child from below;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived and have loved."—

"In vain, oh how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear:
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's sorrows and tears.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR

WITHIN a vale each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place;
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there:
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
The products of a brighter sun,
Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared,—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some:

Alike the young, the aged, fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear;
And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
She saw two loving hearts draw near.

Bulwer's Translation.

PUNCH SONG

FOUR elements joined in
An emulous strife
Fashion the world and
Constitute life.

From the sharp citron
The starry juice pour:
Acid to life is
The innermost core.

Now let the sugar
The bitter one meet:
Still be life's bitter
Tamed down to the sweet.

Let the bright water
Flow into the bowl:
Water, the calm one,
Embraces the whole.

Drops from the spirit
Pour quickening within:
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Haste while it gloweth,
Your vessel to bring:
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring.

Bulwer's Translation.

WORTH OF WOMEN

HONOR to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir,—
In the veil of her Graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to Feeling,
And keeps ever living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman, with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck that wild truant again
By the spell of her presence beguiled;
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife,—
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life:
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing,
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses,
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong and proud and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone:
Heart with heart divinely blending
In the love that Gods have known,

Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears,—he never knows;
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor,
Might to right the Statute gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
Where the Mede reigned, see the Slave!
Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the War lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth;
Of the mild realm of manners the sceptre she swayeth;
She lulls, as she looks from above,
The Discord whose hell for its victims is gaping,
And blending awhile the forever-escaping,
Whispers Hate to the Image of Love.

Bulwer's Translation.

RIDDLES

I

THE RAINBOW

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!

Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas;
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near—it flees!

First with the floods it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the artist's plastic hand?

Bulwer's Translation.

II

THE MOON AND STARS

O'ER a spacious pasture go
Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
As to-day we see them, so
In the oldest grandsire's sight.

They drink, never waxing old,
Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a shepherd to their fold,
With a silver-hornèd crook.

From a gate of gold let out,
Night by night he counts them over;
Wide the field they rove about,
Never hath he lost a rover.

True the *Dog* that helps to lead them,
One gay *Ram* in front we see:
What the flock, and who doth heed them,
Sheep and shepherd,—tell to me?

Bulwer's Translation.

THE POWER OF SONG

A RAIN-FLOOD from the mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirled away!
Awed—yet in awe all wildly gladdening—
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters maddening,
Nor wits the source from whence they go:
So, from their high, mysterious founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the waves of song!

Knit with the threads of life forever,
By those dread powers that weave the woof,—
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the bard a wand of wonder
The herald of the gods has given;
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven,—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As when in hours the least unclouded,
Portentous, strides upon the scene
Some fate before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of men,—
Before that stranger from *another*,
Behold how *this* world's great ones bow;
Mean joys their idle clamor smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow:
And from truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurled
Fly all the craven falsehoods of the world!

So Song—like Fate itself—is given
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To lift the earthly up to heaven,
To wake the spirit from the clay!
One with the gods the bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly;
Hushed are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharming by:
And while the soother's magic measures flow,
Smoothed every wrinkle on the brows of woe!

Even as a child, that after pining
For the sweet absent mother, hears
Her voice, and round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all its soul in tears:
So by harsh custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged
The swift song wafts the wanderer back,—
Snatched from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the great mother to her glowing breast!

Bulwer's Translation.

HYMN TO JOY

SPARK from the fire that gods have fed —
Joy — thou elysian child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other,
Thy magic all together brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus — Embrace, ye millions — let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp,—
Of one true friend the friend to be,
He who one faithful maid can clasp,—
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus — Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
Up to yon star pavilions — she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link: to *us* the treasure
Of Wine and Love; beneath the sod,
The worm has instincts fraught with pleasure;
In heaven the Cherub looks on God!

Chorus — Why bow ye down — why down — ye millions?
O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
Look upward — search the star pavilions:
There must his mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons — suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,—
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus — Joyous as suns careering gay
Along their paths on high,
March, brothers, march your dauntless way,
As chiefs to victory!

Joy from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to virtue man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.
High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Lo, 'mid the choral Angels — Joy!

Chorus — Bear this life, millions, bravely bear —
Bear this life for the better one!
See the stars! a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Men like the Gods themselves may be,
Though men may not the Gods requite;
Go soothe the pangs of Misery,
Go share the gladness with delight.
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
Have naught but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus — Let all the world be peace and love,
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl:
Behold the juice whose golden color
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a hero's valor.

Up, brothers! Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright fount spring heavenward! Up!
To the Good Spirit this glass! *To him!*

Chorus—Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of stars, and tuneful Seraphim,—
To the Good Spirit, the Father-King
In heaven! This glass to him!

Firm mind to bear what fate bestows;
Comfort to tears in sinless eyes;
Faith kept alike with friends and foes;
Man's oath eternal as the skies;
Manhood,—the thrones of Kings to girth,
Though bought by life or limb the prize;
Success to merit's honest worth;
Perdition to the brood of lies!

Chorus—Draw closer in the holy ring;
Swear by the wine-cup's golden river,
Swear by the stars, and by their King,
To keep this vow forever.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE GODS OF GREECE

YE IN the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!
And guided still the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

Then, through a veil of dreams
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
Gave to the soulless, soul—where'er they flowed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless — fixed afar —
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
Phœbus Apollo in his golden car
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
On yonder hill the Oread was adored;
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;
And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed;
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell;
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —
Shed for Proserpina to Hades borne;
And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
Heard Cytherea mourn!

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
The mortal race of old Deucalion:
Pyrrha's fair daughter humanly to woo,
Came down, in shepherd's guise, Latona's son;
Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then,
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine,
Blest Amathusia, — heroes, gods, and men,
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,
Stern self-denial or sharp penance wan!
Well might each heart be happy in that day,
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!
The beautiful alone the holy there!
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;
So that the chaste Camenæ favoring were,
And the subduing Grace!

A palace every shrine;
Your very sports heroic; — yours the crown
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,
As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer;
Bounded the satyr and blithe faun before;
And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
Hymned in their madding dance the glorious wine,
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death
No ghastly spectre stood; but from the porch
Of life — the lip — one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.
The judgment balance of the realms below,
A judge himself of mortal lineage held;
The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the meads the charioteer;
There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; won
Orestes hath his faithful friend again,
His arrows Pœas's son.

More glorious then the meeds
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renownèd deeds,
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave.
Before the rescued rescuer of the dead,
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;
And the twin stars their guiding lustre shed
On the bark tempest-tost!

Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin bloom on nature's face; —
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth, of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

Cold from the north has gone
Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
And to enrich the worship of the One,
A universe of gods must pass away!
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
And — Echo answers me!

Deaf to the joys she gives,
Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed,
Unconscious of the spiritual power that lives
Around and rules her, by our bliss unblessed,
Dull to the art that colors or creates, —
Like the dead timepiece, godless nature creeps
Her plodding round, and by the leaden weights
The slavish motion keeps.

To-morrow to receive
New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
And icy moons with weary sameness weave
From their own light their fullness and decay.
Home to the poets' land the gods are flown;
Light use in *them* that later world discerns,
Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,
On its own axle turns.

Home! and with them are gone
The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
Life's beauty and life's melody; — alone
Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless word:
Yet rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish:
Ah, that which gains immortal life in song,
To mortal life must perish!

Bulwer's Translation.

THE ARTISTS

[Only the concluding lines of this long and beautiful poem are given, in which Schiller embodies his conceptions of the mission of art (in its broadest sense, including poetry and all creations of the imagination), and of its relations to philosophy and science.]

If on the course of Thought, now barrier-free,
Sweeps the glad search of bold Philosophy;
And with self-pæans and a vain renown
Would claim the praise and arrogate the crown,
Holding but as a soldier in her band
The nobler Art that did in truth command;
And grants, beneath her visionary throne,
To Art, her queen, the slave's first rank alone,—
Pardon the vaunt! For *you* Perfection all
Her star-gems weaves in one bright coronal!
With you, the first blooms of the spring, began
Awakening Nature in the soul of man!
With you fulfilled, when Nature seeks repose,
Autumn's exulting harvests ripely close.

If Art rose plastic from the stone and clay,
To mind from matter ever sweeps its sway;
Silent, but conquering in its silence, lo,
How o'er the spiritual world its triumphs go!
What in the land of knowledge, wide and far,
Keen science teaches, for *you* discovered are:
First in your arms the wise their wisdom learn,—
They dig the mine you teach them to discern;
And when that wisdom ripens to the flower
And crowning time of Beauty,—to the power
From whence it rose new stores it must impart,
The toils of science swell the wealth of art.
When to one height the sage ascends with you,
And spreads the vale of matter round his view
In the mild twilight of serene repose,—
The more the artist charms, the more the thinker knows.
The more the shapes in intellectual joy
Linked by the genii which your spells employ,
The more the thought with the emotion blends,—
The more upbuoyed by both the soul ascends
To loftier harmonies and heavenlier things,
And tracks the stream of beauty to its springs.

The lovely members of the mighty whole,
Till then confused and shapeless to his soul,
Distinct and glorious grow upon his sight;
The fair enigmas brighten from the night;
More rich the universe his thoughts inclose,
More wide the ocean with whose wave he flows;
The wrath of fate grows feebler to his fears,
As from God's scheme Chance wanes and disappears;
And as each straining impulse soars above,
How his pride lessens, how augments his love!
So, scattering blooms, the still guide Poetry
Leads him through paths, though hid, that mount on high,
Through forms and tones more pure and more sublime,—
Alp upon Alp of beauty,—till the time
When what we long as poetry have nurst,
Shall as God's own swift inspiration burst,
And flash in glory, on that youngest day,—
One with the truth to which it wings the way! . . .
O sons of Art! into your hands consigned,
O heed the trust, O heed it and revere!—
The liberal dignity of human-kind!
With you to sink, with you to reappear.
The hallowed melody of Magian song
Does to creation as a link belong,
Blending its music with God's harmony,
As rivers melt into the mighty sea.

Truth, when the age she would reform expels,
Flies for safe refuge to the Muses' cells.
More fearful for the veil of charms she takes,
From song the fullness of her splendor breaks;
And o'er the foe that persecutes and quails
Her vengeance thunders, as the bard prevails.
Rise, ye free sons of the free Mother, rise:
Still on the light of Beauty sun your eyes;
Still to the heights that shine afar aspire,
Nor meaner meads than those she gives, desire.
If here the sister Art forsake awhile,
Elude the clasp, and vanish from the toil:
Go seek and find her at the mother's heart;
Go search for Nature—and arrive at Art!
Ever the Perfect dwells in whatsoe'er
Fair souls conceive and recognize as fair!
Borne on your daring pinions, soar sublime
Above the shoal and eddy of the time.

Far-glimmering on your wizard mirror, see
The silent shadow of the age to be.
Through all life's thousandfold entangled maze,
One godlike bourne your gifted sight surveys;
Through countless means one solemn end foreshown,
The labyrinth closes at a single Throne.
As in seven tints of variegated light
Breaks the lone shimmer of the lucid white,
As the seven tints that paint the Iris bow
Into the lucid white dissolving flow,—
So truth in many-colored splendor plays:
Now on the eye enchanted with the rays;
Now in one lustre gathers every beam,
And floods the world with light — a single stream!

Bulwer's Translation.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE SONG OF THE BELL'

See the mold of clay, well heated,
In the earth walled firmly, stand.
Be the bell to-day created!
Come, my comrades, be at hand!
From the glowing brow
Sweat must freely flow,
So the work the master showeth;
Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work we earnestly are doing
Befitteth well an earnest word;
Then toil goes on, more briskly flowing,
When good discourse is also heard.
So let us then with care now ponder
What through weak strength originates:
To him no reverence can we render,
Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 'tis his to understand,—
That in his inner heart he traceth
What he produces with his hand. . . .

See how brown the pipes are getting!
This little rod I dip it in;
If it show a glazèd coating,
Then the casting may begin.

Now my lads, enough!
Prove me now the stuff,
The brittle with the tough combining,
See if they be rightly joining.

For when the strong and mild are pairing,
The manly with the tender sharing,
Then is the concord good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
If heart with heart be in communion!
For fancy's brief, repentance long. . . .

Be the casting now beginning;
Finely jaggèd is the grain.
But before we set it running,
Let us breathe a pious strain.
Let the metal go!
God protect us now!
Through the bending handle hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Benignant is the might of flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame;
In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this heaven's force he takes:
But fearful is this heaven's force
When all unfettered in its course;

It steps forth on its own fierce way,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free.
Woe! when once emancipated,
With naught her power to withstand,
Through the streets thick populated,
Waves she high her monstrous brand!
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand. . . .
From the tower,
Heavy and slow,
Tolls the funeral
Note of woe,
Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
Some new wanderer on the last way wending.

Ah! the wife it is, the dear one,
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is tearing
From the husband's arms endearing,

From the group of children, far,
Whom she, blooming, to him bare,
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw with joy maternal rest;
Ah! the household ties so tender
Broken are for evermore,
For the shadow-land now holds her,
Who the household rulèd o'er!
For her faithful guidance ceases;
No more keepeth watch her care;
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there. . . .

Woe! if, heaped up, the fire-tinder
Should the still heart of cities fill,
Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work then their own will!
Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth riot;
The bell gives forth a wailing sound,—
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.
"Equality and Freedom" howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men;
Then women, to hyenas changing,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And with the thirst of panthers ranging,
The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
Naught sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious awe;
The good man's place the bad are taking,
And vice acknowledges no law.
'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
Deadly to cross the tiger's path,
But the most terrible of terrors
Is man himself in his wild wrath.
Alas! when to the ever blinded
The heavenly torch of light is lent!
It guides him not,—it can but kindle
Whole States in flames and ruin blent.

Translation of William H. Furness.

THE EPIC HEXAMETER

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

Coleridge's Translation.

THE DISTICH

IN THE hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Coleridge's Translation.

MY CREED

WHAT'S the religion I confess? Well, none of all those
Which you mention. Why none? From sense of religion.

Translation Anonymous.

KANT AND HIS INTERPRETERS

HOW one man of wealth gives a living to whole hosts of beggars!
If kings only build, the carters have plenty to do.

Translation Anonymous.

FROM 'WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH'

MAX PICCOLOMINI [*advancing to Wallenstein*]—
My general!
Wallenstein— That I am no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max— Then thou wilt leave the army, general?
Wallenstein—I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max— And thou wilt leave the army?
Wallenstein— Rather I hope
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.
[*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right,—yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
This is now present. Do not look behind thee!
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! Judge not! Prepare thyself to act!
The Court — it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes — right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.
[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.*
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises and retires to the back of the stage. Max remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.*]

Max — My general, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person;
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wallenstein — Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day:
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other, duties strive with duties:
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max — War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence;
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will, as *that* is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?

O God of heaven! What a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fixed star of the Pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
Oh, what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency —
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me:
It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds; although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wallenstein — Max, hear me.

Max — Oh! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste; it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee — and innocence.
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wallenstein — The world will judge me sternly: I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use
Or suffer violence, — so stands the case;
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max — So be it then! Maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel.
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But do not be a *traitor* — yes! the word
Is spoken out — be not a traitor.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature; that is wholly different;
Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell! . . .

Oh, turn back to thy duty. That thou canst
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, duke, with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wallenstein — It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

Max — Were it too late, and were it gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then — fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it — do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others:
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wallenstein — It is too late. Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[*Max stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*]

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou* — no — thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

Coleridge's Translation.

THE ICONOCLASTS

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1556

THE commencement of the attack on images took place in West Flanders and Artois, in the district between Lys and the sea. A frantic band of artisans, boatmen, and peasants, mixed with public prostitutes, beggars, and thievish vagabonds, about three hundred in number, provided with clubs, axes, hammers, ladders, and cords, only few among them furnished with firearms and daggers, cast themselves, inspired with fanatical fury, into the villages and hamlets near St. Omer; burst the gates of such churches and cloisters as they find locked, overthrow the altars, dash to pieces the images of the saints and trample them under foot. Still more inflamed by this execrable deed, and reinforced by fresh accessions, they press forward straightway to Ypres, where they can count on a strong following of Calvinists. Unopposed they break into the cathedral; the walls are mounted with ladders, the pictures are beaten into fragments with hammers, the pulpits and pews hewn to pieces with axes, the altars stripped of their ornaments, and the sacred vessels stolen. This example is immediately followed in Menin, Comines, Verrich, Lille, and Oudenarde; the same fury in a few days seizes the whole of Flanders. At the very time when the first tidings of these events arrived, Antwerp was swarming with a crowd of homeless people, which the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin had brought together in that city. The presence of the Prince of Orange can scarcely keep within bounds the licentious band, who burn to imitate their brothers in St. Omer; but an order of the court which summons him in haste to Brussels, where the regentess is just convening her council of State in order to lay before them the royal letters, obliges him to abandon Antwerp to the wantonness of this band. His departure is the signal for tumult. From fear of the lawless violence of the mob, which manifested itself in derisive allusions in the very first days of the festival, the image of the Virgin, after having been carried about for a short time, was brought for safety to the choir, without being set up as formerly in the middle of the church. This incited some impudent boys of the common people to pay it a visit there, and scoffingly to inquire why it had recently absented itself in such haste? Others mounted the pulpit, where they mimicked the preacher and challenged the papists to contest.

A Catholic boatman, who was indignant at this jest, wished to pull them down from thence; and it came to blows in the preacher's seat. Similar scenes occurred the following evening. The numbers increased, and many came provided with suspicious implements and secret weapons. Finally it occurred to one of them to cry "Long live the Geuses!" Immediately the whole rabble took up the cry, and the Virgin was called upon to do the same. The few Catholics who were there, and who had given up the hope of effecting anything against these desperadoes, left the church after they had locked all the doors except one. As soon as they found themselves alone, it was proposed to sing one of the psalms according to the new melody, which was forbidden by the government. While they were yet singing, they all cast themselves with fury upon the image of the Virgin, piercing it through with swords and daggers, and striking off its head; prostitutes and thieves snatched the great wax-lights from the altars and lighted them to the work. The beautiful organ of the church — a masterpiece of the art of that period — was broken in fragments; the paintings were defaced and the statues dashed to pieces. A crucified Christ of life size, which was set up between the two thieves opposite the high altar, — an old and highly prized work, — was pulled to the ground with cords and cut to pieces with axes, while the two murderers at its side were respectfully spared. The holy wafers were strewed on the ground and trampled under foot; in the wine for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which was accidentally found there, the health of the Geuses was drunk; with the holy oil they greased their shoes. Graves even were rummaged, and the half-decayed corpses taken out and trampled under foot. All this was done with as wonderful regularity as if the parts had been assigned to each one beforehand; every one worked into his neighbor's hands. Dangerous as this business was, no one met with any injury, notwithstanding the dense darkness, notwithstanding the heavy objects which fell around and near them, while many were scuffling on the highest steps of the ladders. Notwithstanding the many tapers which lighted them in their villainous doings, not a single individual was recognized. With incredible rapidity the deed was accomplished; in a few hours a hundred men, at most, despoiled a temple of seventy altars, and next to St. Peter's in Rome perhaps the largest and most magnificent in Christendom.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF ORANGE WITH EGMONT

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1567

THE warning of Orange came from a sad and dispirited heart; and for Egmont the world still smiled. To quit the lap of abundance, of affluence and splendor, in which he had grown up to youth and manhood, to part from all the thousand comforts of life which alone made it of value to him, and all this in order to escape an evil which his buoyant courage regarded as still far off,—no, that was not a sacrifice which could be asked from Egmont. But even had he been less self-indulgent than he was, with what heart could he have made a princess pampered by long prosperity—a loving wife and children, on whom his soul hung—acquainted with privations at which his own courage sank, which a sublime philosophy alone can exact from sensuality? "Thou wilt never persuade me, Orange," said Egmont, "to see things in this gloomy light in which they appear to thy mournful prudence. When I have succeeded in abolishing the public preachings, in chastising the iconoclasts, in crushing the rebels and restoring their former quiet to the provinces, what can the King have against me? The King is kind and just, and I have earned claims upon his gratitude; and I must not forget what I owe to myself." "Well then," exclaimed Orange with indignation and inner anguish, "risk the trust in this royal gratitude! But a mournful presentiment tells me—and may Heaven grant that I may be deceived!—thou wilt be the bridge, Egmont, over which the Spaniards will pass into the country, and which they will destroy when they have passed over it." He drew him, after he had said this, with ardor to himself, and clasped him fervently and firmly in his arms. Long, as though for the rest of his life, he kept his eyes fixed upon him and shed tears. . . . They never saw each other again.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

ON THE ÆSTHETIC EDUCATION OF MAN

Extract from Letter No. 9

THE artist, it is true, is the son of his age; but woe be to him if he is also its pupil, or even its favorite. Let a beneficent divinity snatch him betimes as a suckling from his mother's breast, nurse him with the milk of a better time, and

let him ripen to manhood beneath a distant Grecian sky. Then when he has attained his full growth, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not however to delight it by his presence, but terrible, like Agamemnon's son, to purify it. The subject-matter he will of course take from the present; but the form he will derive from a nobler time, or rather from beyond all time,—from the absolute, unchangeable unity of his own being. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual nature, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the corruption of generations and ages, which welter in turbid whirlpools far beneath it. The matter caprice can dishonor, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his emperors when the statues were still standing erect; the temples remained holy to the eye when the gods had long served as a laughing-stock, and the infamies of a Nero and a Commodus were put to shame by the noble style of the edifice which gave them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but art has saved it and preserved it in significant stones; truth lives on in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored. As noble art survived noble nature, so too it goes before it in the inspiration that awakens and creates it. Before truth sends its conquering light into the depths of the heart, the poetic imagination catches its rays, and the summits of humanity begin to glow, while the damp night is still lying in the valleys.

But how is the artist to guard himself against the corruptions of his time, which encircle him on every side? By contempt for its judgments. Let him look upward to his dignity and the law of his nature, and not downward to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that would fain make its impress on the fleeting moment, and from the impatient spirit of enthusiasm that measures the meagre product of the time by the standard of absolute perfection, let him leave to common-sense, which is here at home, the sphere of the actual; but let him strive from the union of the possible with the necessary to bring forth the ideal. Let him imprint this in fiction and truth; let him imprint it in the play of his imagination and in the earnestness of his deeds; imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into endless time.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL

(1772–1829)

THE older Romantic school of Germany, which had its origin in the movement inaugurated by Herder and Goethe, found in Friedrich von Schlegel its first philosophical expounder. It is in this sense that historians refer to him as the founder of the new school. In the pages of the Athenæum, which from 1798 to 1800 was the official organ of the Romanticists, Schlegel published his 'Fragments.' In these he sought to establish upon philosophic foundations a critical theory of romantic poetry.

F. VON SCHLEGEL

In the later development of his critical genius he was obliged to retract much that he had promulgated in the 'Fragments'; but these writings formed a rallying-point for the young enthusiasts whose works ushered in the nineteenth century. Lacking creative power himself, Schlegel nevertheless exerted a fine and broadening influence upon his time. With comprehensive knowledge, philosophical insight, and deep intuitional judgment, he was able to put forth a body of literary criticism which has been aptly called «productive.» His broad synthesis, based upon careful analysis, has given to his work a permanent inspirational value.

Friedrich von Schlegel was born in Hanover on March 10th, 1772. He came of a family of poets and distinguished men. His father, Johann Elias Schlegel, was the author of several tragedies in Alexandrines; and although he belonged to the periwig-pated age of Gottsched, he had called public attention to the beauties of Shakespeare. It was his son Wilhelm, the famous critic and poet, that furnished the classic and incomparable German versions of seventeen Shakespearean plays. Friedrich's two uncles, Johann Adolf and Johann Heinrich Schlegel, were, the former a well-known poet and pulpit orator, the latter royal historiographer of Denmark. Although Friedrich was reared among family traditions so entirely intellectual, he was, strangely enough, destined for a mercantile career; but the inherited tendencies proved too strong, and he joined his brother Wilhelm at Göttingen. There and at Leipzig he pursued the study

of law; in 1793, however, he abandoned this also, and the remainder of his life was devoted to scholarly and literary labors. His mind turned first to the Greeks, and for the literature of Greece he aspired to do what Winckelmann had done for her art; but beyond a few thoughtful essays his attainments in this field never grew, and in 1796 he turned all his energies to the study of modern literature and philosophy. Fichte was the largest influence in his intellectual life; Goethe was his idolized master in the realms of poetry. The offensive tone of his reviews, however, led to a bitter unpleasantness with Schiller. In 1797 Schlegel went to Berlin, where he began a campaign against the rationalistic philistinism that dominated the intellectual life of the Prussian capital. There too he entered the circle of Tieck and Schleiermacher, and published the 'Fragments.'

During this sojourn in Berlin, Schlegel met the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the wife of a Jewish merchant named Veit. This was the famous Dorothea, who played so prominent a part in the annals of the Romantic circle. One year later she separated from her husband, to live thenceforth with Friedrich von Schlegel. Their relations have been set forth in the guise of fiction with shameless frankness, and without poetic charm. Schlegel's 'Lucinde,' the most notorious and unsavory product of the Romantic school, is a dire exemplification of the author's dogma that the poet's caprice is the supreme æsthetic law. This book became the centre of a literary strife in which Schleiermacher undertook its defense. It has been omitted from the later editions of Schlegel's collected works. In April 1804 Friedrich and Dorothea were married. Four years later, following the Romantic tendency, both became Catholics. Dorothea outlived her husband by ten years. Her few writings all appeared under her husband's name. The standard German version of Madame de Staël's 'Corinne' was her work.

Schlegel's career was a brilliant one. For a brief space he was tutor at Jena; but his most effective work was as a lecturer. In Paris he made a thorough study of Persian and Hindu; and with a most unusual scholarly equipment, including a knowledge of ancient, modern, and remote literatures, he entered the lecture field. Nor should mention be omitted of his art studies, pursued both at Paris and in company with the Boisserées at Cologne. Honors were showered thickly upon him; crowds thronged to his lecture-room. When in 1809 he went to Vienna he was made court councilor, and became the literary secretary of the State Chancellery. The ringing proclamations with which Austria announced her uprising against Napoleon in 1809 were from his pen. In the campaign that followed, it was he who at the headquarters of the Archduke Karl took editorial charge of the army paper, known as the Austrian Gazette. But after the disenchanting peace in the autumn, Schlegel fell back into that state

of pessimistic resignation which characterized the Metternich régime. From 1815 to 1818 he was counsel of the Austrian legation at Frankfort. In 1819 he accompanied Metternich to Italy; but on his return he left the service of the State, and gave his energies exclusively to literature. He founded a magazine called Concordia, whose sole purpose was to bring all confessions back into the fold of the church. A course of lectures which in 1827 he delivered in Vienna on the 'Philosophy of History' showed that his Catholicism had injured his catholicity. In the following year, in Dresden, he began another course on the 'Philosophy of Language and of Words'; but it was never finished. He died on January 12th, 1829.

Schlegel's most important contributions to literature, with one notable exception, were conceived in the form of lectures. That exception was the ripe fruit of his Oriental studies, and appeared in 1808 under the title of 'Sprache und Weisheit der Indier' (Language and Wisdom of the [East] Indians). It gave an important impulse to the then young science of comparative philology. Of more far-reaching influence was the course of lectures, delivered in Vienna before crowded audiences in the years 1810 to 1812, on 'Die Geschichte der Alten und Neuen Litteratur' (History of Ancient and Modern Literature). Although the heyday of his youthful enthusiasm is tamed, and a growing intolerance is evident, there is an exultant vigor in these lectures that marks the man who consciously commands his subject, and develops it with a sure mastery along clearly thought-out and original lines. He fights for the ideal of a free individuality which he saw incorporated in Goethe; but the tinge of mediævalism is apparent in his exaltation of Dante and Calderon. Schlegel, if he was not creative, may be called productive; his work was vital, and the rich nobility of his essentially poetic mind has made his critical writings a positive constructive force.

OF ROMANCE: SPENSER AND SHAKESPEARE

From 'Lectures on the History of Literature'

The romance of Cervantes has been, notwithstanding its high internal excellence, a dangerous and unfortunate model for the imitation of other nations. The 'Don Quixote,' a work in its kind of unexampled invention, has been the origin of the whole of modern romance; and of a crowd of unsuccessful attempts among French, English, and Germans, the object of which was to elevate into a species of poetry the prosaic representations of

the actual and the present. To say nothing of the genius of Cervantes,—which stands entirely by itself, and was sufficient to secure him from many of the faults of his successors,—the situation in which he cultivated prose fiction was fortunately far above what has fallen to the lot of any of them. The actual life of Spain in his day was much more chivalric and romantic than it has ever since been in any country of Europe. Even the want of a very exact civil subordination, and the free or rather lawless life of the provinces, might be of use to his imagination.

In all these attempts to raise the realities of Spanish life, by wit and adventure or by the extraordinary excitements of thought and feeling, to a species of poetic fiction, we can perceive that the authors are always anxious to create for themselves, in some way or other, the advantages of a poetic distance; if it were only in the life of Italian artists, a subject frequently treated in German romances, or in that of American woods and wildernesses, one very common among those of foreigners. Even when the scene of the fable is laid entirely at home, and within the sphere of the common citizen life, the narrative — so long as it continues to be narrative, and does not lose itself altogether in wit, humor, or sentiment — is ever anxious to extend in some degree the limit of that reality by which it is confined, and to procure somewhere an opening into the region where fancy is more at liberty in her operations: when no other method can be found, traveling adventures, duels, elopements, a band of robbers, or the intrigues and anxieties of a troop of strollers, are introduced pretty evidently more for the sake of the author than of his hero.

The idea of the Romantic in these romances — even in some of the best and most celebrated of them — appears to coincide very closely with that of unregulated and dissolute conduct. I remember it was the observation of a great philosopher, that the moment the world should see a perfect police, the moment there should be no contraband trade and the traveler's pass should contain an exact portrait and biography of its bearer, that moment it would become quite impossible to write a good romance; for that then nothing could occur in real life which might, with any moderate degree of ornament, be formed into the groundwork of such fiction. The expression seems quaint, but I suspect the opinion is founded very nearly upon the truth.

To determine the true and proper relation between poetry and the past or the present, involves the investigation of the whole

depth and essence of the art. In general, in our theories,—with the exception of some very general, meaningless, and most commonly false definitions of the art itself, and of the beautiful,—the chief subjects of attention are the mere forms of poetry; things without doubt necessary to be known, but by no means sufficient. As yet there has scarcely been any theory with regard to the proper subject of poetry, although such a theory would evidently be far the most useful of any in regard to the effect which poetry is to have upon life. In the preceding discourse I have endeavored to supply this defect, and to give some glimpses of such a theory, wherever the nature of my topics has furnished me with an opportunity.

With regard to the representation of actual life in poetry, we must above all things remember that it is by no means certain that the actual and the present are intractable or unworthy subjects of poetical representation, merely because in themselves they appear less noble and uncommon than the past. It is true that in what is near and present, the common and unpoetical come at all times more strongly and more conspicuously into view; while in the remote and the past, they occupy the distance and leave the foreground to be filled with forms of greatness and sublimity alone. But this difficulty is one which the true poet can easily conquer: his art has no more favorite mode of displaying itself than in lending to things of commonplace and every-day occurrence the brilliancy of a poetic illumination, by extracting from them higher signification and deeper purpose and more refined feeling than we had before suspected them of concealing, or dreamed them to be capable of exciting. Still, the precision of the present is at all times binding and confining for the fancy; and when by our subject we impose so many fetters upon her, there is always reason to fear that she will be inclined to make up for this restraint by an excess of liberty in regard to language and description.

To make my views upon this point intelligible to you in the shortest way, I need only recall to your recollection what I said some time ago with regard to subjects of a religious or Christian import. The invisible world, the Deity, and pure intellect, can never upon the whole be with propriety represented by us; nature and human beings are the proper and immediate subjects of poetry. But the higher and spiritual world can be everywhere embodied and shadowed forth in our terrestrial materials.

In like manner, the indirect representation of the actual and the present is the best and most appropriate. The bloom of young life, and the high ecstasies of passion, as well as the maturity of wise reflection, may all be combined with the old traditions of our nation: they will there have more room for exertion, and be displayed in a purer light, than the present can command. The oldest poet of the past, Homer, is at the same time to us a describer of the present in its utmost liveliness and freshness. Every true poet carries into the past his own age, and in a certain sense himself. The following appears to me to be a true account of the proper relation between poetry and time: The proper business of poetry is to represent only the eternal,— that which is at all places and in all times significant and beautiful; but this cannot be accomplished without the intervention of a veil. Poetry requires to have a corporeal habitation; and this she finds in her best sphere,— the traditions of a nation, the recollections and the past of a people. In her representations of these, however, she introduces the whole wealth of the present, so far as that is susceptible of poetical ornament; she plunges also into the future, because she explains the apparent mysteries of earthly existence, accompanies individual life through all its development down to its period of termination, and sheds from her magic mirror the light of a higher interpretation upon all things; she embraces all the tenses — the past, the present, and the future — in order to make a truly sensible representation of the eternal or the perfect time. Even in a philosophical sense, eternity is no nonentity, no mere negation of time; but rather its entire and undivided fullness, wherein all its elements are united, where the past becomes again new and present, and with the present itself is mingled the abundance of hope and all the richness of futurity.

Although, upon the whole, I consider the indirect representation of the present as the one most suitable for poetry, I would by no means be understood to be passing a judgment of condemnation upon all poetical works which follow the opposite path. We must leave the artist to be the judge of his own work. The true poet can show his power even though he takes a wrong way, and composes works which are far from perfection in regard to their original foundation. Milton and Klopstock must at all times be honored as poets of the first class, although no one will deny that they have both done themselves the

injustice to choose subjects which they never could adequately describe.

In like manner, to Richardson, who erred in a very opposite way, by trying to imitate Cervantes in elevating to poetry the realities of modern life, we cannot refuse the praise of a great talent for description, and of having at least manifested great vigor in his course, although the goal which he wished to reach was one entirely beyond his power. . . .

The chivalrous poem of Spenser, the 'Fairy Queen,' presents us with a complete view of the spirit of romance which yet lingered in England among the subjects of Elizabeth; that maiden queen who saw herself, with no ordinary delight, deified while yet alive by such playful fancies of mythology and the Muse. Spenser is a perfect master of the picturesque: in his lyrical pieces there breathes all the tenderness of the idyl, the very spirit of the Troubadours. Not only in the species and manner of his poetry, but even in his language, he bears the most striking resemblance to our old German poets of love and chivalry. The history of the English literature was indeed quite the reverse of ours. Chaucer is not unlike our poets of the sixteenth century; but Spenser is the near kinsman of the tender and melodious poets of our older time. In every language which is, like the English, the product of the blending of two different dialects, there must always be two ideals, according as the poet shall lean more to the one or the other of the elements whereof his language is composed. Of all the English poets the most Teutonic is Spenser; while Milton, on the contrary, has an evident partiality to the Latin part of the English tongue. The only unfortunate part of Spenser's poetry is its form. The allegory which he has selected and made the groundwork of his chief poem is not one of that lively kind which prevails in the elder chivalrous fictions, wherein the idea of a spiritual hero, and the mysteries of his higher vocation, are concealed under the likeness of external adventures and tangible events. It is only a dead allegory, a mere classification of all the virtues of an ethical system; in short, such a one that but for the proper names of the personages, we should never suspect any part of their history to contain "more than meets the ear."

The admiration with which Shakespeare regarded Spenser, and the care with which he imitated him in his lyrical and idyllic poems, are circumstances of themselves sufficient to make us

study, with the liveliest interest, the poem of the 'Fairy Queen.' It is in these minor pieces of Shakespeare that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. When he wrote sonnets, it seems as if he had considered himself as more a poet than when he wrote plays: he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power: but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him less familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in his short effusions, the character of Shakespeare. In them we see that he who stood like a magician above the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths and mysteries and perplexities of human character, and having power to call up into open day the darkest workings of human passions,—that this great being was not deprived of any portion of his human sympathies by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved amidst all his stern functions a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity, and love. His feelings are intense, profound, acute, almost to selfishness; but he expresses them so briefly and modestly as to form a strange contrast with most of those poets who write concerning themselves. For the right understanding of his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance. They show us that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own feelings or his own thoughts, but according to his knowledge. The world lay clear and distinct before his eyes, but between him and it there was a deep gulf fixed. He gives us a portrait of what he saw, without flattery or ornament, having the charm of unrivaled accuracy and truth. Were understanding, acuteness, and profoundness of thought (in so far as these are necessary for the characterizing of human life), to be considered as the first qualities of a poet, there is none worthy to be compared with Shakespeare. Other poets have endeavored to transport us, at least for a few moments, into another and an ideal condition of mankind. But Shakespeare is the master of reality; he sets before us, with a truth that is often painful, man in his degraded state, in this corruption which penetrates and contaminates all his being, all that he does and suffers, all the thoughts and aspirations of his fallen spirit. In this respect he may not unfrequently be said to be a satirical poet; and well indeed may the picture which he presents of human debasement, and the

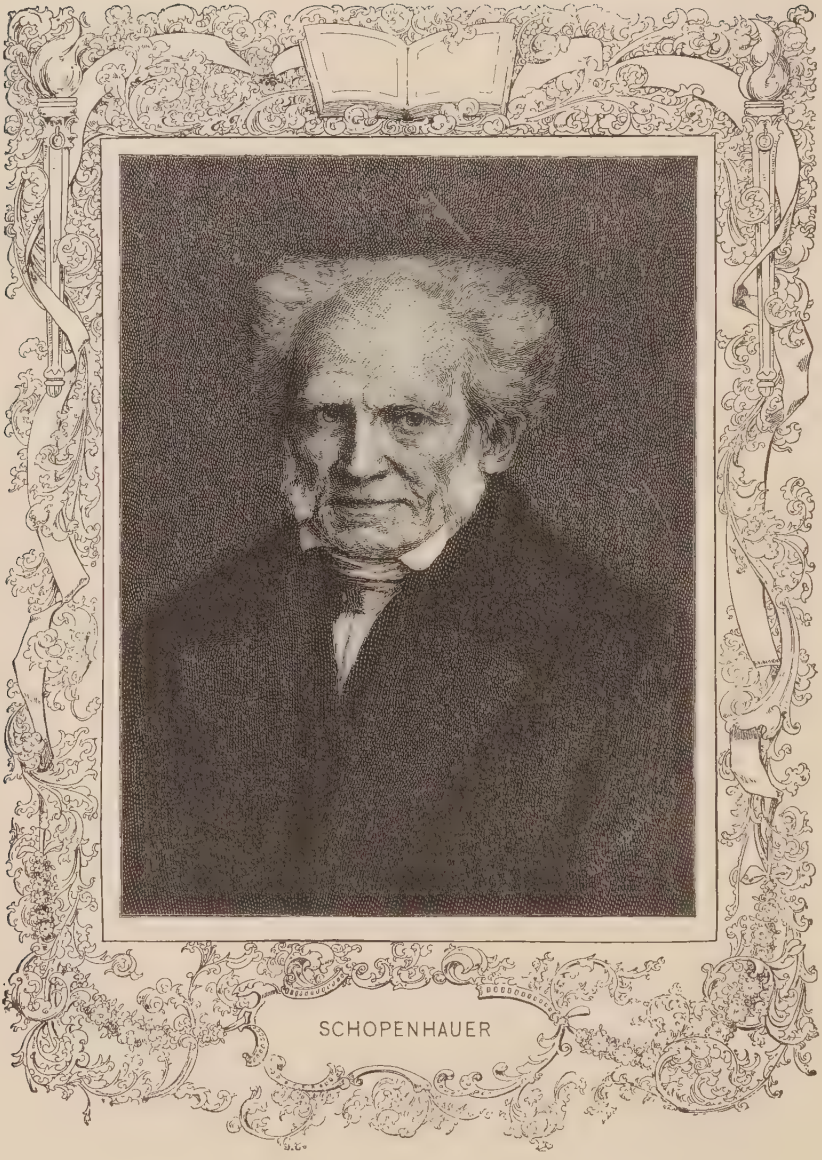
enigma of our being, be calculated to produce an effect far more deep and abiding than the whole body of splenetic and passionate revilers whom we commonly call by the name of satiric poets. In the midst of all the bitterness of Shakespeare we perceive continual glimpses of thoughts and recollections more pure than satirists partake in: meditation on the original height and elevation of man; the peculiar tenderness and noble-minded sentiment of a poet. The dark world of his representation is illuminated with the most beautiful rays of patriotic inspiration, serene philanthropy, and glowing love.

But even the youthful glow of love appears in his Romeo as the mere inspiration of death; and is mingled with the same skeptical and melancholy views of life which in Hamlet give to all our being an appearance of more than natural discord and perplexity, and which in Lear carry sorrow and passion into the utmost misery of madness. This poet, who externally seems to be most calm and temperate, clear and lively; with whom intellect seems everywhere to preponderate; who as we at first imagine, regards and represents everything almost with coldness,— is found, if we examine into the internal feelings of his spirit, to be above all others the most deeply sorrowful and tragic.

Shakespeare regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people, and at first treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it; and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors and of the audience in London. Even in the earliest of his tragic attempts, he takes possession of the whole superstitions of the vulgar; and mingles in his poetry not only the gigantic greatness of their rude traditions, but also the fearful, the horrible, and the revolting. All these, again, are blended with such representations and views of human debasement as passed, or still pass, with common spectators for wit; but were connected in the depths of his reflective and penetrating spirit with the very different feelings of bitter contempt or sorrowful sympathy. He was not in knowledge, far less in art, such as since the time of Milton it has been usual to represent him. But I believe that the inmost feelings of his heart, the depths of his peculiar, concentrated, and solitary spirit, could be agitated only by the mournful voice of nature. The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of

nationality. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history, during the conquests in France, in a series of dramatic pieces which possess all the simplicity and liveliness of the ancient chronicles, but approach in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory to the most dignified and effective productions of the epic Muse.

In the works of Shakespeare a whole world is unfolded. He who has once comprehended this, and been penetrated with its spirit, will not easily allow the effect to be diminished by the form, or listen to the cavils of those who are incapable of understanding the import of what they would criticize. The form of Shakespeare's writings will rather appear to him good and excellent because in it his spirit is expressed and clothed, as it were, in a convenient garment. The poetry of Shakespeare is near of kin to the spirit of the Germans; and he is more felt and beloved by them than any other foreign — I had almost said than any vernacular — poet. Even in England, the understanding of Shakespeare is rendered considerably more difficult in consequence of the resemblance which many very inferior writers bear to him in those points which come most immediately before the eye. In Germany, we admire Shakespeare and are free from this disadvantage; but we should beware of adopting either the form or the sentiment of this great poet's writings as the exclusive model of our own. They are indeed, in themselves, most highly poetical; but they are far from being the only poetical ones, and the dramatic art may attain perfection in many other ways besides the Shakespearean.



SCHOPENHAUER

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

(1788–1860)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

SCHOPENHAUER enjoys a unique distinction among the great philosophers of the modern world. Apart from the extraordinary powers of analysis that make him so important a factor in the development of philosophical thought, he possesses the literary faculty in a degree quite unexampled among the metaphysical writers of modern times, and must be reckoned with as a man of letters no less than as a thinker. The world of his thought lies before the reader as a fair sunlit meadow; and offers an enticing prospect to the traveler who has been toiling through the rugged ways of the Kantian categories, or the barren morass of the Hegelian logic. He not only has a definite set of ideas, deeply conceived and organically united, to present to his students, but he has clothed them in a verbal garb that makes metaphysics, for once, easy reading, and is perhaps too alluring to do the best possible service to exact thought. His clear, rich, and allusive style makes him one of the greatest masters of German prose; while of his chief philosophical work it is hardly too much to say, with Professor Royce, that it "is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence," unless we hark back to Plato himself. When we add to these considerations the breadth of his culture,—which touched upon so many human concerns, and so adorned whatever it touched that a close acquaintance with the whole of his work is almost a liberal education in itself,—we may understand why his figure is the most interesting, if not the most significant, in the history of nineteenth-century thought; and why his influence, instead of becoming a matter of merely historical interest, or declining into the cult of a coterie, is now steadily growing nearly forty years after his death.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in Danzig, February 22d (Washington's and Lowell's birthday), 1788. His father was a merchant in prosperous circumstances; his mother was a brilliant woman, who afterwards became a novelist of some repute and a leader in the social life of Weimar. In 1793 Danzig lost its rank as a free city, being absorbed by Prussia; whereupon the Schopenhauers removed to Hamburg. At the age of nine Arthur was sent to France for two

years, and at the age of fifteen started upon two years of traveling with his family, although for a part of the time he was placed in an English school. He tried to follow the parental wishes in adopting a mercantile life; but the death of his father in 1805 changed these plans. The boy then determined to study the classics and work for a degree. He prepared himself at Gotha and Weimar, and entered the University of Göttingen in 1809. Here he studied for two years, then at Berlin; and then, in 1813, seeking to escape from the turmoil of warfare, he went first to Dresden, and afterwards to Rudolstadt, where he worked upon the dissertation which obtained for him, in the autumn of 1813, his degree at the University of Jena. This dissertation — which occupies an important place among his writings, because it contains the germ of his subsequent thinking — was entitled 'Ueber die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom Zureichenden Grunde' (The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason). The mind is constantly asking, Why is this or that thing so? Why does that stone fall to the earth? Why must a given judgment be either true or not true? Why are equilateral triangles equiangular? Why do I raise my hand when threatened by a blow? For each of these things there is a sufficient reason; but the reasons are not of the same sort. In the first case there is a physical cause, in the second a logical consequence, in the third the datum of the problem necessitates the conclusion, while in the fourth the will offers the immediate explanation. These cases are perhaps but four aspects of one general principle; but as Schopenhauer pointed out, much confusion may result from a failure to distinguish clearly between them, and a "cause" may be a very different thing from a "because."

After obtaining his degree, our philosopher in embryo lived with his mother for a winter in Weimar; but they were separated the following year by incompatibility of temperament, and never met again. The four years 1814–18 were spent in Dresden, devoted chiefly to the composition of the philosopher's *magnum opus*. A pamphlet 'Ueber das Sehen und die Farben' (Sight and Color), published during this period, is of historical but hardly of scientific interest. What value it still has, depends upon the acuteness of many of its observations, and upon the emphasis which it places upon the subjective aspect of color perception; but as an attempt to vindicate Goethe's fantastic 'Farbenlehre' as against Newton's, it was foredoomed to failure. Schopenhauer's great work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' (The World as Will and Idea), was turned over to his publisher in the spring of 1818, and without waiting for its appearance the author hastened to Italy, carrying with him the conviction that he had given to the world its first true and all-embracing system of philosophy; that he, and he alone, at the age of thirty, had unraveled "the master-knot of human

fate," and given their final solution to the problems that had been attempted by all the long line of philosophers from "Plato the Divine" to "Kant the Astounding." Before attempting a characterization of this masterpiece of philosophical thought, the history of the forty or more years remaining to him may be briefly set forth. The Italian journey filled two years. In 1820 he returned to Germany, lectured at Berlin, and waited in vain for the recognition that he felt to be his due. Another Italian journey followed; then a period of several years passed mainly in Berlin, until that city was threatened with cholera in 1831, and Schopenhauer fled to a safer place. He finally settled upon Frankfort, where the remainder of his life was spent; where his temper gradually mellowed as time brought to him his long-delayed desert of fame; and where he died September 20th, 1860. His body lies in the Friedhof of the old city on the Main, beneath a simple block of dark granite, upon which his name alone is engraved.

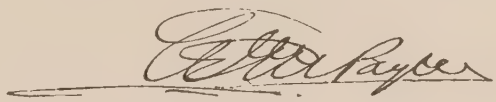
'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' is, as the preface declares, the expression of a single thought; and it may be added that all of Schopenhauer's subsequent writings are but further illustrations and amplifications of that thought. The work is divided into four books. The first, accepting as irrefragable the essential conclusions of the Kantian analysis of consciousness, discusses the world as Idea or Representation (Vorstellung). It fuses into one transparent whole the body of ideas that trace their lineage through Hobbes, Locke, and Berkeley to Kant; and shows how this so real world that we know, as presented to our senses, and built up into a self-consistent and harmonious structure by the acts of perception, conception, and reflection, must be viewed by the philosophical mind, after all, as but the Object with which the individual Subject is correlated, and can have no independent existence of its own in any way resembling the existence which it appears to have in our consciousness. For it is a world which lies in space and time, and is bound by the law of causality; and these things, as Kant once for all demonstrated, are but the forms of the intellect, the conditions which the Subject imposes upon whatever existence *per se* may turn out to be. It will thus be seen that there is nothing particularly novel in the first book; it is in the second that Schopenhauer makes his own most significant contribution to philosophy. For in this second book the question becomes, What is the "Ding an Sich" (Thing In-Itself) before which the Kantian analysis halted? What is the world, not as it appears to us, but in its innermost essence? It cannot be a world of space and time and causality, since they are only the forms of thought in which the Subject clothes the Object. The answer to this deepest of all problems must be sought by an interrogation of the consciousness. What is, apart from my sensation and my thinking, the very kernel of my being?

Schopenhauer triumphantly replies, « The Will.» Not the will in the narrow sense,— the mere culmination of the conscious process which begins with sensation and ends with rational action,— but the will in the broader sense of a blind striving for existence; the power one and indivisible which asserts itself in our activity as a whole rather than in our separate acts, and not only in us, where it is in a measure lighted up by conscious intelligence, but in all the inanimate world, made one with ourselves by this transcendental synthesis. The stone that falls to earth, the crystal that grows from its solution, the flower that turns toward the sun, and the man who leads an army to victory, are all manifestations of the world-will; separate manifestations they seem to us, but in reality the same thing, for the Will knows nothing of space or time.

In the third book, we return to the World as Idea, led this time by the guiding hand of Plato. The Will, in its creation of the World as Idea, objectifies itself in a succession of archetypal forms, ranging from the lowest, the forms of crude matter, to the highest, man. Plato discerned this truth, and set it forth in his doctrine of ideas. If Schopenhauer had lived ten years longer, he would have seen the new light of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and have recognized that the objectification of the will takes place by a gradual process rather than by a series of leaps. This doctrine of archetypal forms leads the way to a philosophy of art, which is indeed the chief subject-matter of the third book. The artist is the one who perceives the idea that nature stammers in trying to express, and who holds it up for the admiration of mankind. Thus art is necessarily ideal in a literal sense, and an improvement upon nature. Moreover, in man's contemplation of the eternal idea as revealed by art he finds a temporary escape from the world of will, and knows now and then an hour of happiness. In the passionless calm of contemplation he forgets the miseries to which he is bound as the objectification of will, and is in a measure freed from the bondage of self. It is the object of the fourth book to show how this temporary freedom may become a final release. For the will, unconscious in its lower manifestations, has provided for itself in man the lamp of intelligence, whereby it may come to discern its own nature and the hopelessness of its strivings. In man alone the will, having risen to the full height of conscious power, is confronted with a momentous choice: it may affirm itself, may will to go on with the hopeless endeavor to pluck happiness from the tree of life; or it may, recognizing the futility of all such endeavor, deny itself, as with the Indian ascetic, and sink into Nirvana. Here we have manifest the powerful influence which the sacred books of India had upon Schopenhauer's thinking, an influence as great as that of either Plato or Kant. And allied with this

doctrine is his theory of ethics, which bases all right conduct upon the individual's recognition, dim or clear in various degrees, of the essential oneness of things; which finds in the illusive veil of Maya a figurative foreshadowing of the Kantian transcendentalism; and which discovers the deepest word of human wisdom in the reiterated formula, «Tat twam asi,» «This art thou,» of the 'Upanishads.'

A second edition of 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' was called for in 1844, a third in 1859. In these editions the original work grew to more than double its earlier dimensions; but the added matter did not mar the symmetrical structure of the treatise first published, since it was relegated to a stout supplementary volume. Schopenhauer's other works, all of which may be regarded as ancillary to this one, include 'Ueber den Willen in der Natur' (The Will in Nature: 1836); 'Die Beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik' (The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics: 1841); and the two volumes of miscellaneous papers pedantically entitled 'Parerga und Paralipomena' (1851). The publication of the latter work marked the turning of the tide in the author's fame, and occasioned an accession of the popularity which he had so long in vain awaited. The public, which had fought shy of the systematic exposition of his philosophy, was attracted by these miscellaneous papers, so piquant, so suggestive, so reflective of a strong literary personality; and through the side-lights which the 'Parerga' cast upon the philosopher's more solid works, were led to take up the latter, and discover what a treasure it was that had so long been neglected. This tardy recognition was grateful to Schopenhauer, who had never lost faith in the enduring character of his work, and in the devotion of whose laborious days there had been mingled not a little of «the last infirmity of noble mind.» It is pleasant to think of this Indian Summer of fame that came to the Sage of Frankfort during the last ten years of his life; pleasant also, to know that when at last his work was finished, he passed painlessly away, assured that the world would not forget what he had done.



FROM 'THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA'

The final demand I have to make on the reader might indeed be tacitly assumed, for it is nothing but an acquaintance with the most important phenomenon that has appeared in philosophy for two thousand years, and that lies so near to us: I mean the principal writings of Kant. It seems to me, in fact,—as indeed has already been said by others,—that the effect these writings produce in the mind to which they truly speak is very like that of the operation for cataract on a blind man; and if we wish to pursue the simile further, the aim of my own work may be described by saying that I have sought to put into the hands of those upon whom that operation has been successfully performed a pair of spectacles suitable to eyes that have recovered their sight,—spectacles of whose use that operation is the absolutely necessary condition. Starting then, as I do to a large extent, from what has been accomplished by the great Kant, I have yet been enabled, just on account of my earnest study of his writings, to discover important errors in them. These I have been obliged to separate from the rest and prove to be false, in order that I might be able to presuppose and apply what is true and excellent in his doctrine, pure and freed from error. But not to interrupt and complicate my own exposition by a constant polemic against Kant, I have relegated this to a special appendix. . . .

The philosophy of Kant, then, is the only philosophy with which a thorough acquaintance is directly presupposed in what we have to say here. But if, besides this, the reader has lingered in the school of the divine Plato, he will be so much the better prepared to hear me, and susceptible to what I say. And if, indeed, in addition to this he is a partaker of the benefit conferred by the Vedas (the access to which, opened to us through the Upanishads, is in my eyes the greatest advantage which this still young century enjoys over previous ones, because I believe that the influence of the Sanskrit literature will penetrate not less deeply than did the revival of Greek literature in the fifteenth century),—if, I say, the reader has already received and assimilated the sacred, primitive Indian wisdom, then is he best of all prepared to hear what I have to say to him. My work will not speak to him, as to many others, in a strange and even hostile tongue; for if it does not sound too vain, I might express the

opinion that each one of the individual and disconnected aphorisms which make up the Upanishads may be deduced as a consequence from the thought I am going to impart; though the converse — that my thought is to be found in the Upanishads — is by no means the case. . . .

"The world is my idea." This is a truth which holds good for everything that lives and knows, though man alone can bring it into reflective and abstract consciousness. If he really does this, he has attained to philosophical wisdom. It then becomes clear and certain to him that what he knows is not a sun and an earth, but only an eye that sees a sun, a hand that feels an earth; that the world which surrounds him is there only as idea, — *i. e.*, only in relation to something else, the consciousness which is in himself. If any truth can be asserted *a priori*, it is this, for it is the expression of the most general form of all possible and thinkable experience, — a form which is more general than time, or space, or causality, for they all presuppose it; and each of these, which we have seen to be just so many modes of the principle of sufficient reason, is valid only for a particular class of ideas: whereas the antithesis of object and subject is the common form of all these classes; is that form under which alone any idea, of whatever kind it may be, — abstract or intuitive, pure or empirical, — is possible and thinkable.

No truth therefore is more certain, more independent of all others, and less in need of proof, than this: that all that exists for knowledge, and therefore this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, — in a word, idea. This is obviously true of the past and the future, as well as of the present; of what is farthest off, as of what is near: for it is true of time and space themselves, in which alone these distinctions arise. All that in any way belongs or can belong to the world is inevitably thus conditioned through the subject, and exists only for the subject. The world is idea. . . .

Of all systems of philosophy which start from the object, the most consistent, and that which may be carried furthest, is simple materialism. It regards matter — and with it time and space — as existing absolutely; and ignores the relation to the subject in which alone all this really exists. It then lays hold of the law of causality as a guiding principle or clue, regarding it as a self-existent order or arrangement of things, *veritas æterna;* and so fails to take account of the understanding, in which and for which

alone causality is. It seeks the primary and most simple state of matter, and then tries to develop all the others from it; ascending from mere mechanism to chemism, to polarity, to the vegetable and to the animal kingdom. And if we suppose this to have been done, the last link in the chain would be animal sensibility, — that is, knowledge, — which would consequently now appear as a mere modification or state of matter produced by causality. Now if we had followed materialism thus far with clear ideas, when we reached its highest point we should suddenly be seized with a fit of the inextinguishable laughter of the Olympians. As if waking from a dream, we should all at once become aware that its final result — knowledge, which it reached so laboriously — was presupposed as the indispensable condition of its very starting-point, mere matter: and when we imagine that we thought matter, we really thought only the subject that perceives matter; the eye that sees it, the hand that feels it, the understanding that knows it. Thus the tremendous *petitio principii* reveals itself unexpectedly: for suddenly the last link is seen to be the starting-point, the chain a circle; and the materialist is like Baron Munchausen, who, when swimming in water on horseback, drew the horse into the air with his legs, and himself also by his cue. . . .

As from the direct light of the sun to the borrowed light of the moon, we pass from the immediate idea of perception — which stands by itself and is its own warrant — to reflection; to the abstract, discursive concepts of the reason, which obtain their whole content from knowledge of perception, and in relation to it. As long as we continue simply to perceive, all is clear, firm, and certain. There are neither questions nor doubts nor errors; we desire to go no further, can go no further; we find rest in perceiving, and satisfaction in the present. Perception suffices for itself: and therefore what springs purely from it, and remains true to it, — for example, a genuine work of art, — can never be false; nor can it be discredited through the lapse of time, for it does not present an opinion, but the thing itself. But with abstract knowledge, with reason, doubt and error appear in the theoretical, care and sorrow in the practical. In the idea of perception, illusion may at moments take the place of the real; but in the sphere of abstract thought, error may reign for a thousand years, impose its yoke upon whole nations, extend to the noblest impulses of humanity, and by the help of its slaves and its dupes may chain and fetter those whom it cannot deceive. It is the

enemy against which the wisest men of all times have waged unequal war, and only what they have won from it has become the possession of mankind. Therefore it is well to draw attention to it at once, as we already tread the ground to which its province belongs. It has often been said that we ought to follow truth, even although no utility can be seen in it, because it may have indirect utility which may appear when it is least expected; and I would add to this, that we ought to be just as anxious to discover and to root out all error, even when no harm is anticipated from it, because its mischief may be very indirect, and may suddenly appear when we do not expect it,—for all error has poison at its heart. If it is mind, if it is knowledge, that makes man the lord of creation, there can be no such thing as harmless error; still less venerable and holy error. And for the consolation of those who in any way and at any time may have devoted strength and life to the noble and hard battle against error, I cannot refrain from adding that so long as truth is absent, error will have free play,—as owls and bats in the night; but sooner would we expect to see the owls and the bats drive back the sun in the eastern heavens, than that any truth which has once been known, and distinctly and fully expressed, can ever again be so utterly vanquished and overcome that the old error shall once more reign undisturbed over its wide kingdom. This is the power of truth: its conquest is slow and laborious, but if once the victory be gained it can never be wrested back again. . . .

To him who has thoroughly grasped this, and can distinguish between the will and the Idea, and between the Idea and its manifestation, the events of the world will have significance only so far as they are the letters out of which we may read the Idea of man, but not in and for themselves. He will not believe with the vulgar that time may produce something actually new and significant; that through it, or in it, something absolutely real may attain to existence, or indeed that it itself as a whole has beginning and end, plan and development, and in some way has for its final aim the highest perfection (according to their conception) of the last generation of man, whose life is a brief thirty years. Therefore he will just as little, with Homer, people a whole Olympus with gods to guide the events of time, as with Ossian he will take the forms of the clouds for individual beings; for as we have said, both have just as much meaning as regards

the Idea which appears in them. In the manifold forms of human life, and in the unceasing change of events, he will regard the Idea only as the abiding and essential, in which the will to live has its fullest objectivity, and which shows its different sides in the capacities, the passions, the errors, and the excellences, of the human race; in self-interest, hatred, love, fear, boldness, frivolity, stupidity, slyness, wit, genius, and so forth,— all of which, crowding together and combining in thousands of forms (individuals), continually create the history of the great and the little world, in which it is all the same whether they are set in motion by nuts or by crowns. Finally he will find that in the world it is the same as in the dramas of Gozzi, in all of which the same persons appear, with like intention and with a like fate: the motives and incidents are certainly different in each piece, but the spirit of the incidents is the same; the actors in one piece know nothing of the incidents of another, although they performed in it themselves: therefore after all experience of former pieces, Pantaloon has become no more agile or generous, Tartaglia no more conscientious, Brighella no more courageous, and Columbine no more modest.

Suppose we were allowed for once a clearer glance into the kingdom of the possible, and over the whole chain of causes and effects: if the earth-spirit appeared and showed us in a picture all the greatest men, enlighteners of the world, and heroes, that chance destroyed before they were ripe for their work; then the great events that would have changed the history of the world and brought in periods of the highest culture and enlightenment, but which the blindest chance — the most insignificant accident — hindered at the outset; lastly the splendid powers of great men, that would have enriched whole ages of the world, but which, either misled by error or fashion, or compelled by necessity, they squandered uselessly on unworthy or unfruitful objects, or even wasted in play. If we saw all this, we should shudder and lament at the thought of the lost treasures of whole periods of the world. But the earth-spirit would smile and say, "The source from which the individuals and their powers proceed is inexhaustible and unending as time and space; for like these forms of all phenomena, they also are only phenomena,— visibility of the will. No finite measure can exhaust that infinite source; therefore an undiminished eternity is always open for the return of any event or work that was nipped in the bud. In this

world of phenomena, true loss is just as little possible as true gain. The will alone is: it is the thing in-itself, and the source of all these phenomena. Its self-knowledge and its assertion or denial, which is then decided upon, is the only event in-itself.

All *willing* arises from want; therefore from deficiency, and therefore from suffering. The satisfaction of a wish ends it; yet for one wish that is satisfied there remain at least ten which are denied. Further, the desire lasts long, the demands are infinite: the satisfaction is short and scantily measured out. But even the final satisfaction is itself only apparent; every satisfied wish at once makes room for a new one: both are illusions; the one is known to be so, the other not yet. No attained object of desire can give lasting satisfaction, but merely a fleeting gratification: it is like the alms thrown to the beggar, that keeps him alive to-day that his misery may be prolonged till the morrow. Therefore so long as our consciousness is filled by our will, so long as we are given up to the throng of desires with their constant hopes and fears, so long as we are the subject of willing,—we can never have lasting happiness nor peace. It is essentially all the same whether we pursue or flee, fear injury or seek enjoyment: the care for the constant demands of the will, in whatever form it may be, continually occupies and sways the consciousness; but without peace no true well-being is possible. The subject of willing is thus constantly stretched on the revolving wheel of Ixion, pours water into the sieve of the Danaids, is the ever-longing Tantalus.

But when some external cause or inward disposition lifts us suddenly out of the endless stream of willing,—delivers knowledge from the slavery of the will,—the attention is no longer directed to the motives of willing, but comprehends things free from their relation to the will; and thus observes them without personal interest, without subjectivity, purely objectively,—gives itself entirely up to them so far as they are ideas, but not in so far as they are motives. Then all at once the peace which we were always seeking, but which always fled from us on the former path of the desires, comes to us of its own accord; and it is well with us. It is the painless state which Epicurus prized as the highest good and as the state of the gods: for we are for the moment set free from the miserable striving of the will; we keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing; the wheel of Ixion stands still. . . .

Tragedy is to be regarded, and is recognized, as the summit of poetical art, both on account of the greatness of its effect and the difficulty of its achievement. It is very significant for our whole system, and well worthy of observation, that the end of this highest poetical achievement is the representation of the terrible side of life. The unspeakable pain, the wail of humanity, the triumph of evil, the scornful mastery of chance, and the irretrievable fall of the just and innocent, is here presented to us; and in this lies a significant hint of the nature of the world and of existence. It is the strife of will with itself, which here, completely unfolded at the highest grade of its objectivity, comes into fearful prominence. It becomes visible in the suffering of men, which is now introduced: partly through chance and error, which appear as the rulers of the world,—personified as fate on account of their insidiousness, which even reaches the appearance of design; partly it proceeds from man himself, through the self-mortifying efforts of a few, through the wickedness and perversity of most. It is one and the same will that lives and appears in them all, but whose phenomena fight against each other and destroy each other. In one individual it appears powerfully, in another more weakly; in one more subject to reason and softened by the light of knowledge, in another less so: till at last, in some single case, this knowledge, purified and heightened by suffering itself, reaches the point at which the phenomenon, the veil of Maya, no longer deceives it. It sees through the form of the phenomenon the *principium individuationis*. The egoism which rests on this perishes with it, so that now the *motives* that were so powerful before have lost their might; and instead of them the complete knowledge of the nature of the world, which has a *quieting* effect on the will, produces resignation,—the surrender not merely of life, but of the very will to live. Thus we see in tragedies the noblest men, after long conflict and suffering, at last renounce the ends they have so keenly followed, and all the pleasures of life forever, or else freely and joyfully surrender life itself. So is it with Calderon's steadfast prince; with Gretchen in 'Faust'; with Hamlet, whom his friend Horatio would willingly follow, but is bade remain awhile, and in this harsh world draw his breath in pain, to tell the story of Hamlet and clear his memory; so also is it with the Maid of Orleans, the Bride of Messina: they all die purified by suffering,—*i. e.*, after the will to live which was formerly in them is dead. In the

'Mohammed' of Voltaire this is actually expressed in the concluding words which the dying Pelmira addresses to Mohammed: "The world is for tyrants: live!" On the other hand, the demand for so-called poetical justice rests on entire misconception of the nature of tragedy, and indeed of the nature of the world itself. It boldly appears in all its dullness in the criticisms which Dr. Samuel Johnson made on particular plays of Shakespeare, for he very naïvely laments its entire absence. And its absence is certainly obvious; for in what has Ophelia, Desdemona, or Cordelia offended? But only the dull, optimistic, Protestant-rationalistic, or peculiarly Jewish view of life will make the demand for poetical justice, and find satisfaction in it. The true sense of tragedy is the deeper insight that it is not his own individual sins that the hero atones for, but original sin,—*i. e.*, the crime of existence itself:—

"Pues el delito mayor
Del hombre es haber nacido,"

("For the greatest crime
Of man is that he was born,")

as Calderon exactly expresses it.

I shall allow myself only one remark more closely concerning the treatment of tragedy. The representation of a great misfortune is alone essential to tragedy. But the many different ways in which this is introduced by the poet may be brought under three specific conceptions. It may happen by means of a character of extraordinary wickedness, touching the utmost limits of possibility, who becomes the author of the misfortune: examples of this kind are Richard III., Iago in 'Othello,' Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Franz Moor [of Schiller's 'Robbers'], the Phædra of Euripides, Creon in the 'Antigone,' etc., etc. Secondly, it may happen through blind fate,—*i. e.*, chance and error: a true pattern of this kind is the Œdipus Rex of Sophocles, the 'Trachiniæ' also; and in general most of the tragedies of the ancients belong to this class. Among modern tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet,' Voltaire's 'Tancred,' and 'The Bride of Messina,' are examples. Lastly, the misfortune may be brought about by the mere position of the *dramatis personæ* with regard to each other, through their relations, so that there is no need either for a tremendous error or an unheard-of accident, nor yet for a character whose wickedness reaches the limits of human possibility; but characters of

ordinary morality, under circumstances such as often occur, are so situated with regard to each other that their position compels them, knowingly and with their eyes open, to do each other the greatest injury, without any one of them being entirely in the wrong.

This last kind of tragedy seems to me far to surpass the other two; for it shows us the greatest misfortune, not as an exception, not as something occasioned by way of circumstances or monstrous characters, but as arising easily and of itself out of the actions and characters of men,—indeed almost as essential to them,—and thus brings it terribly near to us. In the other two kinds, we may look on the prodigious fate and the horrible wickedness as terrible powers which certainly threaten us, but only from afar, which we may very well escape without taking refuge in renunciation. But in this last kind of tragedy, we see that those powers which destroy happiness and life are such that their path to us also is open at every moment; we see the greatest sufferings brought about by entanglements that our fate might also partake of, and through actions that perhaps we also are capable of performing, and so could not complain of injustice: then, shuddering, we feel ourselves already in the midst of hell. This last kind of tragedy is also the most difficult of achievement; for the greatest effect has to be produced in it with the least use of means and causes of movement, merely through the position and distribution of the characters: therefore even in many of the best tragedies this difficulty is evaded. Yet one tragedy may be referred to as a perfect model of this kind,—a tragedy which in other respects is far surpassed by more than one work of the same great master; it is 'Clavigo.' 'Hamlet' belongs to a certain extent to this class, as far as the relation of Hamlet to Laertes and Ophelia is concerned. 'Wallenstein' has also this excellence. 'Faust' belongs entirely to this class, if we regard the events connected with Gretchen and her brother as the principal action; also the 'Cid' of Corneille, only that it lacks the tragic conclusion, while on the contrary the analogous relation of Max to Thecla has it. . . .

Thus between desiring and attaining, all human life flows on throughout. The wish is, in its nature, pain; the attainment soon begets satiety, the end was only apparent; possession takes away the charm: the wish, the need, presents itself under a new form; when it does not, then follow desolateness, emptiness,

ennui,—against which the conflict is just as painful as against want. That wish and satisfaction should follow each other neither too quickly nor too slowly, reduces to the smallest amount the suffering which both occasion, and constitutes the happiest life. For that which we might otherwise call the most beautiful part of life, its purest joy (if it were only because it lifts us out of real existence and transforms us into disinterested spectators of it),—that is, pure knowledge, which is foreign to all willing, the pleasure of the beautiful, the pure delight in art,—this is granted only to a very few, because it demands rare talents; and to these few only as a passing dream. And then even these few, on account of their higher intellectual powers, are made susceptible of far greater suffering than duller minds can ever feel, and are also placed in lonely isolation by a nature which is obviously different from that of others; thus here also accounts are squared. But to the great majority of men, purely intellectual pleasures are not accessible. They are almost wholly incapable of the joys which lie in pure knowledge. They are entirely given up to willing. If therefore anything is to win their sympathy, to be *interesting* to them, it must (as is implied in the meaning of the word) in some way excite their *will*, even if it is only through a distant and merely problematical relation to it; the will must not be left altogether out of the question, for their existence lies far more in willing than in knowing: action and reaction is their one element. We may find in trifles and every-day occurrences the naïve expressions of this quality. Thus, for example, at any place worth seeing they may visit, they write their names, in order thus to react, to affect the place since it does not affect them. Again, when they see a strange rare animal, they cannot easily confine themselves to merely observing it; they must rouse it, tease it, play with it, merely to experience action and reaction: but this need for excitement of the will manifests itself very specially in the discovery and support of card-playing, which is quite peculiarly the expression of the miserable side of humanity. . . .

As far as the life of the individual is concerned, every biography is the history of suffering; for every life is, as a rule, a continual series of great and small misfortunes, which each one conceals as much as possible because he knows that others can seldom feel sympathy or compassion, but almost always satisfaction at the sight of the woes from which they are themselves

for the moment exempt. But perhaps at the end of life, if a man is sincere and in full possession of his faculties, he will never wish to have it to live over again; but rather than this, he will much prefer absolute annihilation. The essential content of the famous soliloquy in 'Hamlet' is briefly this: Our state is so wretched that absolute annihilation would be decidedly preferable. If suicide really offered us this,—so that the alternative "to be or not to be," in the full sense of the word, was placed before us,—then it would be unconditionally to be chosen as "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But there is something in us which tells us that this is not the case: suicide is not the end; death is not absolute annihilation. In like manner, what was said by the Father of History has not since him been contradicted,—that no man has ever lived who has not wished more than once that he had not to live the following day. According to this, the brevity of life, which is so constantly lamented, may be the best quality it possesses.

If, finally, we should bring clearly to a man's sight the terrible sufferings and miseries to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror: and if we were to conduct the confirmed optimist through the hospitals, infirmaries, and surgical operating-rooms, through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave kennels, over battle-fields and places of execution; if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it hides itself from the glance of cold curiosity, and finally allow him to glance into Ugolino's dungeon of starvation,—he too would understand at last the nature of this "best of possible worlds." For whence did Dante take the materials for his hell, but from this our actual world? And yet he made a very proper hell of it. And when, on the other hand, he came to the task of describing heaven and its delights, he had an insurmountable difficulty before him; for our world affords no materials at all for this. Therefore there remained nothing for him to do, but, instead of describing the joys of Paradise, to repeat to us the instruction given him there by his ancestor, by Beatrice, and by various saints.

But from this it is sufficiently clear what manner of world it is. Certainly human life, like all bad ware, is covered over with a false lustre. What suffers always conceals itself. On the other hand, whatever pomp or splendor any one can get, he openly makes a show of: and the more his inner contentment deserts

him, the more he desires to exist as fortunate in the opinion of others,—to such an extent does folly go; and the opinion of others is a chief aim of the efforts of every one, although the utter nothingness of it is expressed in the fact that in almost all languages vanity, *vanitas*, originally signifies emptiness and nothingness. But under all this false show, the miseries of life can so increase—and this happens every day—that the death which hitherto has been feared above all things is eagerly seized upon. Indeed, if fate will show its whole malice, even this refuge is denied to the sufferer; and in the hands of enraged enemies, he may remain exposed to terrible and slow tortures without remedy. In vain the sufferer then calls on his gods for help: he remains exposed to his fate without grace.

But this irremediableness is only the mirror of the invincible nature of his will, of which his person is the objectivity. As little as an external power can change or suppress this will, so little can a foreign power deliver it from the miseries which proceed from the life which is the phenomenal appearance of that will. In the principal matter, as in everything else, a man is always thrown back upon himself. In vain does he make to himself gods, in order to get from them by prayers and flattery what can only be accomplished by his own will-power. The Old Testament made the world and man the work of a god; but the New Testament saw that in order to teach that holiness, and salvation from the sorrows of this world, can only come from the world itself, it was necessary that this god should become man. It is and remains the will of man upon which everything depends for him. Fanatics, martyrs, saints of every faith and name, have voluntarily and gladly endured every torture, because in them the will to live had suppressed itself; and then even the slow destruction of its phenomenon was welcome to them. But I do not wish to anticipate the later exposition. For the rest, I cannot here avoid the statement that to me, optimism, when it is not merely the thoughtless talk of such as harbor nothing but words under their low foreheads, appears not merely as an absurd, but also as a really wicked way of thinking; as a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity. Let no one think that Christianity is favorable to optimism; for on the contrary, in the Gospels, "world" and "evil" are used as almost synonymous. . . .

All suffering, since it is a mortification and a call to resignation, has potentially a sanctifying power. This is the explanation

of the fact that every great misfortune or deep pain inspires a certain awe. But the sufferer only really becomes an object of reverence, when, surveying the course of his life as a chain of sorrows, or mourning some great and incurable misfortune, he does not really look at the special combination of circumstances which has plunged his own life into suffering, nor stops at the single great misfortune that has befallen him;—for in so doing, his knowledge still follows the principle of sufficient reason, and clings to the particular phenomenon; he still wills life, only not under the conditions which have happened to him;—but only then, I say, is he truly worthy of reverence when he raises his glance from the particular to the universal, when he regards his suffering as merely an example of the whole, and for him—since in a moral regard he partakes of genius—one case stands for a thousand; so that the whole of life, conceived as essentially suffering, brings him to resignation. Therefore it inspires reverence, when in Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso' the princess speaks of how her own life and that of her relations has always been sad and joyless, and yet regards the matter from an entirely universal point of view.

A very noble character we always imagine with a certain trace of quiet sadness, which is anything but a constant fretfulness at daily annoyances (this would be an ignoble trait, and lead us to fear a bad disposition), but is a consciousness derived from knowledge of the vanity of all possessions,—of the suffering of all life, not merely of his own. But such knowledge may primarily be awakened by the personal experience of suffering, especially some one great sorrow; as a single unfulfilled wish brought Petrarch to that state of resigned sadness concerning the whole of life which appeals to us so pathetically in his works,—for the Daphne he pursued had to flee from his hands in order to leave him, instead of herself, the immortal laurel. When through some such great and irrevocable denial of fate the will is to some extent broken, almost nothing else is desired; and the character shows itself mild, just, noble, and resigned. Finally, when grief has no definite object, but extends itself over the whole of life, then it is to a certain extent a going into itself; a withdrawal, a gradual disappearance of the will, whose visible manifestation, the body, it imperceptibly but surely undermines,—so that a man feels a certain loosening of his bonds, a mild foretaste of that death which promises to be the abolition at once of

the body and of the will. Therefore a secret pleasure accompanies this grief; and it is this, as I believe, which the most melancholy of all nations has called "the joy of grief." But here also lies the danger of *sentimentality*, both in life itself and in the representation of it in poetry; when a man is always mourning and lamenting without courageously rising to resignation. In this way we lose both earth and heaven, and retain merely a watery sentimentality. Only if suffering assumes the form of pure knowledge — and this, acting as a *quieter of the will*, brings about resignation — is it worthy of reverence.

In this regard, however, we feel a certain respect at the sight of every great sufferer, which is akin to the feeling excited by virtue and nobility of character, and also seems like a reproach of our own happy condition. We cannot help regarding every sorrow — both our own and those of others — as at least a potential advance towards virtue and holiness; and on the contrary, pleasures and worldly satisfactions as a retrogression from them. This goes so far that every man who endures a great bodily or mental suffering,— indeed, every one who merely performs some physical labor which demands the greatest exertion, in the sweat of his brow and with evident exhaustion, yet with patience and without murmuring,— every such man, I say, if we consider him with close attention, appears to us like a sick man who tries a painful cure; and who willingly, and even with satisfaction, endures the suffering it causes him, because he knows that the more he suffers the more the cause of his disease is affected, and that therefore the present suffering is the measure of his cure.

According to what has been said, the denial of the will to live — which is just what is called absolute, entire resignation, or holiness — always proceeds from that quieter of the will which the knowledge of its inner conflict and essential vanity, expressing themselves in the suffering of all living things, becomes. The difference — which we have represented as two paths — consists in whether that knowledge is called up by suffering which is merely and purely *known*, and is freely appropriated by means of the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, or by suffering which is directly *felt* by a man himself. True salvation — deliverance from life and suffering — cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. Till then, every one is simply this will itself; whose manifestation is an ephemeral existence, a

constantly vain and empty striving, and the world full of suffering we have represented, to which all irrevocably and in like manner belong. For we found above that life is always assured to the will to live; and its one real form is the present, from which they can never escape, since birth and death reign in the phenomenal world. The Indian mythus expresses this by saying "they are born again." The great ethical difference of character means this: that the bad man is infinitely far from the attainment of the knowledge from which the denial of the will proceeds, and therefore he is in truth *actually* exposed to all the miseries which appear in life as *possible;* for even the present fortunate condition of his personality is merely a phenomenon produced by the *principium individuationis*, and a delusion of Maya,—the happy dream of a beggar. The sufferings which in the vehemence and ardor of his will he inflicts upon others are the measure of the suffering, the experience of which in his own person cannot break his will, and plainly lead it to the denial of itself. All true and pure love, on the other hand, and even all free justice, proceed from the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, which, if it appears with its full power, results in perfect sanctification and salvation,—the phenomenon of which is the state of resignation described above, the unbroken peace which accompanies it, and the greatest delight in death.

If, however, it should be absolutely insisted upon that in some way or other a positive knowledge should be attained of that which philosophy can only express negatively as the denial of the will, there would be nothing for it but to refer to that state which all those who have attained to complete denial of the will have experienced, and which has been variously denoted by the names ecstasy, rapture, illumination, union with God, and so forth; a state, however, which cannot properly be called knowledge, because it has not the form of subject and object, and is moreover only attainable in one's own experience and cannot be further communicated.

We, however, who consistently occupy the standpoint of philosophy, must be satisfied here with negative knowledge,—content to have reached the utmost limit of the positive. We have recognized the inmost nature of the world as will, and all its phenomena as only the objectivity of will; and we have followed this objectivity from the unconscious working of obscure forces

of nature up to the completely conscious action of man. Therefore we shall by no means evade the consequence, that with the free denial, the surrender of the will, all those phenomena are also abolished: that constant strain and effort, without end and without rest, at all the grades of objectivity in which and through which the world consists; the multifarious forms succeeding each other in gradation; the whole manifestation of the will; and finally also the universal forms of this manifestation, time and space, and also its last fundamental form, subject and object, — all are abolished. No will no idea — no world.

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing — our nature — is indeed just the will to live which we ourselves are, as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another expression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world; in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates: then instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills, — we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when on the one hand we have recognized incurable suffering and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world; and on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints, — whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and with the stamp of inner truth, by art, — we must

banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world which is so real, with all its suns and Milky Ways, is nothing.

Translation of R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp.

ON BOOKS AND READING

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books; those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief. Nine tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practiced by littérateurs, hack writers, and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing,—viz., *the newest books;* and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated,—as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this,—always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely common-

place persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know by name only, the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers too are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read,—such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who o'ertop the rest of humanity,—those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow, and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent literature.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

ON CRITICISM

The source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty, it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So too in intercourse with others: every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together. Every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind,—the echo of his own thought; and next in order will come the work of people like him. That is to say, a dull, shallow, and perverse man, a dealer in mere words, will give his sincere and hearty applause only to that which is dull, shallow, perverse, or merely verbose: on the other hand, he will allow merit to the work of great minds only on the score of authority, —in other words, because he is ashamed to speak his opinion, for in reality they give him no pleasure at all; they do not appeal to him,—nay, they repel him: and he will not confess this even to himself. The works of genius cannot be fully enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. The first recognition of them, however, when they exist without authority to support them, demands considerable superiority of mind.

When the reader takes all this into consideration, he should be surprised, not that great work is so late in winning reputation, but that it wins it at all. And as a matter of fact, fame comes only by a slow and complex process. The stupid person is by degrees forced, and as it were tamed, into recognizing the superiority of one who stands immediately above him; this one in his turn bows before some one else; and so it goes on until the weight of the votes gradually prevails over their number: and this is just the condition of all genuine—in other words, deserved—fame. But until then, the greatest genius, even after he has passed his time of trial, stands like a king amidst a crowd of his own subjects who do not know him by sight, and therefore will not do his behests, unless indeed his chief ministers of State are in his train. For no subordinate official can be the direct recipient of the royal commands, as he knows only the signature of his immediate superior; and this is repeated all the way up into the highest ranks, where the under-secretary attests the minister's

signature, and the minister that of the king. There are analogous stages to be passed before a genius can attain wide-spread fame. This is why his reputation most easily comes to a standstill at the very outset,— because the highest authorities, of whom there can be but few, are most frequently not to be found; but the further down he goes in the scale, the more numerous are those who take the word from above, so that his fame is no more arrested.

We must console ourselves for this state of things by reflecting that it is really fortunate that the greater number of men do not form a judgment on their own responsibility, but merely take it on authority. For what sort of criticism should we have on Plato and Kant, Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, if every man were to form his opinion by what he really has and enjoys of these writers, instead of being forced by authority to speak of them in a fit and proper way, however little he may really feel what he says? Unless something of this kind took place, it would be impossible for true merit, in any high sphere, to attain fame at all. At the same time, it is also fortunate that every man has just so much critical power of his own as is necessary for recognizing the superiority of those who are placed immediately over him, and for following their lead. This means that the many come in the end to submit to the authority of the few; and there results that hierarchy of critical judgments, on which is based the possibility of a steady and eventually wide-spreading fame.

The lowest class in the community is quite impervious to the merits of a great genius; and for these people there is nothing left but the monument raised to him, which, by the impression it produces on their senses, awakens in them a dim idea of the man's greatness.

Literary journals should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever-increasing deluge of bad and useless books. Their judgments should be uncorrupted, just, and rigorous; and every piece of bad work done by an incapable person, every device by which the empty head tries to come to the assistance of the empty purse,— that is to say, about nine tenths of all existing books,— should be mercilessly scourged. Literary journals would then perform their duty; which is to keep down the craving for writing, and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable

toleration which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money.

If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication. This would paralyze his twitching fingers, to the true welfare of literature; in which what is bad is not only useless but positively pernicious. Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. Consequently praise should be as rare as is now the case with blame; which is withheld under the influence of personal considerations, coupled with the maxim, "Accedas socius, laudes lauderis ut absens."*

It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those stupid, brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good, for he who thinks nothing bad will think nothing good either. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien and often injurious element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated.

This ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment: so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, and even hardly one, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others. Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique, and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent the good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked to me, nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature.

But above all, anonymity, that shield of all literary rascality, would have to disappear. It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the

*"Agree as a companion, praise that when absent you may be yourself praised."

resentment of the author and his friends. But where there is one case of this sort, there will be a hundred where it merely serves to take all responsibility from the man who cannot stand by what he has said; or possibly to conceal the shame of one who has been cowardly and base enough to recommend a book to the public for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket. Often enough it is only a cloak for covering the obscurity, incompetence, and insignificance of the critic. It is incredible what impudence these fellows will show, and what literary trickery they will venture to commit, as soon as they know they are safe under the shadow of anonymity. Let me recommend a general *Anticriticism*, a universal medicine or panacea, to put a stop to all anonymous reviewing, whether it praises the bad or blames the good: *Rascal, your name!* For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face, and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise,—this is not the part of a gentleman: it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

An anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter; and one should be received with the same mistrust as the other. Or shall we take the name of the man who consents to preside over what is, in the strict sense of the word, *une société anonyme*, as a guarantee for the veracity of his colleagues?

Even Rousseau, in the preface to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' declares, "Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie;"* which in plain language means that every honorable man ought to sign his articles, and that no one is honorable who does not do so. How much truer this is of polemical writing, which is the general character of reviews! Riemer was quite right in the opinion he gives in his 'Reminiscences of Goethe': "An overt enemy," he says, "an enemy who meets you face to face, is an honorable man, who will treat you fairly, and with whom you can come to terms and be reconciled: but an enemy who conceals himself is a base, cowardly scoundrel, who has not courage enough to avow his own judgment; it is not his opinion that he cares about, but only the secret pleasure of wreaking his anger without being found out or punished." This must also have been Goethe's opinion, as he was generally the source from which Riemer drew his observations. And indeed, Rousseau's

*"Every honest man ought to acknowledge the books he publishes."

maxim applies to every line that is printed. Would a man in a mask ever be allowed to harangue a mob, or speak in any assembly, and that too when he was going to attack others and overwhelm them with abuse?

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author; and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted: so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far-sounding trumpet of the newspaper, he should be answerable for — at any rate with his honor, if he has any; and if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. And since even the most insignificant person is known in his own circle, the result of such a measure would be to put an end to two thirds of the newspaper lies, and to restrain the audacity of many a poisonous tongue.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

ON AUTHORSHIP

There are, first of all, two kinds of authors: those who write for the subject's sake, and those who write for writing's sake. While the one have had thoughts or experiences which seem to them worth communicating, the others want money; and so they write — for money. Their thinking is part of the business of writing. They may be recognized by the way in which they spin out their thoughts to the greatest possible length; then too, by the very nature of their thoughts, which are only half true, perverse, forced, vacillating; again, by the aversion they generally show to saying anything straight out, so that they may seem other than they are. Hence their writing is deficient in clearness and definiteness, and it is not long before they betray that their only object in writing at all is to cover paper. This sometimes happens with the best authors; now and then, for example, with Lessing in his 'Dramaturgie,' and even in many of Jean Paul's romances. As soon as the reader perceives this, let him throw the book away; for time is precious. The truth is that when an author begins to write for the sake of covering

paper, he is cheating the reader; because he writes under the pretext that he has something to say.

Writing for money and reservation of copyright are at bottom the ruin of literature. No one writes anything that is worth writing, unless he writes entirely for the sake of his subject. What an inestimable boon it would be, if in every branch of literature there were only a few books, but those excellent! This can never happen as long as money is to be made by writing. It seems as though the money lay under a curse; for every author degenerates as soon as he begins to put pen to paper in any way for the sake of gain. The best works of the greatest men all come from the time when they had to write for nothing or for very little. And here too that Spanish proverb holds good, which declares that honor and money are not to be found in the same purse,—"Honra y provecho no caben en un saco." The reason why literature is in such a bad plight nowadays is simply and solely that people write books to make money. A man who is in want sits down and writes a book, and the public is stupid enough to buy it. The secondary effect of this is the ruin of language.

A great many bad writers make their whole living by that foolish mania of the public for reading nothing but what has just been printed,—journalists, I mean. Truly, a most appropriate name. In plain language it is *journeymen, day-laborers!*

Again, it may be said that there are three kinds of authors. First come those who write without thinking. They write from a full memory, from reminiscences; it may be, even straight out of other people's books. This class is the most numerous. Then come those who do their thinking whilst they are writing,—they think in order to write; and there is no lack of them. Last of all come those authors who think before they begin to write: they are rare.

Authors of the second class, who put off their thinking until they come to write, are like a sportsman who goes forth at random and is not likely to bring very much home. On the other hand, when an author of the third or rare class writes, it is like a *battue*. Here the game has been previously captured and shut up within a very small space; from which it is afterwards let out, so many at a time, into another space, also confined. The game cannot possibly escape the sportsman; he has nothing to do but aim and fire,—in other words, write down his thoughts.

This is a kind of sport from which a man has something to show.

But even though the number of those who really think seriously before they begin to write is small, extremely few of them think about *the subject itself:* the remainder think only about the books that have been written on the subject, and what has been said by others. In order to think at all, such writers need the more direct and powerful stimulus of having other people's thoughts before them. These become their immediate theme; and the result is that they are always under their influence, and so never, in any real sense of the word, original. But the former are roused to thought by the subject itself, to which their thinking is thus immediately directed. This is the only class that produces writers of abiding fame.

It must of course be understood that I am speaking here of writers who treat of great subjects; not of writers on the art of making brandy.

Unless an author takes the material on which he writes out of his own head,—that is to say, from his own observation,—he is not worth reading. Book manufacturers, compilers, the common run of history writers, and many others of the same class, take their material immediately out of books; and the material goes straight to their finger-tips without even paying freight or undergoing examination as it passes through their heads, to say nothing of elaboration or revision. How very learned many a man would be if he knew everything that was in his own books! The consequence of this is, that these writers talk in such a loose and vague manner that the reader puzzles his brains in vain to understand what it is of which they are really thinking. They are thinking of nothing. It may now and then be the case that the book from which they copy has been composed exactly in the same way; so that writing of this sort is like a plaster cast of a cast, and in the end the bare outline of the face—and that too hardly recognizable—is all that is left of your Antinoüs. Let compilations be read as seldom as possible. It is difficult to avoid them altogether, since compilations also include those text-books which contain in a small space the accumulated knowledge of centuries.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the last work is always the more correct; that what is written later on is in every case an improvement on what was written before; and

that change always means progress. Real thinkers, men of right judgment, people who are in earnest with their subject,— these are all exceptions only. Vermin is the rule everywhere in the world: it is always on the alert, taking the mature opinions of the thinkers, and industriously seeking to improve upon them (save the mark!) in its own peculiar way.

If the reader wishes to study any subject, let him beware of rushing to the newest books upon it, and confining his attention to them alone, under the notion that science is always advancing, and that the old books have been drawn upon in the writing of the new. They have been drawn upon, it is true; but how? The writer of the new book often does not understand the old books thoroughly, and yet he is unwilling to take their exact words; so he bungles them, and says in his own bad way that which has been said very much better and more clearly by the old writers who wrote from their own lively knowledge of the subject. The new writer frequently omits the best things they say, their most striking illustrations, their happiest remarks, because he does not see their value or feel how pregnant they are. The only thing that appeals to him is what is shallow and insipid.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

THE VALUE OF PERSONALITY

Aristotle divides the blessings of life into three classes: those which come to us from without, those of the soul, and those of the body. Keeping nothing of this division but the number, I observe that the fundamental differences in human lot may be reduced to three distinct classes:—

(1) What a man is: that is to say, personality, in the widest sense of the word; under which are included health, strength, beauty, temperament, moral character, intelligence, and education.

(2) What a man has: that is, property and possessions of every kind.

(3) How a man stands in the estimation of others: by which is to be understood, as everybody knows, what a man is in the eyes of his fellow-men,— or more strictly, the light in which they regard him. This is shown by their opinion of him; and their

opinion is in its turn manifested by the honor in which he is held, and by his rank and reputation.

The differences which come under the first head are those which nature herself has set between man and man; and from this fact alone we may at once infer that they influence the happiness or unhappiness of mankind in a much more vital and radical way than those contained under the two following heads, which are merely the effect of human arrangements. Compared with *genuine personal advantages*, such as a great mind or a great heart, all the privileges of rank or birth, even of royal birth, are but as kings on the stage to kings in real life. The same thing was said long ago by Metrodorus, the earliest disciple of Epicurus, who wrote as the title of one of his chapters, "The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings." And it is an obvious fact, which cannot be called in question, that the principal element in a man's well-being — indeed, in the whole tenor of his existence — is what he is made of, his inner constitution. For this is the immediate source of that inward satisfaction or dissatisfaction resulting from the sum total of his sensations, desires, and thoughts; whilst his surroundings, on the other hand, exert only a mediate or indirect influence upon him. This is why the same external events or circumstances affect no two people alike: even with perfectly similar surroundings, every one lives in a world of his own. For a man has immediate apprehension only of his own ideas, feelings, and volitions; the outer world can influence him only in so far as it brings these to life. The world in which a man lives, shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men: to one it is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning. On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience, many people will wish that similar things had happened in their lives too; completely forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental aptitude which lent those events the significance they possess when he describes them: to a man of genius they were interesting adventures; but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, every-day occurrences. This is in the highest degree the case with many of Goethe's and Byron's poems, which are obviously founded upon actual facts;

where it is open to a foolish reader to envy the poet because so many delightful things happened to him, instead of envying that mighty power of fantasy which was capable of turning a fairly common experience into something so great and beautiful.

In the same way, a person of melancholy temperament will make a scene in a tragedy out of what appears to the sanguine man only in the light of an interesting conflict, and to a phlegmatic soul as something without any meaning; — all of which rests upon the fact that every event, in order to be realized and appreciated, requires the co-operation of two factors, — namely, a subject and an object; although these are as closely and necessarily connected as oxygen and hydrogen in water. When therefore the objective or external factor in an experience is actually the same, but the subjective or personal appreciation of it varies, the event is just as much a different one in the eyes of different persons as if the objective factors had not been alike; for to a blunt intelligence the fairest and best object in the world presents only a poor reality, and is therefore only poorly appreciated, — like a fine landscape in dull weather, or in the reflection of a bad *camera oscura*. In plain language, every man is pent up within the limits of his own consciousness, and cannot directly get beyond those limits any more than he can get beyond his own skin; so external aid is not of much use to him. On the stage, one man is a prince, another a minister, a third a servant or a soldier or a general, and so on, — mere external differences: the inner reality, the kernel of all these appearances, is the same, — a poor player, with all the anxieties of his lot. In life it is just the same. Differences of rank and wealth give every man his part to play, but this by no means implies a difference of inward happiness and pleasure; here too there is the same being in all, — a poor mortal, with his hardships and troubles. Though these may, indeed, in every case proceed from dissimilar causes, they are in their essential nature much the same in all their forms; with degrees of intensity which vary, no doubt, but in no wise correspond to the part a man has to play, — to the presence or absence of position and wealth. Since everything which exists or happens for a man exists only in his consciousness, and happens for it alone, the most essential thing for a man is the constitution of this consciousness, which is in most cases far more important than the circumstances which go to form its contents. All the pride and pleasure of the world, mirrored in the dull

consciousness of a fool, is poor indeed compared with the imagination of Cervantes writing his 'Don Quixote' in a miserable prison. The objective half of life and reality is in the hand of fate, and accordingly takes various forms in different cases; the subjective half is ourself, and in essentials it always remains the same.

Hence the life of every man is stamped with the same character throughout, however much his external circumstances may alter: it is like a series of variations on a single theme. No one can get beyond his own individuality. An animal, under whatever circumstances it is placed, remains within the narrow limits to which nature has irrevocably consigned it; so that our endeavors to make a pet happy must always keep within the compass of its nature, and be restricted to what it can feel. So it is with man: the measure of the happiness he can attain is determined beforehand by his individuality. More especially is this the case with the mental powers, which fix once for all his capacity for the higher kinds of pleasure. If these powers are small, no efforts from without, nothing that his fellow-men or that fortune can do for him, will suffice to raise him above the ordinary degree of human happiness and pleasure, half animal though it be: his only resources are his sensual appetite,—a cozy and cheerful family life at the most, low company and vulgar pastime; even education, on the whole, can avail little if anything for the enlargement of his horizon. For the highest, most varied, and lasting pleasures are those of the mind, however much our youth may deceive us on this point; and the pleasures of the mind turn chiefly on the powers of the mind. It is clear, then, that our happiness depends in a great degree upon what we *are*, upon our individuality; whilst lot or destiny is generally taken to mean only what we *have*, or our *reputation*. Our lot, in this sense, may improve; but we do not ask much of it if we are inwardly rich: on the other hand, a fool remains a fool, a dull blockhead, to his last hour, even though he were surrounded by houris in Paradise. This is why Goethe, in the 'West-östlicher Divan,' says that every man, whether he occupy a low position in life or emerge as its victor, testifies to personality as the greatest factor in happiness.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

OLIVE SCHREINER

(1863–)

IN THE summer of 1883 a little unheralded book, by an unknown author, appeared in the rank and file of contemporary fiction. Its title, 'The Story of an African Farm,' arrested attention, for the ostrich farm of South Africa was then virgin soil; not only virgin in its solemn monotony of unbroken plain and fierce sunlight, but virgin in its traditions and its customs.

The most cursory glance at the first chapter was enough to show the author of 'The Story of an African Farm' to be a virile and dramatic genius, independent of her choice of setting. Two facts, somewhat disguised (for the book was written under the pen-name of "Ralph Iron," and incident and character were treated with masculine boldness), betrayed to the omniscient critic that the writer was a woman and young. Miss Schreiner has a remarkable intuition regarding the thoughts and feelings of men; but she reveals her sex by her profound preoccupation with the problem of its relation to the world. Moreover, only a girlish Amazon of the pen could have written a story so harsh and hopeless. Only to eyes of youthful intolerance could compromise and extenuation (qualities rich in the temperance which Hamlet loved) have been so immeasurably remote.

OLIVE SCHREINER

The girl author, it is plain, was enamored with the bottom of things; she had made straight for the central mysteries of life and faith, and looked, unblinking, at naked truths that wrest the soul.

So far and no farther, however, do age and sex affect the story. There is none of the negligent superiority to the received dictums of style, in which her literary kinswoman, Emily Brontë, expressed the conventionally impossible. In strong, brief words and telling phrase the tale is told. A few bold, masterly strokes — as though from very familiarity she had wearied of local color, or disdained to use it — indicate the hueless, treeless, monotonous landscape of the ostrich farm, the grotesque, terrible caricature of deity that broods over it,

and the strange, vulgar, elementary people who live there. These she draws with bitter and cynical humor, sparing nothing of coarseness or repulsiveness in the broad, high-light portraits. The rose has scent and thorn, but she takes the thorn; and line by line sets down the mean, ugly life, its commonplaceness, its gross content. Walsingham wrote, "Her Majesty counts much on fortune, I wish she would trust more to the Almighty;" and as we read this young girl's story, we feel her to be another Elizabeth. The horoscope of her characters once cast, they have no more power to divert it than to reverse the laws of gravitation.

To three unhappy beings — unhappy because they are of finer mold, physically and mentally, than the rest — she commits the task of showing the relentlessness of fate. The boy Waldo worships the fetish he has been taught to call God, and pours out his whole innocent, ignorant soul into its deaf ear; the little English girl, Em, begs for love; the beautiful, proud child Lyndall asks only for freedom — to experience — to know. They beat their wings against the bars and fall back, — the one despairing, the other rebellious, the third exhausted; but all fall back on the dull animal existence, wounded unto death.

Only at the last does a certain drowsy calm rest on their tired eyelids. In the author's hopeless creed there is a single sweet narcotic for the soul's unrest. "Come," she says, "to Nature, the great healer, the celestial surgeon, who, before quenching forever conscious identity, will, if thou wilt, fold thee in her kind arms."

The dramatic power of 'The Story of an African Farm' takes hold of the reader from the first chapter — when the African moon pours its light from the blue sky to the wide lonely plain, and the boy Waldo cries out in agony, "O God, save thy people, save a few of thy people" — to the sculpturesque scene where the dying Lyndall fights her last fight, inch by inch, along the weary road. In her gospel, ardor and hope are put to shame, and all men are equal only in the pity of their limitations and the terror of their doom. The austere young dramatist fights a dark and sinister world with incalculable and unclassified energy.

A period of characteristic silence followed the immense popular success of 'The Story of an African Farm.' In 1890 the curiously effective but unequal 'Dreams' appeared; and in 1893 'Dream Life and Real Life,' a little African story, whose theme was the self-sacrifice, the martyrdom, the aspirations of woman. 'Trooper Peter Halket' was published in 1897. More than an exercise in polemics, it is a scornful presentment of the policy and methods of the Chartered Company in South Africa. The experiment of writing a modern gospel is ambitious work, even for so bold and original a writer

as Olive Schreiner: but it must be conceded that she has blended the baldest realism and the ideal and the supernatural with such powerful dramatic handling, that the struggle between the forces of good and evil, between Christian obligation and the way of the world, becomes an absorbing, exciting conflict; while the tragedy of the end, the old hopelessness that bounded and pervaded 'The Story of an African Farm,' is its most pathetic episode. The author of these remarkable books is as artistic in construction as she is strong in dramatic power.

Olive Schreiner was born in 1863 in Cape Town, Africa. She was the daughter of a Lutheran minister, and at twenty years of age published her first book. In 1890 she married Mr. Cronwright, an Anglo-African resident of her native colony.

SHADOWS FROM CHILD LIFE

From the 'Story of an African Farm'

The Watch

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and an almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon another, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones; and on the very summit a clump of prickly pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled sheep kraals and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house,—a square red brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty; and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which inclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great

open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes; and the night was warm, and the room close: and she dreamed bad dreams,—not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich camps, nor of her first, the young Boer, but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a freckled face; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes, and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed, but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow, and pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.

Only in one of the outbuildings that jutted from the wagon-house, there was some one who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy gray-and-black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box

under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls, and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible; not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool-box was, and where the fireplace. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting-watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick — tick — tick! one, two, three, four! He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick — tick — tick — tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorably; and every time it ticked, *a man died!* He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down? A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly, and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening: "*For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*"

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"*Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*"

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that

stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past — how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters, you may do what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed, and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"O God, God! save them!" he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only, for each moment I am praying here, one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!"

He groveled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! O God! the long, long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

The Sacrifice

The farm by daylight was not as the farm by moonlight. The plain was a weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered by dry karroo bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder, and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and there a milk-bush lifted its pale-colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about in the blazing sand. The red walls of the farm-house, the zinc roofs of the outbuildings, the stone walls of the kraals, all reflected the fierce sunlight, till the eye ached and blenched. No tree or shrub was to be seen far or near. The two sunflowers that stood before the door, outstared by the sun, drooped their brazen faces to the sand; and the little cicada-like insects cried aloud among the stones of the "kopje."

The Boer-woman seen by daylight was even less lovely than when, in bed, she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stove, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her apron, and drank coffee, and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was

damned. Less lovely, too, by daylight was the dead Englishman's child, her little stepdaughter, upon whose freckles and low wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.

"Lyndall," the child said to her little orphan cousin, who sat with her on the floor threading beads, "how is it your beads never fall off your needle?"

"I try," said the little one gravely, moistening her tiny finger, "That is why."

The overseer, seen by daylight, was a huge German, wearing a shabby suit, and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything. He stood out at the kraals, in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys the approaching end of the world. The boys, as they cut the cakes of dung, winked at each other, and worked as slowly as they possibly could; but the German never saw it.

Away beyond the "kopje," Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs,—a small and dusty herd,—powdered all over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat, and shoes of undressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too large, and had sunk down to his eyes, concealing completely the silky black curls. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far; they gathered round every little milk-bush as though they hoped to find shade, and stood there motionless in clumps. He himself crept under a shelving rock that lay at the foot of the "kopje," stretched himself on his stomach, and waved his dilapidated little shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he kept his dinner, he produced a fragment of slate, an arithmetic, and a pencil. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he began to add it up aloud: "Six and two is eight, and four is twelve, and two is fourteen, and four is eighteen." Here he paused. "And four is eighteen — and — four — is — eighteen." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped from his fingers, and the slate followed it into the sand. For a while he lay motionless; then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them, and might have been asleep but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from him. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him; but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked at the far-off hills with his heavy eyes.

"Ye shall receive, ye shall receive,—*shall, shall, shall,*" he muttered.

He sat up then. Slowly the dullness and heaviness melted from his face; it became radiant. Midday had come now, and the sun's rays were poured down vertically; the earth throbbed before the eye.

The boy stood up quickly, and cleared a small space from the bushes which covered it. Looking carefully, he found twelve small stones of somewhat the same size; kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept; in it was a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out, and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away, and walked to the altar with the meat, and laid it down on the stones. Close by, in the red sand, he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands. He prayed aloud:—

"O God, my Father, I have made thee a sacrifice. I have only twopence, so I cannot buy a lamb. If the lambs were mine I would give thee one: but now I have only this meat; it is my dinner-meat. Please, my Father, send fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou hast said, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, nothing doubting, it shall be done. I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

He knelt down with his face upon the ground, and he folded his hands upon his curls. The fierce sun poured down its heat upon his head and upon his altar. When he looked up he knew what he should see,—the glory of God! For fear, his very heart stood still, his breath came heavily; he was half suffocated. He dared not look up. Then at last he raised himself. Above him was the quiet blue sky, about him the red earth; there were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar—that was all.

He looked up: nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. He looked round in astonishment; then he bowed again, and this time longer than before.

When he raised himself the second time, all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton-chop, and it ran down upon the stones.

Then the third time he bowed himself. When at last he looked up, some ants had come to the meat on the altar. He stood up, and drove them away. Then he put his hat on his hot curls, and sat in the shade. He clasped his hands about his knees. He sat to watch what would come to pass. The glory of the Lord God Almighty! He knew he should see it.

"My dear God is trying me," he said; and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and waited when the sun began to slope; and when it neared the horizon and the sheep began to cast long shadows across the karroo, he still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills, till the sun dipped behind them and was gone. Then he called his ewes together, and broke down the altar, and threw the meat far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: "God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain,—I am not his. He will not hear my prayer. God hates me."

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the kraal gate the two girls met him.

"Come," said the yellow-haired Em, "let us play 'coop.' There is still time before it gets quite dark. You, Waldo, go and hide on the 'kopje'; Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will not look."

The girls hid their faces in the stone wall of the sheep kraal, and the boy clambered half-way up the "kopje." He crouched down between two stones, and gave the call. Just then the milk-herd came walking out of the cow kraal with two pails. He was an ill-looking Kaffir.

"Ah!" thought the boy, "perhaps he will die to-night, and go to hell! I must pray for him, I must pray!"

Then he thought, "Where am *I* going to?" and he prayed desperately.

"Ah! this is not right at all," little Em said, peeping between the stones, and finding him in a very curious posture. "What *are* you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"I—I will play nicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepishly before them; "I—I only forgot; I will play now."

"He has been to sleep," said freckled Em.

"No," said beautiful little Lyndall, looking curiously at him: "he has been crying."

She never made a mistake.

The Confession

One night, two years after, the boy sat alone on the "kopje." He had crept softly from his father's room, and come there. He often did, because when he prayed or cried aloud his father might awake and hear him; and none knew his great sorrow, and none knew his grief but he himself, and he buried them deep in his heart.

He turned up the brim of his great hat, and looked at the moon, but most at the leaves of the prickly pear that grew just before him. They glinted, and glinted, and glinted, just like his own heart,—cold, so hard, and very wicked. His physical heart had pain also; it seemed full of little bits of glass that hurt. He had sat there for half an hour, and he dared not go back to the close house.

He felt horribly lonely. There was not one thing so wicked as he in all the world, and he knew it. He folded his arms and began to cry—not aloud: he sobbed without making any sound, and his tears left scorched marks where they fell. He could not pray: he had prayed night and day for so many months; and to-night he could not pray. When he left off crying, he held his aching head with his brown hands. If one might have gone up to him and touched him kindly—poor ugly little thing! Perhaps his heart was almost broken.

With his swollen eyes he sat there on a flat stone at the very top of the "kopje"; and the tree, with every one of its wicked leaves, blinked, and blinked, and blinked at him. Presently he began to cry again, and then stopped his crying to look at it. He was quiet for a long while, then he knelt slowly and bent forward. There was a secret he had carried in his heart for a year. He had not dared to look at it; he had not whispered it to himself; but for a year he had carried it. "I hate God!" he said. The wind took the words and ran away with them, among the stones, and through the leaves of the prickly pear. He thought it died away half down the "kopje." He had told it now.

"I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God."

The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first. Then he got up, and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now; he did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy any more. Better so — better to know certainly. It was ended now. Better so.

He began scrambling down the sides of the "kopje" to go home.

Better so,— but oh, the loneliness, the agonized pain, for that night, and for nights on nights to come! The anguish that sleeps all day on the heart like a heavy worm, and wakes up at night to feed!

There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, "Now deal us your hardest blow, give us what you will; but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children."

The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this: its intense loneliness, its intense ignorance.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT

From 'Dreams'

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And in my sleep I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert; and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground; for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there, once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her; and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise: she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look—"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out: and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *she must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said "I am woman; and I am seeking for the Land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing; but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried!*"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hands; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of Dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white: the sun had not often shone on it,—the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay: what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings—"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long, so long, I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive: put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes, and then another,

and then another; and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built, and the rest pass over."

She said, "And of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more — and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that —" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge —" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk-bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now — the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "In the Future."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.

CARL SCHURZ

(1829–)

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

IN 1848, that year of upheaval, the love of liberty and the spirit of revolution came to Carl Schurz, then nineteen years old (for he was born March 2d, 1829, at Liblar near Cologne, Prussia), a student at the University of Bonn. In union with other noble and bold spirits he endeavored to secure by force a freer government and constitutional rule. For his part in an attempt to promote an insurrection he was forced to flee from his university city; he went to the Palatinate and joined the revolutionary army. The revolutionists were defeated. In their failure the high aspirations of many liberty-loving men went down. Schurz escaped to Switzerland, which afforded an asylum for large numbers of the German political exiles. A year in Paris as a correspondent of German newspapers, a year in London as a teacher, brought him to 1852, when he came to the United States. Residing in Philadelphia and visiting Washington, he studied law, political institutions, and public men. He went to Wisconsin, and was admitted to the bar; but his enthusiastic interest in the antislavery movement drew him into politics. As a consequence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the moral and political struggle against slavery had practically become one. The Republican party had been formed. The Northwest, which had been Democratic, took ground against the extension of slavery; and one of the factors in its conversion was the support which the party of freedom received from the large population of Germans. Schurz threw himself into that contest with ardor, advocated without ceasing the Republican cause, and then laid the foundation for his influence politically over his countrymen, which he has never lost, and which has been of true service to the republic. He spoke for Lincoln in the memorable senatorial campaign of 1858 against Douglas, and made the personal acquaintance of the man with whom the points of contact became

CARL SCHURZ

closer as the irrepressible conflict developed from the strife of words into the clash of arms. As the chairman of the Wisconsin delegation to the Republican national convention of 1860, held in Chicago, he advocated the nomination of Seward for President; but he did not feel, as some of the friends of Seward in the bitterness of their disappointment felt, that by the action of the delegates the cause had been betrayed and lost. From the debates with Douglas he had measured the ability and character of Lincoln: and when he gave an account of his stewardship to the Republicans of Wisconsin, it was no partisan opportunist who spoke, but an orator whose convictions were decided, whose words were sincere; he told them that their candidate was a "pure and patriotic statesman," "eminently fitted by the native virtues of his character, the high abilities of his mind, and a strong honest purpose," for the solution of the "problem before him." During the canvass of 1860 he was constantly on the stump, speaking in both English and German. Receiving the appointment of minister to Spain, and entering upon the duties of his mission, his heart remained in America: he watched with painful anxiety, as Motley did from Vienna, the progress of the war. He wrote a dispatch to the State department, giving an accurate and comprehensive account of European sentiment in reference to our civil conflict, and urging that the Government take steps toward the abolition of slavery, to "place the war against the rebellious slave States upon a higher moral basis, and thereby give us control of public opinion in Europe." Concerning the effect abroad his judgment was sound; but the President had to take into account the feeling of the plain people at home, and issued his 'Proclamation of Emancipation' at the earliest moment that it would have been sustained by the public, which Mr. Schurz inferentially in his essay on Lincoln admits. "It would have been a hazardous policy," he writes, "to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union."

Late in 1861 he returned to the United States, and served with credit as a general in the field. After the war he became a journalist. For a while he was the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune; then founded a newspaper in Detroit, and later became the editor of a St. Louis journal. In 1869 Missouri sent him to the United States Senate, where his service was both solid and brilliant. He favored universal amnesty to the men of the South; he opposed President Grant's scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, and was one of the senators and leaders of public opinion who gave expression to the profound disappointment and dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the general drift of Grant's administration. Thus he became more than any other one man the head and front of the

movement of Liberal Republicans of 1872, whose convention at Cincinnati, under the influence of some manipulation and a wave of curious enthusiasm, nominated Horace Greeley for President. Schurz's choice was Charles Francis Adams, who represented logically the opposition to Grant, and whose candidature, whether defeat or victory came, would have been dignified, and might have laid the foundations for a new party capable of enduring good.

During the financial crisis of 1873, the popular remedy for the distress, which had able and powerful advocates in Congress, was the issue of more greenbacks. Schurz fought in the Senate a bill providing for such an inflation of the currency. In 1875 the contest was transferred to Ohio. Meanwhile the Republicans in Congress had committed themselves to the resumption of specie payments; and Hayes, who was nominated for governor of Ohio, advocated unequivocally the doctrine of sound money. The Democrats put forward William Allen, and demanded that "the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade,"—a declaration satisfactory to the generality of Democrats, and to many Republicans in financial straits. Then ensued a wholesome and momentous canvass. Schurz was called from a well-earned rest in Switzerland to take part in it. He spoke constantly all over the State in English and in German; with a power never before equaled, I think, of placing cogently before men who labored with their hands, the elementary truths of sound finance. It is unquestionably true that Schurz's and John Sherman's speeches, their campaign of education, carried the State for the Republicans; though so hard fought was the contest that Hayes's plurality was but 5,544. That Ohio election made Hayes President, and Schurz Secretary of the Interior. As Secretary he served with honor, and he had an opportunity to put into practice his principles of reform in the civil service. He supported Cleveland in 1884, 1888, and 1892. In 1896 he canvassed the principal cities of the middle West; opposing the election of Bryan, speaking for sound finance in this great educational campaign as he had spoken in 1875, and being so persuasive a teacher that the sagacious chairman of the Republican National Committee distributed 1,500,000 pamphlet copies of his principal speech, besides a large quantity of so-called "Schurz Nuggets."

Such is a brief account of an active life. With George William Curtis, Mr. Schurz stands as the representative of the Independent in politics. No other man in this country, outside of a few who hold high office, has the political influence which he possesses. Wherever intelligent business men, college professors, advanced students, and political reformers gather together, there will you find the seed germinating which through many years and under different party

banners he has sown. The eagerness with which his work on the stump is at different times sought for alike by Republican and Democratic campaign managers, is proof of his large influence with the mass of voters. Many well-meaning men accuse him of inconsistency, for the reason that he has changed so frequently his party associations; but if consistency means adherence through the years to the same principles, he may challenge comparison on this ground with the strongest partisan in the land. He has also been accused of unsteadiness, from his frequent change of residence and occupation. We all know the benefit of attachment to family and location, which we see so clearly in Virginia and Massachusetts: such a feeling causes men to take root in the soil, and redounds to the safety of the State. But in our great republic, there is room for the cosmopolitan, for the citizen who has no attachment to any State, whose love is for the nation. Mr. Schurz, while pre-eminently a citizen of the world in society, literature, and art, is as true an American as any man born on American soil.

It is a remark of Bagehot that the men who know most, rarely have the time or the training to write books. Let it be noted then in the calendar, when a man of Mr. Schurz's varied life becomes a distinguished member of the republic of letters. His 'Life of Henry Clay' is one of the best biographies ever written. The view is purely objective. He had no manuscript material, no unprinted private letters which would of themselves present his hero in a new light. His material was books and speeches accessible to every one. The merit of the biography lies in the thorough assimilation of the facts, the power of telling a story, the bringing to bear upon the subject the wealth of his experiences, and the fusion of the whole into a form grateful to literary art. It seemed strange perhaps that the editor of the 'American Statesmen' series selected him who was a strenuous advocate of a tariff for revenue only, to write the life of Clay, the father of the principle of protection to home industries. But John T. Morse, Jr., the editor, chose wisely. Mr. Schurz treats the tariff question and Clay's relation to it with absolute candor. In truth, had he been in public life contemporary with Clay, he would probably have taken the opposite side, on nearly every public question, from his hero; yet such is his impartiality and sympathy that all who read the book must end it with loving Henry Clay. The historical part is of great value, and I question whether one who had not been Senator and Cabinet minister could have given to it such animation.

Mr. Schurz wrote an essay on Abraham Lincoln, originally published in the Atlantic Monthly. More has been written about Lincoln than about any other man in our history; but our author, by his power of generalization, and his presentment of the orderly unfolding

of this great life, has thrown new light on the character and work of the martyr President. To say that the essay is a classic is praise none too high.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Schurz was one of the editors of the Evening Post, in association with E. L. Godkin and Horace White. On the death of George William Curtis, he became the writer of the leading political article of Harper's Weekly. At first his contributions appeared unsigned, but in 1897 they began to be printed over his own signature. He discusses, for his audience of several hundred thousand, domestic and foreign politics, with an intelligence, acumen, and incisive literary style that certainly are not surpassed in America or in England. He writes English with accuracy, clearness, and vigor, and is never dull. A French writer has said: "To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years. To be eloquent in one is the labor of a life." In language the work of Mr. Schurz is that of two lives, for he is eloquent in both English and German.

James Ford Rhodes

CLAY THE CITIZEN

From the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Copyright 1887, by Carl Schurz. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

At the period when Henry Clay arrived in Kentucky, in 1797, the population exceeded 180,000, about one-fifth of whom were slaves; the later immigrants having come from the same quarter as the earlier.

The original stock consisted of the hardiest race of backwoodsmen. The forests of Kentucky were literally wrested from the Indians by constant fighting. The question whether the aborigines had any right to the soil seems to have been utterly foreign to the pioneer's mind. He wanted the land, and to him it was a matter of course that the Indian must leave it. The first settlements planted in the virgin forest were fortified with stockades and block-houses; which the inmates, not seldom for months at a time, could not leave without danger of falling into an Indian ambush and being scalped. No part of the country has therefore more stories and traditions of perilous adventures, bloody fights, and hairbreadth escapes. For a generation or more the

hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins of deerskin more or less gaudily ornamented, and the long rifle, powder-horn, and hunting-knife formed the regular "outfit" of a very large proportion of the male Kentuckians. We are told of some of the old pioneers, who, many years after populous towns had grown up on the sites of the old stockades, still continued the habit of walking about in their hunter's garb, with rifle and powder-horn, although the deer had become scarce, and the Indian had long ago disappeared from the neighborhood. They were loath to make up their minds to the fact that the old life was over. Thus the reminiscences and the characteristic spirit and habits left behind by that wild life were still fresh among the people of Kentucky at the period of which we speak. They were an uncommonly sturdy race of men, most of them fully as fond of hunting, and perhaps also of fighting, as of farming; brave and generous, rough and reckless, hospitable and much given to boisterous carousals, full of a fierce love of independence, and of a keen taste for the confused and turbulent contests of frontier politics. Slavery exercised its peculiar despotic influence there as elsewhere, although the number of slaves in Kentucky was comparatively small. But among freemen a strongly democratic spirit prevailed. There was as yet little of that relation of superior and inferior between the large planter and the small tenant or farmer which had existed, and was still to some extent existing, in Virginia. As to the white population, society started on the plane of practical equality.

Where the city of Lexington now stands, the first block-house was built in April 1775 by Robert Patterson, "an early and meritorious adventurer, much engaged in the defense of the country." A settlement soon formed under its protection, which was called Lexington, in honor of the Revolutionary battle then just fought in Massachusetts. The first settlers had to maintain themselves in many an Indian fight on that "finest garden spot in all Kentucky," as the Blue Grass region was justly called. In an early day it attracted "some people of culture" from Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. In 1780 the first school was built in the fort; and the same year the Virginia legislature — for Kentucky was at that time still a part of Virginia — chartered the Transylvania Seminary to be established there. In 1787 Mr. Isaac Wilson, of the Philadelphia College, opened the "Lexington grammar school," for the teaching of Latin, Greek, "and the different branches of science." The same year saw the

organization of a "society for promoting useful knowledge," and the establishment of the first newspaper. A year later, in 1788, the ambition of social refinement wanted and got a dancing-school, and also the Transylvania Seminary was fairly ready to receive students: "Tuition five pounds a year, one half in cash, the other in property; boarding, nine pounds a year, in property, pork, corn, tobacco, etc." In ten years more the seminary, having absorbed the Kentucky Academy established by the Presbyterians, expanded into the "Transylvania University," with first an academical department, and the following year adding one of medicine and another of law. Thus Lexington, although still a small town, became what was then called "the literary and intellectual centre west of the Alleghanies," and a point of great attraction to people of means and of social wants and pretensions. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that it was a quiet and sedate college town like those of New England. Many years later, in 1814, a young Massachusetts Yankee, Amos Kendall, who had drifted to Lexington in pursuit of profitable employment, and was then a private teacher in Henry Clay's family, wrote in his diary: "I have, I think, learned the way to be popular in Kentucky, but do not as yet put it in practice. Drink whisky and talk loud, with the fullest confidence, and you will hardly fail of being called a clever fellow." This was not the only "way to be popular," but was certainly one of the ways. When the Lexington of 1797, the year of Clay's arrival there, is spoken of as a "literary and intellectual centre," the meaning is that it was an outpost of civilization, still surrounded, and to a great extent permeated, by the spirit of border life. The hunter in his fringed buckskin suit, with long rifle and powder-horn, was still a familiar figure on the streets of the town. The boisterous hilarity of the bar-room, and the excitement of the card table, accorded with the prevailing taste better than a lecture on ancient history; and a racing-horse was to a large majority of Lexingtonians an object of far greater interest than a professor of Greek. But compared with other Western towns of the time, Lexington did possess an uncommon proportion of educated people; and there were circles wherein the social life displayed, together with the freedom of tone characteristic of a new country, a liberal dash of culture.

This was the place where Henry Clay cast anchor in 1797. The society he found there was congenial to him, and he was

congenial to it. A young man of uncommon brightness of intellect, of fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more, of high spirits, warm sympathies, a cheery nature, and sociable tastes,—he easily became a favorite with the educated as a person of striking ability, and with the many as a good companion, who, notwithstanding a certain distinguished air, enjoyed himself as they did. It was again as a speaker that he first made his mark. Shortly after his arrival at Lexington, before he had begun to practice law, he joined a debating club, in several meetings of which he participated only as a silent listener. One evening, when, after a long discussion, the vote upon the question before the society was about to be taken, he whispered to a friend, loud enough to be overheard, that to him the debate did not seem to have exhausted the subject. Somebody remarked that Mr. Clay desired to speak, and he was called upon. Finding himself unexpectedly confronting the audience, he was struck with embarrassment; and as he had done frequently in imaginary appeals in court, he began, "Gentlemen of the jury!" A titter running through the audience increased his embarrassment, and the awkward words came out once more. But then he gathered himself up; his nerves became steady, and he poured out a flow of reasoning so lucid, and at the same time so impassioned, that his hearers were overcome with astonishment. Some of his friends who had been present said, in later years, that they had never heard him make a better speech. This was no doubt an exaggeration of the first impression; but at any rate that speech stamped him at once as a remarkable man in the community, and laid open before him the road to success.

He had not come to Lexington with extravagant expectations. As an old man looking back upon those days, he said: "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make one hundred pounds a year, Virginia money, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee." He approached with a certain awe the competition with what he called "a bar uncommonly distinguished by eminent members." But he did not find it difficult to make his way among them. His practice was, indeed, at first mostly in criminal cases; and many are the stories told of the marvelous effects produced by his eloquence upon the simple-minded Kentucky jurymen, and of the culprits saved by him from a well-merited fate. . . .

It was not long however that he remained confined to criminal cases. Soon he distinguished himself by the management of civil suits also, especially suits growing out of the peculiar land laws of Virginia and Kentucky. In this way he rapidly acquired a lucrative practice and a prominent place at the bar of his State. That with all his brilliant abilities he never worked his way into the front rank of the great lawyers of the country was due to his characteristic failing. He studied only for the occasion, as far as his immediate need went. His studies were never wide and profound. His time was too much occupied by other things,—not only by his political activity, which gradually grew more and more exacting, but also by pleasure. He was fond of company, and in that period of his life not always careful in selecting his comrades; a passion for cards grew upon him, so much so indeed that he never completely succeeded in overcoming it: and these tastes robbed him of the hours and of the temper of mind without which the calm gathering of thought required for the mastery of a science is not possible. Moreover, it is not improbable that his remarkable gift of speaking, which enabled him to make little tell for much and to outshine men of vastly greater learning, deceived him as to the necessity for laborious study. The value of this faculty he appreciated well. He knew that oratory is an art, and in this art he trained himself with judgment and perseverance. For many years, as a young man, he made it a rule to read if possible every day in some historical or scientific book, and then to repeat what he had read in free, off-hand speech, "sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in a distant barn with the horse and ox for auditors." Thus he cultivated that facility and affluence of phrase, that resonance of language, as well as that freedom of gesture, which, aided by a voice of rare power and musical beauty, gave his oratory, even to the days of declining old age, so peculiar a charm.

Only a year and a half after his arrival at Lexington, in April 1799, he had achieved a position sufficiently respected and secure to ask for and to obtain the hand of Lucretia Hart, the daughter of a man of high character and prominent standing in the State. She was not a brilliant, but a very estimable woman, and a most devoted wife to him. She became the mother of eleven children. His prosperity increased rapidly; so that soon he was able to purchase Ashland, an estate of some six hundred

acres near Lexington, which afterward became famous as Henry Clay's home.

Together with the accumulation of worldly goods he laid up a valuable stock of popularity. Indeed, few men ever possessed in greater abundance and completeness those qualities which attract popular regard and affection. A tall stature; not a handsome face, but a pleasing, winning expression; a voice of which some of his contemporaries say that it was the finest musical instrument they ever heard; an eloquence always melodious, and in turn majestic, fierce, playful, insinuating, irresistibly appealing to all the feelings of human nature, aided by a gesticulation at the same time natural, vivid, large, and powerful; a certain magnificent grandeur of bearing in public action, and an easy familiarity, a never-failing natural courtesy in private, which even in his intercourse with the lowliest had nothing of haughty condescension in it; a noble generous heart, making him always ready to volunteer his professional services to poor widows and orphans who needed aid, to slaves whom he thought entitled to their freedom, to free negroes who were in danger of being illegally returned to bondage, and to persons who were persecuted by the powerful and lawless, in serving whom he sometimes endangered his own safety; a cheery sympathetic nature withal, of exuberant vitality, gay, spirited, always ready to enjoy, and always glad to see others enjoy themselves,— his very faults being those of what was considered good-fellowship in his Kentuckian surroundings; a superior person, appearing indeed immensely superior at times, but making his neighbors feel that he was one of them,— such a man was born to be popular. It has frequently been said that later in life he cultivated his popularity by clever acting, and that his universal courtesy became somewhat artificial. If so, then he acted his own character as it originally was. It is an important fact that his popularity at home, among his neighbors, indeed in the whole State, constantly grew stronger as he grew older; and that the people of Kentucky clung to him with unbounded affection.

CLAY THE STATESMAN

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But however incomplete, that record showed how large a place Henry Clay had filled in the public affairs of the republic during almost half a century of its existence. His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator, and one of the greatest popular speakers, America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament,—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself without an effort so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect, and his fertile fancy, served indeed to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away

with his understanding. His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether if put into practice it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and with his imperious temper and ardent combativeness he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party; save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. During Madison's first term, Clay helped in defeating the recharter of the United States Bank recommended by Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury; and he became a firm supporter of Madison's administration only when, as to the war against Great Britain, it had yielded to his pressure. No fault can be found with him for asserting in all important things the freedom of his opinion; but a less impetuous statesman would have found it possible to avoid a conflict with Monroe, and to maintain harmonious relations with General Taylor.

On the other hand, he never sought to organize or strengthen his following by the arts of the patronage-monger. The thought that a political party should be held together by the public plunder, or that the party leader should be something like a paymaster of a body of henchmen at the public expense, or that a party contest should be a mere scramble for spoils, was entirely foreign to his mind, and far below the level of his patriotic aspirations.

It has been said that Clay was surrounded by a crowd of jobbers and speculators eager to turn his internal-improvement and tariff policies to their private advantage. No doubt those policies attracted such persons to him. But there is no reason for suspecting that he was ever in the slightest degree pecuniarily interested in any scheme which might have been advanced by his political position or influence. In no sense was he a money-maker in politics. His integrity as a public man remained without blemish throughout his long career. He preserved an equally intact name in the conduct of his private affairs. In money matters he was always a man of honor, maintaining the principles

and the pride of a gentleman. The financial embarrassments which troubled his declining days were caused, not by reckless extravagance nor by questionable speculations, but by the expenses inseparable from high public station and great renown, and by engagements undertaken for others, especially his sons. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. There is ample evidence of his warm solicitude as to the welfare of his children, of his constant readiness to assist them with his counsel, and of his self-sacrificing liberality in providing for their needs and in aiding them in their troubles. . . .

The desire of so distinguished a political leader to be President was natural and legitimate. Even had he cherished it less ardently, his followers would have more than once pushed him forward. But no one can study Clay's career without feeling that he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never coveted the glittering prize. When such an ambition becomes chronic, it will be but too apt to unsettle the character and darken the existence of those afflicted with it, by confusing their appreciation of all else. As Cæsar said that the kind of death most to be desired was "a sudden one," so the American statesman may think himself fortunate to whom a nomination for the Presidency comes, if at all, without a long agony of hope and fear. During a period of thirty years — from the time when he first aspired to be Monroe's successor until 1848 — Clay unceasingly hunted the shadow whose capture would probably have added nothing either to his usefulness or his fame, but the pursuit of which made his public life singularly restless and unsatisfactory to himself. Nor did he escape from the suspicion of having occasionally modified the expression of his opinions according to supposed exigencies of availability. The peculiar tone of his speech against the Abolitionists before the campaign of 1840, his various letters on the annexation of Texas in 1844, and some equivocations on other subjects during the same period, illustrated the weakening influence of the Presidential candidate upon the man; and even his oft-quoted word that he would "rather be right than be President" was spoken at a time when he was more desirous of being President than sure of being right.

But on the whole, save his early change of position on the subject of the United States Bank, Clay's public career appears remarkably consistent in its main feature. It was ruled by the idea that, as the binding together of the States in the Union and

the formation of a constitutional government had been accomplished by the compromising of diverse interests, this Union and this constitutional government had to be maintained in the same way; and that every good citizen should consider it his duty, whenever circumstances required it, to sacrifice something, not only of his material advantages, but even of his sentiments and convictions, for the peace and welfare of the common Republic.

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South-American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key."

TWO POPULAR LEADERS

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ANDREW JACKSON, when he became President, was a man of sixty-two. A life of much exposure, hardship, and excitement, and also ill-health, had made him appear older than he was. His great military achievement lay fifteen years back in the past, and made him the "old hero." He was very ignorant. In his youth he had mastered scarcely the rudiments of education; and he did not possess that acquisitive intellectuality which impels men, with or without preparation, to search for knowledge and to store it up. While he had keen intuitions, he never

thoroughly understood the merits of any question of politics or economics. But his was in the highest degree the instinct of a superior will, the genius of command. If he had been on board a vessel in extreme danger, he would have thundered out his orders without knowing anything of seamanship, and been indignantly surprised if captain and crew had not obeyed him. At a fire, his voice would have made bystanders as well as firemen promptly do his will. In war, he was of course made a general; and without any knowledge of military science he went out to meet the enemy, made raw militia fight like veterans, and won the most brilliant victory in the War of 1812. He was not only brave himself: his mere presence infused bravery into others.

To his military heroship he owed that popularity which lifted him into the Presidential chair; and he carried the spirit of the warrior into the business of the government. His party was to him his army; those who opposed him, the enemy. He knew not how to argue, but how to command; not how to deliberate, but how to act. He had that impulsive energy which always creates dramatic conflicts, and the power of passion he put into them made all his conflicts look tremendous. When he had been defeated in 1825 by the influence of Clay, he made it appear as if he were battling against all the powers of corruption, which were threatening the life of the republic. We shall see him fight Nicholas Biddle, of the United States Bank, as if he had to defend the American people against the combined money power of the world seeking to enslave them. In rising up against nullification, and in threatening France with war to make her pay a debt, we shall see him saving the Union from deadly peril, and humiliating to the dust the insolence of the Old World. Thus he appeared like an invincible Hercules, constantly meeting terrible monsters dangerous to the American people, and slaying them all with his mighty club.

This fierce energy was his nature. It had a wonderful fascination for the popular fancy, which is fond of strong and bold acts. He became the idol of a large portion of the people to a degree never known before or since. Their belief was that with him defeat was impossible; that all the legions of darkness could not prevail against him; and that whatever arbitrary powers he might assume, and whatever way he might use them, it would always be for the good of the country,— a belief which he sincerely shared. His ignorance of the science of statesmanship,

and the rough manner in which he crossed its rules, seemed to endear him all the more to the great mass of his followers. Innumerable anecdotes about his homely and robust sayings and doings were going from mouth to mouth, and with delight the common man felt that this potent ruler was "one of us."

This popularity gave him an immense authority over the politicians of his party. He was a warm friend and a tremendous foe. By a faithful friend he would stand to the last extremity. But one who seriously differed from him on any matter that was near his heart was in great danger of becoming an object of his wrath. The ordinary patriot is apt to regard the enemies of his country as his personal enemies. But Andrew Jackson was always inclined, with entire sincerity, to regard his personal opponents as the enemies of his country. He honestly believed them capable of any baseness, and it was his solemn conviction that such nuisances must be abated by any power available for that purpose. The statesmen of his party frequently differed from him on matters of public importance; but they knew that they had to choose between submission and his disfavor. His friends would sometimes exercise much influence upon him in starting his mind in a certain direction; but when once started, that mind was beyond their control.

His personal integrity was above the reach of corruption He always meant to do right; indeed, he was always firmly convinced of being right. His idea of right was not seldom obscured by ignorance and prejudice, and in following it he would sometimes do the most unjust or dangerous things. But his friends, and the statesmen of his party, knowing that when he had made up his mind, especially on a matter that had become a subject of conflict between him and his "enemies," it was absolutely useless to reason with him, accustomed themselves to obeying orders, unless they were prepared to go to the rear or into opposition. It was therefore not a mere invention of the enemy, but sober truth, that when Jackson's administration was attacked, sometimes the only answer left to its defenders, as well as the all-sufficient one with the Democratic masses, was simply a "Hurrah for Jackson!"

Henry Clay was, although in retirement, the recognized chief of the National Republicans. He was then fifty-two years old, and in the full maturity of his powers. He had never been an arduous student; but his uncommonly vivacious and receptive

mind had learned much in the practical school of affairs. He possessed that magnificent confidence in himself which extorts confidence from others. He had a full measure of the temper necessary for leadership, the spirit of initiative, but not always the discretion that should accompany it. His leadership was not of that mean order which merely contrives to organize a personal following: it was the leadership of a statesman devoting himself to the great interests of his country. Whenever he appeared in a deliberative assembly, or in councils of his party, he would as a matter of course take in his hands what important business was pending, and determine the policy to be followed. His friends, and some even among his opponents, were so accustomed to yield to him that nothing seemed to them concluded without the mark of his assent; and they involuntarily looked to him for the decisive word as to what was to be done. Thus he grew into a habit of dictation, which occasionally displayed itself in a manner of peremptory command, and intolerance of adverse opinion, apt to provoke resentment.

It was his eloquence that had first made him famous, and that throughout his career mainly sustained his leadership. His speeches were not masterpieces of literary art, nor exhaustive dissertations. They do not offer to the student any profound theories of government or expositions of economic science. They will not be quoted as authorities on disputed points. Neither were they strings of witty epigrams. They were the impassioned reasoning of a statesman intensely devoted to his country and to the cause he thought right. There was no appearance of artifice in them. They made every listener feel that the man who uttered them was tremendously in earnest, and that the thoughts he expressed had not only passed through his brain but also through his heart. They were the speeches of a great debater; and as may be said of those of Charles James Fox, cold print could never do them justice. To be fully appreciated they had to be heard on the theatre of action, in the hushed Senate chamber, or before the eagerly upturned faces of assembled multitudes. To feel the full charm of his lucid explanations, and his winning persuasiveness, or the thrill which was flashed through the nerves of his hearers by the magnificent sunbursts of his enthusiasm, or the fierce thunder-storms of his anger and scorn, one had to hear that musical voice cajoling, flattering, inspiring, overawing, terrifying in turn,—a voice to the cadences of which it was a physical

delight to listen; one had to see that face, not handsome but glowing with the fire of inspiration, that lofty mien, that commanding stature constantly growing under his words, and the grand sweep of his gesture, majestic in its dignity, and full of grace and strength,— the whole man a superior being while he spoke.

Survivors of his time, who heard him at his best, tell us of the effects produced by his great appeals in the House of Representatives or the Senate,— the galleries trembling with excitement, and even the members unable to contain themselves; or in popular assemblies, the multitudes breathlessly listening, and then breaking out in unearthly shouts of enthusiasm and delight, weeping and laughing, and rushing up to him with overwhelming demonstrations of admiring and affectionate rapture.

Clay's oratory sometimes fairly paralyzed his opponents. A story is told that Tom Marshall, himself a speaker of uncommon power, was once selected to answer Clay at a mass meeting; but that he was observed, while Clay was proceeding, slowly to make his way back through the listening crowd, apparently anxious to escape. Some of his friends tried to hold him, saying, "Why, Mr. Marshall, where are you going? You must reply to Mr. Clay. You can easily answer all he has said." "Of course I can answer every point," said Marshall; "but you must excuse me, gentlemen,— I cannot go up there and do it just now, after his speech."

There was a manly, fearless frankness in the avowal of his opinions, and a knightly spirit in his defense of them, as well as in his attacks on his opponents. He was indeed, on the political field, the *preux chevalier*, marshaling his hosts, sounding his bugle blasts, and plunging first into the fight; and with proud admiration his followers called him "the gallant Harry of the West."

No less brilliant and attractive was he in his social intercourse with men; thoroughly human in his whole being; full of high spirits; fond of enjoying life and of seeing others happy; generous and hearty in his sympathies; always courteous, sometimes studiously and elaborately so, perhaps beyond what the occasion seemed to call for, but never wounding the most sensitive by any demonstrative condescension, because there was a truly kind heart behind his courtesy; possessing a natural charm of conversation and manner so captivating that neither scholar nor backwoodsman could withstand its fascination; making friends wherever he

appeared, and holding them — and surely to no public man did friends ever cling with more affectionate attachment. It was not a mere political, it was a sentimental devotion, — a devotion abandoning even that criticism which is the duty of friendship, and forgetting or excusing all his weaknesses and faults, intellectual and moral, — more than was good for him.

Behind him he had also the powerful support of the industrial interests of the country, which saw in him their champion; while the perfect integrity of his character forbade the suspicion that this championship was serving his private gain.

Such were the leaders of the two parties as they then stood before the country, — individualities so pronounced and conspicuous, commanders so faithfully sustained by their followers, that while they were facing each other, the contests of parties appeared almost like a protracted political duel between two men. It was a struggle of singular dramatic interest.

THE FIRST AMERICAN

From 'Abraham Lincoln: an Essay.' Copyright 1891, by Carl Schurz and Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The hour of triumph called out the characteristic impulses of his nature. The opposition within the Union party had stung him to the quick. Now he had his opponents before him, baffled and humiliated. Not a moment did he lose to stretch out the hand of friendship to all. "Now that the election is over," he said in response to a serenade, "may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join with me in the same spirit toward those who were against me?" This was Abraham Lincoln's character as tested in the furnace of prosperity.

The war was virtually decided, but not yet ended. Sherman was irresistibly carrying the Union flag through the South. Grant had his iron hand upon the ramparts of Richmond. The

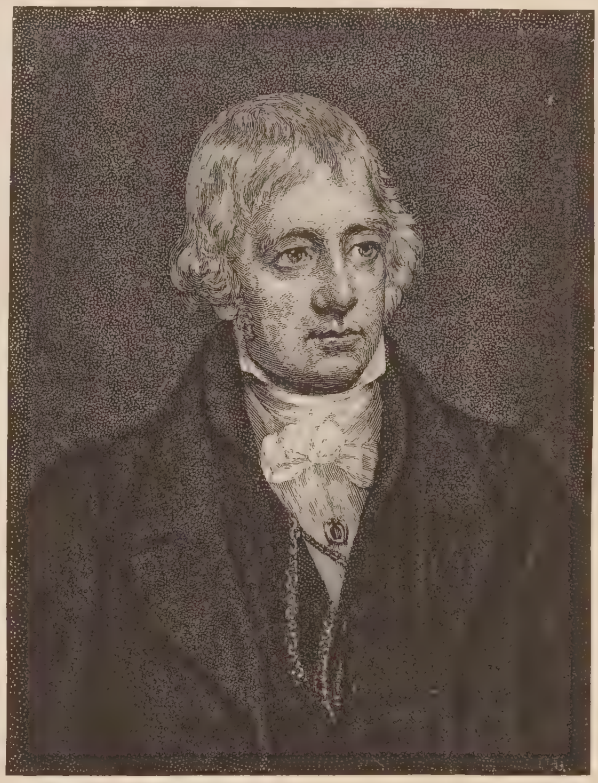
days of the Confederacy were evidently numbered. Only the last blow remained to be struck. Then Lincoln's second inauguration came, and with it his second inaugural address. Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg speech" has been much and justly admired. But far greater, as well as far more characteristic, was that inaugural in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die. These were its closing words:—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart.

To the younger generation, Abraham Lincoln has already become a half-mythical figure, which, in the haze of historic distance, grows to more and more heroic proportions, but also loses in distinctness of outline and feature. This is indeed the common lot of popular heroes; but the Lincoln legend will be more than ordinarily apt to become fanciful, as his individuality, assembling seemingly incongruous qualities and forces in a character at the same time grand and most lovable, was so unique, and his career so abounding in startling contrasts. As the state of society in which Abraham Lincoln grew up passes away, the world will read with increasing wonder of the man who, not only of the humblest origin, but remaining the simplest and most unpretending of citizens, was raised to a position of power unprecedented in our history; who was the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own

breast, and suddenly found himself called to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; who wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature; who was a cautious conservative by temperament and mental habit, and led the most sudden and sweeping social revolution of our time; who, preserving his homely speech and rustic manner even in the most conspicuous position of that period, drew upon himself the scoffs of polite society, and then thrilled the soul of mankind with utterances of wonderful beauty and grandeur; who, in his heart the best friend of the defeated South, was murdered because a crazy fanatic took him for its most cruel enemy; who, while in power, was beyond measure lampooned and maligned by sectional passion and an excited party spirit, and around whose bier friend and foe gathered to praise him — which they have since never ceased to do — as one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771–1832)

BY ANDREW LANG

OFTEN as it has been my fortune to write about Sir Walter Scott, I never sit down to do so without a sense of happiness and elation. It is as if one were meeting a dear friend, or at the least were to talk with other friends about him. This emotion is so strong, no doubt, because the name and memory and magic of Sir Walter are entwined with one's earliest recollections of poetry, and nature, and the rivers and hills of home. Yet the phrase of a lady, a stranger, in an unpublished letter to Scott, "You are such a friendly author," contains a truth not limited to Scott's fellow-countrymen and fellow-Borderers. To read him, to read all of him almost, to know his works familiarly, is to have a friend, and as it were, an invisible playmate of the mind. Goethe confessed this spell; it affected even Carlyle; all Europe knew its charm; Alexandre Dumas, the Scott of France, not only felt it but can himself inspire it,—the spell of a great, frank, wise, humorous, and loving nature, accompanied by a rich and sympathetic imagination, and equipped with opulence of knowledge. In modern England, few men have had wider influence than two who in many respects are all unlike Scott,—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ruskin; yet their writings are full of admiration for "the Magician who dwelleth in the castle on the Border." To-day, some very "modern" people of letters, in no way remarkable either for knowledge, fancy, or humor, affect to speak of Scott with disdain. The latest criticism which I chanced to read talked of his "romances of chivalry," as if they had no connection with actual "life." He wrote only about three prose "romances of chivalry." It is life itself that throbs in a score, perhaps a hundred, of his characters. Davie Deans, Jeanie Deans, Bessie Maclure, Nantie Ewart, Wandering Willie, Andrew Fairservice, Louis XI., James VI., Ratcliffe, Madge Wildfire, the Dugald Creature, Callum Beg, Diana Vernon, Dugald Dalgetty, the fishers of 'The Antiquary,' Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Claverhouse, Meg Dods,—these are but a few of Scott's immortally living characters. From kings to gillies, they all display life as it has been, and is, and will be lived. Remoteness and strangeness of time and place and society can never alter nature,

nor hide from minds not prejudiced and dwarfed by restricted faculties and slovenly sham education, the creative greatness of Scott.

His life has been told by the first biographer in British literature save Boswell. It has been my lot to read most of the manuscript materials used by Scott's son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart; and the perusal only increases one's esteem for his work. Lockhart's tact in selection was infallible. But his book is a long book; and parts of it which interest a Scot do not strongly appeal to the interest of an Englishman or an American not of Scottish descent. Nevertheless Lockhart's 'Biography' is in itself a delightful, if not indispensable, accompaniment of Sir Walter's works. No biographer had ever less to conceal: a study of the letters and other unpublished documents makes this certain. The one blot on Sir Walter's scutcheon — his dabbling in trade — was matter of public knowledge during his own lifetime. Occasional defects of temper, such as beset the noblest natures, Lockhart did not hide; for which he was foolishly blamed. Speaking from the most intimate knowledge now attainable, one may confidently say that Lockhart's Scott is the real man, "as known to his Maker."

There is no room here for even a sketch of a life already familiar in outline. Persons so unfortunate as "not to have time" to read Lockhart, will find all that is necessary in Mr. R. H. Hutton's sketch ('English Men of Letters' series), or in Mr. Saintsbury's 'Sir Walter Scott' ('Famous Scots' series). The poet and novelist was descended from the Border house of Harden: on the spindle side he had the blood of Campbells, Macdonalls, Haliburtons, and Rutherfords in his veins. All of these are families of extreme antiquity,— the Macdonalls having been almost regal in Galloway and Argyle. Scott's father (born 1729) was a Writer to the Signet, the Saunders Fairford of 'Redgauntlet.'

The poet and novelist was born on August 15th, 1771, and died in 1832. The details of his infancy, his lameness, his genius in childhood, his studious and adventurous boyhood, his incomplete education (like St. Augustine he would not learn Greek), his adoption of the profession of advocate, may be found in every 'Life.' "The first to begin a row and the last to end it," Scott knew intimately all ranks of society before he had published a line. Duchesses, gipsies, thieves, Highlanders, Lowlanders, students, judges, attorneys' clerks, actors, gamekeepers, farmers, tramps,— he was at home with all of them, while he had read everything in literature that most people do not know. It was his fortune to be a poet while England yet had two kings: George III. *de facto*, Charles III. and Henry IX. *de jure*. Hopeless as the Jacobite cause now was, the sentiment lingered; and Scott knew intimately the man who sent the Fiery Cross through Appin in

1745,—Invernahyle. A portrait of Prince Charles was one of his earliest purchases. He had seen Burns, who wrote the last 'Birthday Ode' for a royal Stuart. Yet his youth was contemporary with the French Revolution, which only made him more of a Tory. His infancy dwelt with sad excitement on our disasters in the American War of Independence. Thus he lived in the Medea's-caldron of history, with a head and heart full of the knowledge and love of the past,—in poetry, ballad, legend, charter, custom. From all this rich experience of men and women, of the European "Twilight of the Gods," of clashing societies and politics, of war and literature, came the peculiar and original ply of his genius.

This was ripened probably by a love affair which ended when he was twenty-five (1796); ended as far as hope was concerned, otherwise it closed only with his earthly life, if then. If aught of man's personality persists after death, then what has so deeply colored and become one with the self as a love like Scott's, never dies. You find its traces in his novels, and poems, and Journal: it even peeps out in his review of Miss Austen's novels. From living tradition—on the authority of a lady who, having seen her once, loved her to her own death in extreme age—we are able to say that Scott's lost love was "an angel rather than a woman."

To please her he began to aim at success in letters, starting with a translation of Bürger's romantic ballad, 'Lenore.' But it was in vain. Scott bore his loss like a man. The result was not elegiac poetry, but, as Mr. Saintsbury justly remarks, the conquest of "the violence of Scott's most irritable and ungovernable mind," so described by an early and intimate friend.

To understand Scott, all this must be kept in memory. People complain of his want of "passion." Of passion in its purest and strongest phase no man had known more. But if his passion was potent, more potent was his character. He does not deal in embraces, and such descriptions of physical charms and raptures as fill the lines of Burns and Carew, and Paulus Silentiarius. "I may not, must not sing of love," says his minstrel; but whoever has read 'Rob Roy,' and lost his heart to Diana Vernon, ought to understand. "The rest, they may live and learn." Scott, in Carlyle's phrase, "consumed his own smoke"; which Carlyle never did.

Next year (1797) Scott married the lady—Miss Carpenter or Charpentier—to whom he was the fondest and most faithful of husbands. Hogg calls her "a perfect beauty"; small, dark, and *piquante*, and "a sweet, kind, affectionate creature." Mrs. Scott had humor and high spirits, as one or two of her letters show; she made no kind of literary pretensions; and a certain fretfulness in her latest years may be attributed to the effects of a lingering and fatal illness. Scott and she were very happy together.

The details of his professional career at the bar may be omitted. He was an unsuccessful pleader, but got the remunerative office of "sheriff of the forest" of Ettrick. He roamed in Galloway, Liddesdale, and the Highlands; he met "Monk" Lewis, and began some ballads for a collection of his. Already, in 'The Eve of St. John,' we see the qualities of Scott — and the defects. In 1802 appeared his 'Border Minstrelsy,' printed at Kelm by his school friend, James Ballantyne. This was the beginning of a fatal connection. Scott became secretly a printer and publisher. Though he owns, and justly, to "a thread of the attorney" in his nature, he had neither the leisure nor the balance for a man of business. He became entangled in the system of fictitious credit; he never shook off its meshes; and when a commercial crash came in 1825–26, he was financially ruined. The poet in him had been acquiring treasures of things old, books and curios; he had built for these Abbotsford, an expensive villa on a bad site, but near Tweed; he had purchased land, at exorbitant rates, mainly for antiquarian and poetical reasons of association, partly from the old Scottish territorial sentiment; he had kept open house, and given money with royal munificence; a portion of his gains was fairy gold, mere paper. So Sir Walter was ruined; and he killed himself, and broke his brain, in the effort to pay his creditors. He succeeded, but did not live to see his success. That, in the briefest form, and omitting his politics (which were chivalrous), is the story of a long life, strenuous almost beyond literary example, and happy as men may look for happiness. Of his sons and daughters only one left offspring, — Sophia, wife of John Gibson Lockhart. Of their children, again, only one, the wife of Mr. Hope, later Hope-Scott, left issue, — Mr. Maxwell Scott, from whom descend a flourishing family.

Of Scott's poems it must be said that he is, first of all and above all, a teller of tales in rhyme. Since Spenser, perhaps, no one had been able to interest the world in a rhymed romaunt. Byron, following Scott, outdid him for the hour in popularity; our own age has seen Tennyson's Idylls and Mr. William Morris. Thus rare is success in the ancient art of romance in verse. The *genre* is scarcely compatible (except in Homer's hands) with deep reflection, or with highly finished language. At Alexandria, in the third century before our era, poets and critics were already disputing as to whether long narrative poems were any longer possible; and on the whole they preferred, like Lord Tennyson, brief "idylls" on epic themes.

Sir Walter, of course, chose not epic but romance; he follows the mediæval romanticists in verse, adding popular ballad qualities after the example, in method and versification, of Coleridge's 'Christabel.' The result was a new form; often imitated, but never successfully. How welcome it was to an age wearied with the convention of the Popeian heroic couplet, in incompetent hands, need not be said. In

our age Scott's narrative verse mainly appeals (as he said himself that he appealed) to young people. Older lovers of poetry want subtler style and deeper thought.

> «Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
> Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale,»

said the poet. He judged himself, on the negative side, with perfect accuracy. Nobody knew his own defects better. «Our father says that nothing is so bad for young people as reading bad poetry,» says his daughter; and he did not wish his children to read his 'Lays' and 'Ladys.' Yet he knew by an amiable inconsistency that his appeal was to young people.

In responding to that appeal, the present writer is, and hopes to remain, young. The nine-and-twenty knights of fame who stabled their steeds in Branxholme Hall charm him as much as they did when his years were six. The Ride of William of Deloraine remains the best of riding ballads. The Goblin Page abideth terrible and grotesque. And it is so with the rest. We cannot force our tastes on others. If any man's blood is not stirred by the last stand of the spears of Scotland at Flodden, when

> «The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell,»

in that man's blood there can be very little iron. It is not that one would always be reading poetry of war. But war too has its poetry, and here it is chanted as never before nor since. Scott's «scenery» now wearies many readers; but in the early century it was novel; and was usually seen at the speed of The Chase, or of the hurrying of the Fiery Cross, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' How often, looking at the ruined shells of feudal castles of the west,— Ardtornish, Dunstaffnage, and the others,— one has thought of his verse on these fortresses,—

> «Each on its own dark cape reclined,
> And listening to its own wild wind.»

The task of reviving Celtic romance was left to a Lowland Scot, with very little of Celtic blood in his veins. In 'Rokeby' my own taste prefers the lyrics, as «Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,» and «A weary lot is thine, fair maid,» and «When the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray.» The 'Lord of the Isles' is comparatively confused and feeble.

Apart from — and I think, above — Scott's success in rhymed narrative, his lyrics hold their place. I heard lately of a very «modern» lady, who, for a collection of exquisite lyrics, could find nothing in Scott worth gathering and binding. This it is to be cultivated beyond one's intellect! Mr. Palgrave, in 'The Golden Treasury,' and Mr. Swinburne, have not been of the fair critic's opinion. I have myself edited a collection of all Scott's lyrics. They vary much in merit: but for the essence of all romance, and pitiful contrast of youth and pride and death, 'Proud Maisie' is noted; for fire, speed, and loyalty, 'A Health to King Charles,' 'Bonnie Dundee,' 'Young Lochinvar,' Flora MacIvor's Clan Roll-Call; for restrained melancholy, 'The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill'; for all qualities of the old ballad, 'The Red Harlaw.' The great objections to Scott's narrative poems are, in a hurried age, their length and their diffuseness. In his lyrics he has all his good qualities without the defects. Among defects one would not include want of meditativeness, of the «subjective,» of the magically selected word, because these great merits are not included in his aim. About himself, his passions and emotions (the material of most lyrics and elegiacs), he was not going to speak.

Of Scott's novels it is nearly as impossible to write here, in space so brief, as of Shakespeare's plays. Let us take first their defects, to which the author himself pleads guilty. The shortest way to an understanding of Scott's self-criticism is the reading of his Introductions to 'The Abbot' and 'Nigel.' He admits his deficiency in plot and construction, — things of *charpentage*, within the reach of ordinary talent, but often oddly disregarded by genius; witness Shakespeare and Molière. Scott's conclusions, he owns, are «huddled up»; he probably borrowed the word from his friend, Lady Louisa Stuart. «Yet I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my work to scale, dividing it into volumes and chapters, and endeavored to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity, and which finally should terminate in a striking catastrophe.» But he could not do it. He met Dugald Dalgetty, or Baillie Jarvie, who led him away from his purpose. If he resisted temptation, he «wrote painfully to himself, and under a consciousness of flagging which made him flag still more. . . . In short, sir, on such occasions I think I am bewitched.» So he followed his genius, which was not architectonic. He contented himself with writing «with sense and spirit a few unlabored and loosely put together scenes, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse.»

As for his style, he tells Lockhart that he «never learned grammar.» His manner is often not only incorrect, but trailingly diffuse; he was apt to pack a crowd of details and explanations, about which

he did not care, into a sentence which began anywhere and died out anyhow. This was arrant carelessness. But it was usually accompanied by simplicity and spontaneity; if it does not charm us by cadence, it never irritates us by self-consciousness and futile research. Such are Scott's palpable defects: and he had of course the "old-fashionedness" of his generation,—not a graceful or magnificent sort of old fashion. For his heroes, and many of his heroines, he entertained a complete contempt,—especially for Waverley. They are only ordinary young people: brave, strong, not clever, honorable, a good deal puzzled by the historical crises in which they find themselves. They are often neither Whig nor Tory, neither Covenanter nor Cavalier, with any energy. The story moves on round them; the characters come and go,—they are not the real interest. Rose Bradwardine is a good, affectionate, ignorant, confiding, pretty girl; perfectly true to nature, but no Rosalind nor Beatrice. Di Vernon, and Catherine Seton, and Rebecca—especially Miss Vernon—are among the few heroines whom we can remember and adore. Then it must be conceded that Scott does not deal in moral or social "problems." His characters, not unlike most of us, know what is the right thing to do, and do it or leave it alone. Ivanhoe vastly preferred Rebecca to Rowena. An author might give us chapters on his moral and psychological difficulties, and they might be excellent chapters. But Ivanhoe merely conquers his passion practically; and as to the secret of his heart, only a word is dropped. Scott never lingers over interminable tragedies of the emotions. Most of us can supply what is lacking for ourselves in that respect.

It will be seen that Scott's novels have the obvious blemishes of which many readers are most intolerant, and lack the qualities ("passion," and "subtlety," and "style") of which people literary do now most delight to be talking. We can love Scott with Goethe, Dumas, Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin,—or we can carp at him with Mr. George Moore. It is a matter of taste, which is in great part a matter of character, training, association, and education. But we who admire, and take lifelong pleasure in, Sir Walter, "have great allies,"—the greatest of critical names; we need not fear to speak with the adversary in the gate. We admit the absence of some excellent qualities: we admit the presence of diffuseness, and of what, to exclusive readers of recent novels, is tediousness. Moreover, if like Huckleberry Finn you have "no use for dead people," and hate history, of course you cannot be pleased with any historical novels. Gentle King Jamie, Queen Mary, Richard of the Lion Heart, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Cavaliers and Covenanters, knights and archers, speak a language which you cannot understand, about matters which do not concern you, thrall as you are to your little day of ideas and vogue.

But Sir Walter, "for a' that," has qualities which delighted all Europe, and which still delight people who love the past, and love humor, adventure, the spectacle of life. These people are not few; for they must be the purchasers of the endless new editions, cheap or dear, of the Waverley Novels. Sir Walter can tell a story, and he can create men and women — not to mention horses and dogs — of endless varieties, and in every rank. Moreover he can create *places:* Tully Veolan and many others are, as Mr. Saintsbury says, "our own — our own to pass freely through until the end of time."

Scott is old now: in his time, as poet and as romancer, he was absolutely new. The poems did not proceed obviously, and by way of manifest gradual evolution, from anything familiar to most men. The old French rhymed romances, Barbour's 'Bruce,' the ancient ballads, and 'Christabel,' all went to their begetting; but in themselves they were *new.* New also was the historical novel, based on vast knowledge, and informed with such life as Shakespeare poured into 'Henry IV.' or 'Julius Cæsar.' Scott created the *genre:* without him there had been no 'Esmond,' no 'Master of Ballantrae,' no 'Mousquetaires.' Alexandre Dumas, as historical novelist, is the greatest of Scott's works.

There is here no space for detailed criticism of the novels. A man might do worse than read 'Waverley,' the earliest, and then 'Redgauntlet,' the most autobiographical, in succession. Here is the romance of the fallen dynasty, of the kings landless, whose tomb the dying Scott visited in Rome. Had I to choose my private favorite, it would be 'Old Mortality'; which might be followed (as 'Waverley' by 'Redgauntlet') by the decline of the Cameronians in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' For chivalry 'Ivanhoe' is pre-eminent; with 'Quentin Durward' for adventure and construction. And after these a man cannot go wrong; though 'Count Robert of Paris,' 'Peveril,' 'Castle Dangerous,' and (in Scott's opinion) 'Anne of Geierstein,' are saddening, and "smack of the apoplexy." 'The Pirate' and 'The Monastery' are certainly not novels to begin with, nor is 'St. Ronan's Well.'

Of his historical works, 'The Tales of a Grandfather' can never be superseded; the 'Napoleon,' though readable, is superseded, and was ungrateful taskwork. The essays are a great treasure of enjoyment; the 'Swift' is an excellent and wise biography. The 'Journal' is the picture of the man,—so much greater, better, kinder, and more friendly than even the author. "Be a good man, my dear," was his last word to Lockhart: it is the unobtrusive moral of all that he wrote and was.

A Lang

CHEAPENING FISH; AND THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE

From 'The Antiquary'

MR. OLDBUCK led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers; whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapors of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your Honor?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck: "caller haddocks and whitings, a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle."

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Antiquary: "do you think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms akimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day — sic a sea as it's yet outby — and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying — it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair: I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately; and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Deil gin their boat were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonnie fish! Od, that's ane indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit,— I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for though you're near enough, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip. I'll gie ye them" (in a softened tone) "for three-and-saxpence."

"Eighteenpence, or nothing!"

"Eighteenpence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away) — "Ye'll no be for the fish then?" — then louder, as she saw him moving off — "I'll gie ye them — and — and — and a half a dozen o' partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

"Half a crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"Aweel, your Honor maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now — the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay — it's easy for your Honor and the like o' you gentlefolks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat, and dry claes, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, — whilk is warst ava, — wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's-ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning after his exertions last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in 't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns."

"That I will — or I'll send little Jenny: she'll rin faster; — but I'll ca' on Miss Grizzy for the dram mysell, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it, — which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee, — the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, "ere my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skinflint; though they sometimes

wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But come: wend we on our way to Knockwinnock." . . .

Leaving Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back parlor of the postmaster's house at Fairport; where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters; in order, from the outside of the epistles,—and if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also,—to amuse themselves with gleaning information or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbors. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting—or impeding—Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Eh, preserve us, sirs!" said the butcher's wife, "there's ten—eleven—twall letters to Tennant & Co. Thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side,—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets: "the lieutenant's been awa three weeks."

"Just ane on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Was 't a ship letter?" asked the Fornerina.

"In troth was 't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed: "I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Od, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. "A ship letter—postmark, Sunderland." All rushed to seize it. "Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering: "I hae had eneugh o' that wark,—ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport: "ye ken yoursell, madam, it just cam open o' free will

in my hand. What could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares; "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken onybody wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass,—the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na, I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the postmistress; "but I wad aye be obliging and neighborly, and I'm no again' your looking at the outside of a letter neither: see, the seal has an anchor on 't,—he's done 't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and the chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in 'Macbeth' upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman: she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's frae him, sure eneugh," said the butcher's lady: "I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required; "haud it lower down. Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursell?"

"Whist, whist, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsetter: "there's somebody in the shop;"—then aloud, "Look to the customers, Baby!" Baby answered from without in a shrill tone, "It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken,—we havena had time to sort the mail letters yet; she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment,

and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs. Heukbane: "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake: "to cast up to her that her father's a barber and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersell! Hout! fy for shame!"

"Hout tout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang: it's a line out o' ane o' his sailors' sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae," said the charitable Dame Heukbane; "but it disna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office, thae love-letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour — maist o' them sealed wi' wafers, and no wi' wax. There will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Ay; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats-of-arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Heukbane: "pride will hae a fa'; he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth,— he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs Shortcake: "he's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son the captain, I'm thinking,— the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire. "Twa letters for Monkbarns; — they're frae some o' his learned friends now: see sae close as they're written, down to the very seal,— and a' to save sending a double letter; that's just like Monkbarns himsell. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale; but

he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and such-like sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body, the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbane; "he'll make as muckle about buying a forequarter o' lamb in August as about a back sey o' beef. Let's taste another drop of the sinning" (perhaps she meant *cinnamon*) "waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear. Ah, lasses! an ye had kend his brother as I did: mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk tryst; weel, weel — we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake: "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man; we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week, — only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks*, whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn, — I haena seen the like o' this: For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see! — That's him that the hale town kens naething about — and a weel-fa'ard lad he is: let's see, let's see!" Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of Mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter: "haud awa — bide aff, I tell you; this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it; the postage is five-and-twenty shillings — and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, bide aff: this maunna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter, — length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their

sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"'Od, lass," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing doubtless that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this; for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstanes o' Fairport,—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about,—Baby, bring ben the tea-water; muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake,—and we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame; and then we'll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon tell'd me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns;—he's in a high fever wi' pu'ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' sea."

"Silly auld doited carles!" said Mrs. Shortcake: "what gar'd them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs. Heukbane,—"Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, ye ken; and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish-pound, for Monkbarns had threepit on them ta gang in till 't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense!" answered the postmistress: "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxon tell'd it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr. Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns—"

"But, Mrs. Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express?—there's our powny and our callant hae gane express for the office or now, and the powny hasna gane abune thirty mile the day; Jock was sorting him up as I came ower by."

"Why, Mrs. Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsell: we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws,—it's a red half-guinea to him every time he munts his mear; and I daresay he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express gaes aff," said Mrs. Heukbane; "and where are ye then, lass? But ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane," answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humor, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbor-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order — ou, nae doubt, it maun be obeyed. But I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to yé: I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka ane o' us, ye ken."

"Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our powny reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress gravely: "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'; for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock,— our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at; but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service. Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of town, and by the crack of his whip, and the whoop and halloo of his too well known voice, compelled it to take the road toward Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening; which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent were the rumors to which their communication and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested; others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon; another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal

adieu. It was generally rumored that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion; and this report was only doubted by the wise because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop,—a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy.

THE COVENANTER

From 'Old Mortality'

"My native land, good-night!"
—Lord Byron.

The Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice, since the union of the crowns, vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient, dark, Gothic room adjoining to the house of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst the members at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, general," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a craven to confess, a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, general?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a Whig into the bargain?" said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a Whig; as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my lord duke," said one of the Privy Councilors.

"Ay, ay," returned the duke, laughing: "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog. But come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and

remain in foreign parts until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion; and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply; conscious that in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair,—for his weakness prevented him from standing,—beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed with a deep groan. "A fallen star! —a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge: ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you. Call in the other fellow, who has some common-sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough upon reflection to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave—yes or no? You know you were there."

"It is no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's Honor," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there — yes or no?" said the duke impatiently.

"Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft! Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I canna deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just then rebellion, as your Honor ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the Church, and pray for the King?"

"Blithely, stir," answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; "and drink his health into the bargain when the ale's gude."

"Egad!" said the duke, "this is a hearty cock. What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, stir," replied the prisoner, "and a daft auld jade of a mither, wi' reference to your Grace's Honor."

"Why, God 'a' mercy, my friend," replied the duke, "take care of bad advice another time: I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair."

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was in like manner demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not: I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in his cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? — I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar: "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbriar in the same dauntless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. Come, laddie, speak while the play is good: you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale; and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner,— a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose; but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbriar, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears or send forth

cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the Rock of Ages."

"Do your duty," said the duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine

"Let him choose for himself," said the duke: "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the best: I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, inclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot or case; and then, placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse, in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible: "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages; and judging from their mute signs, gave on his part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely; and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer; and although unarmed and himself

in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councilors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the surgeon; "he has fainted, my lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "he will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him: we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive: and when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council, and all and sundry his movable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam* with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he announced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the lord president of the Council: but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it; and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly:—

"My lords, I thank you for the only favor I looked for, or would accept, at your hands; namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your

cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained. And why should I not? Ye send me to a happy exchange,—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of frail dust and ashes. Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and in a word, from earth to heaven! If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!»

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

THE MEETING OF JEANIE AND EFFIE DEANS

From 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'

«Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.»
—'Measure for Measure.'

Jeanie Deans was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, whether she remembered him?

A half-pronounced timid «No» was her answer.

«What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?» said he with the same sneer. «Your memory needs redding up, my jo.»

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanors he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation, he had shown himself, in a certain

degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie; who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshaled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture; but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony; till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams

of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; "ye are very ill."

"Oh, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply; "what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father — but I am his bairn nae langer now — Oh, I hae nae friend left in the warld! — Oh that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt: "dinna be sae dooms doon-hearted as a' that, — there's mony a tod hunted that's na killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel: ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, and ye wad busk up your cockernony a bit; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence.

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word — sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. Oh, see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' Scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner: "isna my crown, my honor, removed? And what am I but a poor, wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell."

"Oh, if ye had spoken ae word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest,—for life is dear even to those who feel it is a burden: "wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kend what he was saying weel eneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it?—I conjure you to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now? Was it—was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words; "was it him, Jeanie, indeed? Oh, I see it was him: poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane,—and him in sic danger on his ain part,—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling toward the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, "O Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him!" answered Effie; "if I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trew ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na! ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend;—and O Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye onything about it?" said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny,—better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him, "d'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has taen 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavoring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness— Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken onything of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the furthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson; and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you; but come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye onything that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "Oh, if ye kend how long it is since I heard his name mentioned!—if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!"

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow," "Poor George," which escaped in whispers and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be man-sworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughten years auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflection seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn. Murder! —I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily: "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I didna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith!—Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stude wi' him as it stands wi' you—" Here she paused and was silent.

"Oh, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offense when it's a sin willfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions,—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on onybody."

A ROYAL RIVAL

From 'Kenilworth'

Have you not seen the partridge quake,
Viewing the hawk approaching nigh?
She cuddles close beneath the brake,
Afraid to sit, afraid to fly.
— PRIOR.

IT CHANCED upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase was the princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side; and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the earl's arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance — gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by — did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting-suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's silvan dress, which was of a pale-blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was therefore well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its

master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles as well as shepherd swains will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view: or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that hath crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman, the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain — had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious

ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents, —"no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign — No, Leicester, urge it no more — Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness — then, indeed — but it cannot — cannot be.—Delay the chase — delay it for half an hour — and leave me, my lord."

"How — leave you, madam!" said Leicester. "Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go — but go not far from hence; and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself, "Were it possible — were it *but* possible! — But no — no — Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion; but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria; and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition

known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form that approached her,—and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian nymph,—such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage; and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness: "How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom

men term Fear? We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said: "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel: what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician; nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore —" stammered forth the unfortunate countess — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney — Sir Richard Varney — the servant of Lord Leicester! What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to —"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. — Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her

very inmost soul,—"thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth: "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches: Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father,—thy look confesses it; cheated Master Tressilian,—thy blush avouches it; and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with—"No, madam, no: as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman! I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her,—"tell me, woman,—for by God's day, I WILL know,—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy: thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen,—Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth in utter astonishment —"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated with kindling anger.—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of

the grotto and along the principal alley of the pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward: and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around.—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and

sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride, to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers: to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man? — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England: attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, — for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient — God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me: thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs and her own danger in her apprehensions for him; and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless — no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency and of self-interest: "oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandon her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney — born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius — rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon! or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her; and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new

scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle — to deal with her as the worst of criminals — "But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing what will destroy the little judgment I have left, — the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the Queen, moved by a new impulse: "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury, — he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the Queen. — "My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no. — You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues: our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest. — Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost unconsciously; his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye. She had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed: "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of St. Asaph, — "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, — hath a

broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Deans," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as she spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And by my word,—I hope there is no sin in that affirmation,—I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more — so at least it seemed to Elizabeth — with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles;—thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal."

"She is then distraught?" said the Queen;—"indeed we doubted not of it,—her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe-keeping?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of

her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity: your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started; but making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney: we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you — such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple — you may make it up, without further scandal to our court or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort; but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, that "he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded, the hounds bayed, the horses pranced; but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were

summoned, with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil*. There was doubt and fear and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Varium et mutabile*," answered Raleigh in a similar tone.

"Nay, I know naught of your Latin," said Blount; "but I thank God Tressilian took not the sea during that hurricane. He could scarce have missed shipwreck, knowing as he does so little how to trim his sails to a court gale."

"Thou wouldst have instructed him?" said Raleigh.

"Why, I have profited by my time as well as thou, Sir Walter," replied honest Blount. "I am knight as well as thou, and of the earlier creation."

"Now, God further thy wit," said Raleigh; "but for Tressilian, I would I knew what were the matter with him. He told me this morning he would not leave his chamber for the space of twelve hours or thereby, being bound by a promise. This lady's madness, when he shall learn it, will not, I fear, cure his infirmity. The moon is at the fullest, and men's brains are working like yeast. But hark! they sound to mount. Let us to horse, Blount: we young knights must deserve our spurs."

THE TOURNAMENT

From 'Ivanhoe'

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England, and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich; while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe or border around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and at the same time setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries,—it being a

high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession; and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances; to the extremities of which were in many cases attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little: —

> The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.*

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins; the place that once knew them knows them no more: nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What then would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

* These lines are part of an unpublished poem by Coleridge.

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds and compelling them to move slowly, while at the same time they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights, as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood; and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies — were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent,— a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor

of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions; and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated,—to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet upon the whole the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge,—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry; who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*,—that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games

of chivalry; although with the arms of his Saxon ancestors he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric in a marked tone: "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark; for Wamba thrust in his word, observing "it was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment: but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights: fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the

banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had with a single spear overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaler's shield: he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists; and to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption; but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse,—an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars; qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors,

each made a demivolte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet,—a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged; but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine; and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers; and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly; but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim; and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist by a herald the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth; and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

THE HERMIT — FRIAR TUCK

From 'Ivanhoe'

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience — spare thy strength, good traveler, and I will presently undo the door; though it may be my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit — a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes — stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link; and in the other a baton of crab-tree, so thick and heavy it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveler as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight who stood without, the hermit — altering probably his original intentions — repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut; making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honor to our Lady or St. Dustan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture,— "the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defense against any risk of thieves; not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your Holiness: first, where I am to put my horse? secondly, what I can have for supper? thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger: it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there — your bed there; and — " reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighboring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added — "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders; and leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterward shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, — which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, — set example to his

guest by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease; a miserable grist, as it seemed, for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armor; and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustaches darker than his hair,—and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvelously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water were blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the king of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayest call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy; but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray thee for the name of my honorable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed perhaps as thou hast been to the license of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities: and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food,— which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage" (pointing to the provisions upon the table), "and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There

was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile too had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest; who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk; for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty, on which his guest was making dangerous inroads,—a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet I think were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking-cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drink hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the King and law; and were I to spoil my liege's game I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon — as I pattered my prayers — I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practiced such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit,— "respecting thy valor much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliah, at which I am not a match for thee. But if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp and other matters of very uncanonical appearance were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and

I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan,—which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and naught pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."

RICHARD AND SALADIN

From 'The Talisman'

THE two heroic monarchs—for such they both were—threw themselves at once from horseback; and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the Soldan fixed upon him; and the Soldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard,—with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed!"

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre — even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found.—A most flourishing house of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them."

"Hush, De Vaux," said Richard, "I command thee.— Noble Saladin," he said, "suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground. Seest thou," pointing to the litters,— "I too have brought some champions with me, though armed perhaps in breach of agreement; for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

The Soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking toward Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

"Nay," said Richard, "they will not fear a closer encounter, brother: wilt thou not ride toward their litters? — and the curtains will be presently withdrawn."

"That may Allah prohibit!" said Saladin, "since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered."

"Thou shalt see them, then, in private, brother," answered Richard.

"To what purpose?" answered Saladin, mournfully. "Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me? — But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses; the officers of my household will attend your followers; and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (*capa*), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore; and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen,— a broad, straight blade, the seemingly

unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter: this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English, "For the Blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned: give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around: "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English: "it will be long ere your long jackanapes fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard: "by our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning; be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan indeed presently said, "Something I would fain attempt — though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying,

he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King: "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibar of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar; a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was on the contrary of a dull-blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim; then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent effort that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat,—"there is gramarye in this."

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him; for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent,—equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow; and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength. Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech: I have much to thank him for, and had brought some small present."

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban for a Tartar cap. He had no sooner done so, than De Vaux opened at once his extended mouth and his large round eyes, and Richard gazed with scarce less astonishment, while the Soldan spoke in a grave and altered voice: "The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered he knoweth not even his face when he looks upon him."

"A miracle! a miracle!" exclaimed Richard.

"Of Mahound's working, doubtless," said Thomas de Vaux.

"That I should lose my learned Hakim," said Richard, "merely by absence of his cap and robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"Such is oft the fashion of the world," answered the Soldan: "the tattered robe makes not always the dervish."

"And it was through thy intercession," said Richard, "that yonder Knight of the Leopard was saved from death, and by thy artifice that he revisited my camp in disguise!"

"Even so," replied Saladin: "I was physician enough to know that unless the wounds of his bleeding honor were stanched, the days of his life must be few. His disguise was more easily penetrated than I had expected from the success of my own."

"An accident," said King Richard (probably alluding to the circumstance of his applying his lips to the wound of the supposed Nubian), "let me first know that his skin was artificially discolored; and that hint once taken, detection became easy, for his form and person are not to be forgotten. I confidently expect that he will do battle on the morrow."

"He is full in preparation and high in hope," said the Soldan. "I have furnished him with weapons and horse, thinking nobly of him from what I have seen under various disguises."

"Knows he now," said Richard, "to whom he lies under obligation?"

"He doth," replied the Saracen; "I was obliged to confess my person when I unfolded my purpose."

"And confessed he aught to you?" said the King of England.

"Nothing explicit," replied the Soldan; "but from much that passed between us, I conceive his love is too highly placed to be happy in its issue."

"And thou knowest that his daring and insolent passion crossed thine own wishes?" said Richard.

"I might guess so much," said Saladin; "but his passion had existed ere my wishes had been formed — and, I must now add, is likely to survive them. I cannot, in honor, revenge me for my disappointment on him who had no hand in it. Or if this high-born dame loved him better than myself, who can say that she did not justice to a knight of her own religion, who is full of nobleness?"

"Yet of too mean lineage to mix with the blood of Plantagenet," said Richard haughtily.

"Such may be your maxims in Frangistan," replied the Soldan. "Our poets of the Eastern countries say that a valiant camel-driver is worthy to kiss the lip of a fair Queen, when a cowardly prince is not worthy to salute the hem of her garment. But with your permission, noble brother, I must take leave of thee for the present, to receive the Duke of Austria and yonder Nazarene knight, — much less worthy of hospitality, but who must yet be suitably entreated, not for their sakes, but for mine own honor; — for what saith the sage Lokman? 'Say not that the food is lost unto thee which is given to the stranger; for if his body be strengthened and fattened therewithal, not less is thine own worship and good name cherished and augmented.'"

The Saracen monarch departed from King Richard's tent; and having indicated to him, rather with signs than with speech, where the pavilion of the Queen and her attendants was pitched, he went to receive the Marquis of Montserrat and his attendants, for whom, with less good-will but with equal splendor, the magnificent Soldan had provided accommodations. The most ample refreshments, both in the Oriental and after the European fashion, were spread before the royal and princely guests of Saladin, each in their own separate pavilion; and so attentive was the Soldan to the habits and taste of his visitors, that Grecian slaves were stationed to present them with the goblet, which is the abomination of the sect of Mohammed. Ere Richard had finished his meal, the ancient Omrah, who had brought the Soldan's letter to the Christian camp, entered with a plan of the ceremonial to be observed on the succeeding day of the combat. Richard, who knew the taste of his old acquaintance, invited him to pledge him in a flagon of wine of Schiraz: but Abdallah gave him to understand, with a rueful aspect, that self-denial, in the present circumstances, was a matter in which his life was concerned; for that Saladin, tolerant in many respects,

both observed, and enforced by high penalties, the laws of the Prophet.

"Nay, then," said Richard, "if he loves not wine, that lightener of the human heart, his conversion is not to be hoped for, and the prediction of the mad priest of Engaddi goes like chaff down the wind."

THE LAST MINSTREL

Prelude to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry:
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye,—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter,—rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;—
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain,—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.

And then he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head:
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

LOCHINVAR

From 'Marmion'

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west:
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none:
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

ELLEN DOUGLAS'S BOWER

The Retreat of the Douglas

From 'The Lady of the Lake'

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device,
Of such materials as around
The workman's hands had readiest found.
Lopped off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squaréd,
To give the walls their destined height
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and the Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.

An instant in this porch she staid,
And gayly to the stranger said:—
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed;
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade.

Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;—
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deerskins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised;—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length;
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field."
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:—
"You see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart:
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

The mistress of the mansion came:
Mature of age, a graceful dame,
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,

That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names:—
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James:
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

Fain would the knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away:—
"Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmèd rhymes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, nor war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came:—

SONG CONTINUED

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun;
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.»

The hall was cleared; the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then — from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night! —
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday:
And doubt distracts him at the view, —
Oh, were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love:
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high,
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,

The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wafted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:—
"Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race!
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more: by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold;
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose:
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

THE DISCLOSURE

From the 'Lady of the Lake'

THAT early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose:
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high
It held the copse in rivalry.

But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war:
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."—
"Yet why a second venture try?"—
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day:
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"—
"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;

Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said:—
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holyrood!
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—

"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain.—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael:
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,—
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,—
And well the mountain might reply:—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James:—"And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—

"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—

'I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek (good faith) a Highland maid,'—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury."—

"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!"—

"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How sayest thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave.—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick marked; and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood;—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low:
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

SONG: JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this willfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale:
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair:
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'—
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

HIGHLAND SONG: PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,—
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting-gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW

HEAR what Highland Nora said:—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke:
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae:
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly:
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,—
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

THE BALLAD OF 'THE RED HARLAW'

In 'The Antiquary'

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging-sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrup stood,
That Highland host to see.
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl!"—

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

* * * * * *

He turned him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

SONG: BRIGNALL BANKS

From 'Rokeby'

OH, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily:—
"Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."—

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."—

Yet sung she, «Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

«I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood.»—
«A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.»—
Yet sung she, «Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay:
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

«With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.»—
«I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And oh! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

«Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die:
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.»

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,—
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Chorus:— Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street:
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,—
The gude town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee." [*Chorus.*

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee! [*Chorus.*

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market* was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged:
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:—
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee." [*Chorus.*

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;

*The place of public execution.

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,—
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!" [*Chorus.*

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on;
Till on Ravelston's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lea,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG

From 'Waverley'

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded,—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last!
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! the exiled, the dear!
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

AUGUSTIN EUGENE SCRIBE

(1791–1861)

AFTER the spirited comedy of Beaumarchais came a lull in dramatic production in France. The public yawned over long dull plays, or applauded mediocre work for its cheap reflection of popular sentiment. Then Eugène Scribe came to the rescue, having gradually found out what the public taste craved. He had learned this through perhaps a dozen failures, when his shrewd instinct guided him to seize upon vaudeville, and dignify it to the rank of laugh-provoking comedy. His plot, as ingeniously contrived as a Chinese puzzle, was a frame upon which he hung clever dialogue, catchy songs, puns, popular allusions, and manifold witticisms.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE

His first successful vaudeville, 'Une Nuit du Garde National,' in one act, written in collaboration with Poirson, another young author, was played at the Gymnase in 1816, and was the beginning of Scribe's astonishing popularity.

For about forty years he was the master playwright of France. He grew more and more cunning in estimating his audience, flattering their foibles, and reflecting contemporary interests. He was strictly unmoral, and offered no problems. His light frothy humor required no mental effort; he diverted without fatiguing. So Paris loved Scribe, paid him a fortune, made him a great social as well as literary light, and in 1836 admitted him to the Academy. From his father, a prosperous silk merchant in Paris, where he himself was born in 1791, he inherited decided business talent. Perhaps no author has ever received fuller measure of pecuniary success.

Wonderful tales are told of his intuitive comprehension of dramatic possibilities. One day 'La Chanoinesse,' a dull five-act tragedy, was read to him. Before the end had been reached, his mind had the plot transformed into a witty one-act burlesque. He was less inventive than skillful at adaptation, so he often borrowed ideas from more fertile and less executive brains. For these, Scribe, always the

honorable business man, gave due credit. So it is said that many a poverty-stricken writer was surprised to be claimed as collaborator by the great M. Scribe, and to receive generous payment for ideas which in their changed form he could hardly recognize as his own.

After 1840 Scribe partially deserted the clever buffoonery of his vaudeville, and attempted serious five-act dramas. Of these, two of the best — 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' and 'La Bataille des Dames' (The Ladies' Battle) — were written with Legouvé; and in translation are familiar to American playgoers.

Scribe turned his hand to most kinds of composition. He wrote several volumes of charming tales. He was especially skillful in the composition of librettos for the operas of Verdi, Auber, Meyerbeer, and other composers. He was remarkably prolific, and about four hundred pieces are included in the published list of his works; from which, however, many waifs and strays of his talent are omitted.

Although most of his plays, once so cordially liked, are now obsolete, Scribe has a lasting claim to remembrance in that his mastery of stage technique guided greater dramatists than himself to more effective expression. Perhaps no one ever lived with a stronger sense of scenic requirements. His plays could not drag. Although often superficial in his effort to sketch lightly contemporary life, and in his preoccupation with every-day general human interests, Scribe anticipated the drama of realism.

MERLIN'S PET FAIRY

One night, Merlin, sad and dreamy, was gazing over the immensity of heaven. He thought he heard a light sound below him. A frightful tempest was upheaving the ocean. The waves, piled mountain high, scattered salt water to the skies. Merlin went higher to avoid a wetting; and by the light of the stars he saw, like an imperceptible point on the summit of the waves, a vessel about to sink. There was service to render, suffering to relieve. Merlin forgot his dreams and darted forth, but too late. Pitiless fate anticipated him; and the ship, dashed against the cliffs, was flying in a thousand pieces.

All the passengers had perished except one woman, who was still struggling. She held a little daughter in her arms whom she tried to save.

"Protecting angels," she cried, "save her! watch over her!"

When her strength deserted her she disappeared, just as Merlin descended from the clouds and touched the surface of the

water. He heard the poor mother's last words, caught up her child, and bore it back to the skies.

He warmed the little creature's chilled limbs in his hands. Was she still breathing? In doubt, he recalled her to life or gave her a new one by means of his magic power, with a ray of dawn and a drop of dew. Then Merlin gazed at the poor child with delighted eyes.

"You shall be a fairy," he said to her. "You shall be my pet fairy. The misfortune and death which presided over your birth can never thenceforth touch you."

The baby opened her eyes and smiled at him, and Merlin carried his treasure to his crystal and flowery palace in the clouds.

The young fairy was charming, and Merlin wished to endow her with all gifts, all talents, all virtues. He gave her the heart which loves and is loved; the mind which pleases and amuses others, and the grace which always charms.

He gave her his own power (without making her his equal, however), with only one condition: that she should love him, and prefer him to all the sylphs and heavenly spirits, however beautiful, who shone in Ginnistan. Mighty Alaciel, the supreme genie presiding over this empire, loved the enchanter Merlin, and consented to all his desires. All that he asked for the young fairy was granted and immutably ratified by destiny.

Never had Merlin been more happy than while pretty Vivian was growing up under his eyes. That was the name he had given her, the name which was to make her immortal; for never has love been more celebrated than that of the enchanter Merlin for the fairy Vivian. All legends tell of it, all chronicles attest it, and traces of it are still preserved on the walls of old monuments.

Merlin had no other delight than in Vivian; and she knew no joy apart from her benefactor. Although still very young, the wit and intelligence with which she was endowed soon taught her to appreciate his worth and all that she owed to him. Full of gratitude for his goodness and admiration for his talents, she listened to his lessons with an avidity and pleasure which flattered the scholar's self-love; while, gracious and attentive, her cares for him delighted the old man's heart.

So she could not be separated from him, but accompanied him in all his journeys and investigations, and shared all his

labors, which were pleasures for her. She loved to soar through space with him, admiring far off the stars, whose revolutions and movements in heaven he explained to her; then redescending toward earth, both invisible, they would hover over castles and cottages, inspiring noble lords with kind thoughts for their vassals, and bearing hope and consolation to the vassals. In sleep they showed the poor mother her absent son; to the young girl her lover; to all they sent golden dreams which later were realized. Do you see that pilgrim worn out with heat and fatigue sleeping under an elm on the wayside? He wakes consumed with hunger and burning thirst, and sees over his head a bough loaded with superb pears. O surprise! Where did this tree which he had not noticed before, come from? Or rather, what changed the sterile young elm into a fruit-tree during his sleep? It was Vivian!

And that young girl, how unhappy she is! Sitting on the bank of a stream, she weeps and mourns! She had a gold cross, her only ornament, her riches! Taking it off to clean it or look at it, she has let it fall to the bottom of the deep water. Lost! lost forever! And just then she feels around her neck a wet ribbon, which an invisible hand has replaced; and at the end of the ribbon shines the gold cross, which she thought never to see again. The little fairy has plunged under the waves and brought it back.

Another time a poor tenant, torn from his family, is being dragged to prison because he owes a pitiless master ten crowns rent, which he has not been able to pay! And suddenly his sobbing wife, who accompanies him, finds in her apron pocket twenty bright gold crowns which she does not remember ever putting there! Who slipped them there? Vivian's little hand! Oh, kind pleasant fairy, delighting in the good she does—and Merlin still happier at seeing her do it!

Months and years succeeded each other. Fairies grow quickly. Their beauty need not fear to ripen, as it is to endure always! Nothing more charming than Vivian ever shone in Ginnistan. Her pretty blonde hair, her blue eyes reflecting the sky, her dainty figure, light and airy, her quick smile, set her above other fairies.

As to character, hers was charming and impossible to define. She was both reasonable and frivolous, equally serious over feasts and toilets, good works and pretty dresses; knowing a great

deal, and as amusing as if she knew nothing. Coquettish in mind but not in heart, gracious and good, laughing and mischievous, above all kind and beloved by every one,—such was Vivian. With a word or a smile she triumphed over all resistance, overturned all obstacles; and when her pretty little hand caressed Merlin's white beard, the great enchanter could refuse her nothing. Far more, he exercised all his art to discover her tastes and anticipate her wishes! To him science had no longer any end but that of creating pleasures for Vivian.

Thus, anticipating by magic the genius of future ages, he devised wonders for her which we think we have discovered since then, but which we have only refound. Our new inventions are only copies, more or less able, of all Merlin's secrets. Among them were prodigies compared with which those of steam are only child's play,—the art of traversing air and directing one's course at will on a cloud or winged dragon, and a thousand other sorceries which we do not know yet.

Not content with creating palaces and aerial gardens for Vivian, to please her he descended to the least details. Our prettiest—I mean oddest—fashions, our most coquettish jewels, our most precious fabrics, were then invented for her. Her crystal palace was lighted by a thousand magical fires, which since we have learned to call gas or electric light.

Within this palace he had raised a fairy temple, which many centuries later we thought to invent under the name of Opera! In rooms enriched with gold and velvet, Vivian and the court of Ginnistan gave themselves to noble pleasures. Dancing and music exerted all their allurements. There were delicious songs still unknown to earth, which later Merlin revealed to Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, unless indeed these stole them for themselves from heaven.

Thus Merlin watched over the amusements of his young fairy, and still more over the happiness of her every minute; for he had taught her never to be idle. Under her skillful fingers the brush or the needle created little masterpieces, so perfect and elegant that they gave rise to the expression « to work like the fairies »!

And note that before Vivian, fairies did nothing. Their only diversion was to busy themselves with love affairs or intrigues on earth. Their home was most monotonous, and they did not know what to do with themselves in heaven. There, as in all

courts of any rank, the receptions and companies almost killed one with their dullness. Drawn up in a circle on feast days, the fairies gazed upon each other in fixed beauty, which they did not have even the fear of losing or seeing change.

As to the sylphs and genii who stood behind them, they too yawned in their immortality. Judge then how they appreciated the presentation to court of a witty, amiable, vivacious fairy. She turned all heads, and drew all attention. They knew the distractions of love; and the genii thought it would be delightful to rob the old enchanter of the charming young girl he was guarding.

One morning in Merlin's absence, Vivian found a satiny little note on her dressing-table, containing a declaration of love, signed Zelindor. Zelindor was the handsomest and most foppish of all the genii. In manner and bearing, in his least actions, he concerned himself with only one thing,— to know if he was admired; and his eyes, which were superb, seemed to have been given him only to see whether or not he was being noticed.

That evening Vivian found in her work-basket a dozen other little satiny papers.

As soon as Merlin returned, she carried him the whole collection. The indignant enchanter wanted to rage.

"Read them first," she said.

He read, and then tremblingly asked what she thought of all these demonstrations of affection.

"I think," she answered, "that they are very badly written."

"They say nothing to your heart?"

"Nothing."

Merlin wore two rings on his left hand. One was an emerald: when he took it off his finger and held it to his mouth, he ceased to be invisible, and appeared under his true form to mortal eyes. The other, more useful and more to be feared, was of a single ruby. With this ring he could read hearts, and see what every one was thinking.

He seized this ring, regarded it attentively, and was soon convinced that Vivian had spoken the truth.

"Yes! yes!" he cried. "You are indifferent to Zelindor and all the other sylphs, and prefer me."

"Ah! that's unkind!" cried Vivian interrupting him, "very unkind!"

"To convince myself of your friendship?"

"No! But to surprise the secrets that I want to have the pleasure of telling you."

"Ah! you are charming!" cried Merlin, transported with joy. "So you love me, then?"

"Aren't you my friend, my benefactor, my father, to whom I owe everything?"

"Yes,—it is true," said the enchanter, only half satisfied: "and I love you too, Vivian, ardently, passionately; and that is the way I want you to love me."

"I don't understand," said Vivian. "I prefer you to all whom I see or hear,—to all who are about us."

"Yes," said Merlin to himself, "that is just what I once asked from Alaciel, and which he has granted. But," he said, speaking out loud without meaning to do so, "I made a great mistake in not asking more."

"And what more do you want?" she asked with an affectionate smile.

"When you are with me, does your heart beat more quickly?"

"No," answered Vivian in a pure, candid voice.

"And yet you love me a little?"

"Better than all the world."

"And you consent, dear child, to be mine?"

"Yes."

Merlin kissed the fresh rosy cheek of the young fairy, and trembling with emotion, let himself fall into a chair, gazing after Vivian as she bounded away and disappeared behind the clumps of lilacs.

THE PRICE OF LIFE

JOSEPH, opening the parlor door, came to tell us the post-chaise was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves in my arms.

"It is not too late," they said. "Give up this journey. Stay with us."

"Mother, I am a gentleman; I am twenty years old; I must have a name in the country. I must make my way, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone, what will become of me, Bernard?"

"You will be happy and proud to hear of your son's success."

"And if you are killed in some battle?"

"What matters it? What is life? Does a man think of that? When a man is twenty and a gentleman, he thinks only of glory. In a few years, mother, I'll come back a colonel, or marshal, or else with a fine office at Versailles."

"Ah well! what will come of it if you do?"

"I shall be respected and thought much of."

"What then?"

"Then every one will salute me."

"And then?"

"Then I will wed my cousin Henrietta, and settle my young sisters in marriage, and we will all live with you, tranquil and happy in my Bretagne domain."

"And why can't you begin to-day? Didn't your father leave us the finest fortune in the country? Is there a richer domain for ten leagues around, or a finer castle than Roche-Bernard? Do not your vassals respect you? As you go through the village, does any one fail to take off his hat? Don't leave us, my son! Stay with your friends, your sisters, and your old mother who may not be here when you come back. Don't squander in vain-glory, or shorten by all kinds of cares and torments, the days that roll so fast anyway. Life is so sweet, my boy, and the sun of Bretagne so glorious!"

While speaking, she pointed through the windows at the pretty paths of my park, the old chestnut-trees in blossom, the lilacs and honeysuckles which perfumed the air. In the ante-chamber the gardener and all his family had gathered sad and silent, seeming to express — "Don't go, young master, don't go." Hortense, my elder sister, pressed me in her arms; and Amélie, my little sister, who was looking at the pictures in a volume of La Fontaine, offered me the book.

"Read, read, brother," she said weeping.

It was the fable of the two pigeons! I rose brusquely; I pushed them all away.

"I am twenty, and a gentleman: I must have honor and fame. Let me go."

And I hurried into the court. I was stepping into the post-chaise when a woman appeared on the steps. It was Henrietta. She did not weep, she did not utter a word; but, pale and trembling, she could scarcely support herself. With the white

handkerchief in her hand she waved me a last good-by, then fell unconscious. I rushed to her, lifted her, pressed her in my arms, swore to love her always; and as she came to herself, leaving her to the care of my mother and sisters, I ran to my carriage without stopping or turning my head. If I had looked at Henrietta I could not have gone.

A few minutes later the post-chaise was rolling along the thoroughfare. For a long time I thought of nothing but my sisters, my mother, and Henrietta, and all the happiness I was leaving behind me. But as the towers of Roche-Bernard gradually vanished, these ideas faded; and soon dreams of glory and ambition took possession of my mind. What projects, what castles in Spain, what fine actions, I created for myself in my post-chaise! Riches, honors, dignities, all kinds of success,—I denied myself nothing; I merited and received everything; finally, rising in rank as I proceeded, I became duke, peer, provincial governor, and marshal of France, before reaching my inn in the evening! My servant's voice, modestly calling me "Monsieur," forced me to return to myself and abdicate.

The following days the same dreams, the same intoxication, —for my journey was a long one. I was going to the neighborhood of Sedan, to the Duke of C——; an old friend of my father, and patron of my family. He was to take me to Paris, where he was expected at the end of the month; present me at Versailles, and obtain for me through his influence a company of dragoons.

I reached Sedan in the evening, and as it was late I postponed calling upon my patron until the morrow; and went to lodge at the Arms of France,—the finest hotel in the city, and the usual rendezvous for officers. For Sedan is a garrisoned town. The streets have a warlike aspect, and the citizens themselves a martial bearing, which seems to tell strangers, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne."

While chatting at the supper table I inquired the way to the Duke of C——'s castle, which was about three leagues from the town.

"Any one will tell you," they said. "It is well known about here. It is there that a great warrior, a celebrated man,—Marshal Fabert,—died."

And the conversation turned to Marshal Fabert, as was quite natural among young soldiers. They talked of his battles, his

exploits, his modesty,—which made him refuse letters of nobility and the collar of his order offered him by Louis XIV. They spoke especially of the remarkable good fortune which had made the simple soldier—the son of a printer—a marshal of France. At that time he was the sole example of such advancement, which even during his life had seemed so extraordinary that the vulgar had not hesitated to assign it to supernatural causes. They said that from childhood he had busied himself with magic and sorcery; that he had made a compact with the devil.

And our landlord, who added the credulity of the Breton to the stupidity of a peasant of Champagne, assured us with great coolness that in the castle where Fabert had died, a black man whom no one knew had been seen to go into his room, and had then disappeared, bearing with him the marshal's soul, which belonged to him from an earlier purchase. He said that even yet, in May, the time of Fabert's death, the black man appeared at evening carrying a little light.

This story enlivened our dessert, and we drank a bottle of champagne to Fabert's familiar demon, inviting him to take us also under his protection, and to make us gain a few battles like Colhoures and La Marféc.

The next day I rose early, and made my way to the castle of the Duke of C——; an immense Gothic manor which at another time I might not have noticed especially, but which, remembering the account of the evening before, I now regarded with curiosity and emotion.

The valet to whom I addressed myself answered that he did not know whether his master was at home, or if he could receive me. I gave him my name, and he left me alone in a kind of armory, hung with paraphernalia of the chase and family portraits.

I waited for some time, and no one came. So the career of glory and honor I had dreamed began in the antechamber, I said to myself; and grew discontented and impatient. I had counted the family portraits and the beams of the ceiling two or three times, when I heard a slight sound. A door not quite closed had been blown ajar. I looked in, and saw a very pretty room, lighted by a glass door and by two great windows which looked upon a magnificent park. I took a few steps in this room, and then stopped at a sight I had not yet noticed. A man with his back toward me was lying on a sofa. He rose, and without noticing

me, rushed to the window. Tears furrowed his cheeks. Profound despair seemed printed on all his features. He stood motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then he began to stride up and down. Now he saw me and trembled. I, pained and abashed at my own indiscretion, wanted to withdraw, murmuring words of excuse.

« Who are you? What do you want? » he said in a strong voice, holding my arm.

« I am Sir Bernard of Roche-Bernard; and I have just arrived from Bretagne. »

« I know, I know, » he said, and threw himself into my arms; then made me sit beside him, talking so eagerly of my father and all my family that I did not doubt he was the owner of the castle.

« You are M. de C——? » I asked.

He rose and looked at me excitedly. « I was, but I am no longer; I am nothing! » And seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, « Not another word, young man: do not question me! »

« But, sir, I have unintentionally witnessed your sorrow; and if my friendship, my devotion, can bring you any comfort— »

« Yes, yes, you're right. Not that you can change my fate, but at least you can receive my last wishes. That is all I ask of you! »

He closed the door; then sat down again beside me, who, trembling and agitated, awaited his words. His physiognomy bore an expression I had never seen on any one. The brow I studied seemed marked by fatality. His face was pale; his black eyes flashed; from time to time his features, changed by suffering, contracted with an ironic, infernal smile.

« What I am going to tell you, » he continued, « will confound your reason. You will doubt — you will not believe — I myself still doubt very often, at least I try to: but there are the proofs; and in all our surroundings — in our very organization — there are many other mysteries that we have to accept without understanding. »

He stopped a moment as though to collect his ideas, passed a hand over his brow, and went on: —

« I was born in this castle. I had two brothers, both older, who would inherit the property and titles of our family. There was nothing for me but an abbé's mantle; and yet thoughts of glory and ambition fermented in my head, and made my heart

beat. Unhappy in obscurity, hungry for renown, I dreamed only how to acquire it, and was insensible to all the pleasures and sweetness of life. The present was nothing to me; I lived only in the future, and that presented itself to me in darkest colors.

"I was almost thirty, and had accomplished nothing. At that time, in the capital, literary reputations whose fame reached even our province were springing up everywhere.

"Ah! I often said to myself, if I could only win a name in letters! That would give me the glory which is the only happiness!

"As confidant of my sorrows I had an old servant, an aged negro, who had been in the castle before I was born, and was certainly the most ancient inmate, for no one remembered his coming. The country people declared even that he had known Marshal Fabert, and had witnessed his death."

I started; and the speaker asked me what was the matter.

"Nothing," I answered; but I could not help thinking of the black man about whom my landlord had been talking the evening before.

M. de C—— continued: "One day, before Yago (that was the negro's name), I yielded to the despair inspired by my obscurity and useless existence, and cried out, 'I would give ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of our authors!'

"'Ten years,' he said coldly: 'that is a great deal. That is a large price for a slight thing. Never mind. I accept your ten years. I will take them. Remember your promise; I will keep mine.'

"I cannot paint my surprise at hearing this. I thought the years must have enfeebled his reason. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders; and a few days later I left this castle to go to Paris. There I found myself launched in literary circles. Their example encouraged me; and I published several works whose success I won't recount now. All Paris hastened to applaud them; the journals resounded with my praises; the new name I had adopted became famous: and even yesterday, young man, you yourself were admiring it—"

Here another gesture of surprise from me interrupted him.

"Then you are not the Duke de C——?" I exclaimed.

"No," he answered coldly.

And I said to myself, "A celebrated author!—is he Marmontel? is he D'Alembert? is he Voltaire?"

My unknown smiled; a sigh of regret and contempt touched his lips, and he continued:—

« The literary reputation I had desired soon ceased to satisfy a spirit as ardent as mine. I aspired to nobler success; and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris: 'There is no real glory or veritable fame except in the career of arms. What is a man of letters, a poet? Nothing at all. Tell me of a great captain, a general,—that is the destiny for me; and for a grand military reputation I would give ten of the years which remain to me.'

« 'I accept them,' answered Yago. 'I take them. They belong to me. Don't forget it.' »

At this point the unknown stopped again, seeing the trouble and hesitation in my face.

« I told you, young man, you could not believe me. This seems a dream, a chimera, to you—to me also! And yet the rank, the honors I obtained, were no illusion: the soldiers I led under fire, the redoubts captured, the flags conquered, the victories with which all France resounded, were all my work;—all this glory was mine! »

While he was walking up and down, talking thus with heat and enthusiasm, my surprise increased, and I thought: « Who is beside me? Is it Coigny? is it Richelieu? is it Marshal Saxe? »

From a state of exaltation, my unknown fell into depression; and drawing near, he said gloomily:—

« Yago was right; and later, when disgusted with the vain incense of military glory, I aspired to what is alone of real and positive value in this world,—when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired gold and riches, he granted them to me. Yes, young man; yes, I have seen fortune second and surpass all my wishes,—lands, forests, castles. This very morning all was still in my power; and if you don't believe me, if you doubt Yago,—wait—wait—he is coming, and you will see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what confounds your reason and mine is unhappily only too real. »

The unknown approached the mantelpiece, looked at the clock, made a gesture of horror, and said in a low voice:—

« This morning at dawn I felt so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely rise. I rang for my valet. Yago appeared.

« 'What is the matter with me?' I said to him.

"'Master, nothing that is not very natural. The hour is approaching; the moment is at hand.'

"'And which — ?'

"'Can't you guess? Heaven had accorded you sixty years of life; you had had thirty when I began to obey you.'

"'Yago!' I cried in terror, 'are you speaking seriously?'

"'Yes, master; in five years you have expended in glory twenty-five years of existence. You gave them to me. They belong to me, and will now be added to mine.'

"'What! That was the price of your services?'

"'Others have paid still more; for example, Fabert, whom also I protected.'

"'Be quiet! Be quiet!' I said to him. 'This isn't possible. It isn't true!'

"'As you will: but prepare yourself; for you have only half an hour to live.'

"'You are mocking me; you are deceiving me!'

"'Not at all. Calculate it yourself. Thirty-five years which you have really lived, and twenty-five that you have lost! Total, sixty. That is your account. To every one his own!'

"And he wanted to go — and I felt myself growing weaker; I felt life escaping from me.

"'Yago! Yago! Give me a few hours — a few hours more!'

"'No, no,' he answered. 'That would shorten my account, and I know better than you the price of life. There is no treasure worth two hours of existence.'

"And I could scarcely speak; my eyes were clouding, the coldness of death was chilling my veins.

"'Ah!' I said with an effort, 'take back the gifts for which I have sacrificed everything. For four hours more I will renounce my gold and all the opulence I so desired.'

"'So be it. You have been a good master, and I will grant you that.'

"I felt my strength coming back; and I cried, 'Four hours is so little! Yago! Yago! grant me four more, and I will give up my literary fame, and all the works which placed me so high in the esteem of the world.'

"'Four hours for that!' said the negro disdainfully. 'It is a great deal. Never mind: I will not refuse this last grace.'

"'No, not the last,' I said clasping my hands. 'Yago! Yago! I implore you, give me until evening, — the entire day, — and let

my exploits and victories, my military fame, be forever effaced from the memory of men! This day, Yago, this whole day, and I will be content!'

"'You abuse my goodness,' he answered; 'and I am making a foolish bargain. But never mind again. You shall live till sunset. Ask no more. Then good-by until evening! I will come for you.'

"And he went away," continued the unknown despairingly, "and this day is the last which remains to me!" Then approaching the glass door which opened upon the park, he cried: "I shall no longer see this beautiful sky, these green lawns, this sparkling water; I shall no longer breathe the air fragrant with spring! Fool that I was! For twenty-five years longer I might still enjoy the good things which God bestows upon all, and whose sweetness I appreciate now for the first time! And I have exhausted my days! I have sacrificed them to a vain chimera, to a sterile fame, which did not make me happy, and which is dead before me! See — see —" he said, pointing to the peasants who were singing as they crossed the park to their work: "what would I not give to share their labor and poverty! But I have no longer anything to give nor anything to hope, here below — not even unhappiness!"

At that moment a ray of sun, of the sun of May, lighted up his pale distracted features. He seized my arm with a kind of delirium and said: —

"See — see them! How beautiful the sun is! How beautiful the country is! I must leave all that! Ah, at least let me enjoy it once more! Let me catch the full savor of this pure beautiful day: for me there will be no morrow!"

He rushed out into the park, and disappeared down a winding path before I could stop him.

In truth I had not strength to do it. I had fallen back on the sofa, overcome with what I had seen and heard. I rose and walked, to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Then the door opened, and a servant said to me: —

"Here is my master, the Duke de C——."

A man of about sixty, of distinguished appearance, came forward, offering me his hand, and apologizing for keeping me waiting.

"I was not at home," he said. "I have just come from town, where I have been seeking advice upon the health of my younger brother."

"Is his life in danger?" I exclaimed.

"No, monsieur, thank Heaven," answered the duke: "but in his youth, thoughts of glory and ambition exalted his imagination; and recently a severe illness has left him prey to a kind of delusion, in which he is constantly convinced that he has only one day longer to live. It is his mania."

All was explained!

"Now as to you, young man," continued the duke: "we must see what we can do to advance you. We will start for Versailles at the end of the month. I will present you."

"I know your kind disposition toward me, monsieur, and wish to thank you; but—"

"What! you have not renounced the court, and the advantages which await you there?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But remember that with my help you can make your way rapidly; and that with a little patience and perseverance you can in ten years—"

"Ten lost years!" I exclaimed.

"But then," he continued in astonishment, "is that too dear a price for glory and fortune and honors? Come, come, young man, we will go to Versailles."

"No, duke: I am going back to Bretagne; and once more I beg you to receive my thanks, and those of my family."

"It is madness!" exclaimed the duke.

And thinking of what I had seen and heard, I said to myself, "It is wisdom!"

The next day I started; and with what delight I saw again my noble castle of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of my park, the glorious Bretagne sun! I had recovered my vassals, my sisters, my mother—and happiness! which has never deserted me since; for one week later I married Henrietta.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584–1654)

Of Selden, Milton wrote, "The chief of learned men reputed in this land, John Selden." So our own Sumner: "John Selden, unsurpassed for learning and ability in the whole splendid history of the English bar." And Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon: "Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue." Selden was the writer of many learned books: books upon the law, books upon the customs of the Hebrews, books upon all manner of abstruse subjects, books in English and in Latin; that which remains of him is a book which he neither published nor wrote. Like White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and not a few other books which "were not born to die," Selden's 'Table-Talk' was a work which came without observation. Much of his deliberate work is dry as dry could be. Aubrey, who is relied upon in some measure for his biography, says that he was a poet, and quotes Sir John Suckling as authority; nothing would seem more improbable from what he has to say upon poetry: "'Tis a fine thing for Children to learn to make Verse; but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laught at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in Verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his Leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go."

John Selden

His father was "a sufficient plebeian," of the village of Salvington in Sussex, and proficient in music; by which he is said to have won his wife, who was of somewhat higher station in life. John was born in his cottage at Salvington, December 16th, 1584, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and died, a man of great distinction and wealth, at Whitefriars in London, November 30th, 1654, in the sixth year of the Commonwealth. It was a rich period in English literature; the period of Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton and Jonson and their companions. And it was a stirring period in history,

covering as it did the reigns of James I. and Charles I., the trial and beheading of the latter, and the ascendency of Cromwell and the Puritans. The boy John Selden, educated at the Free School in Chichester, and at Hart Hall, Oxford, had hardly more than settled himself at the Inner Temple and reached man's estate, when he had «not only run through the whole body of the law, but become a prodigy in most parts of learning; especially in those which were not common, or little frequented or regarded by the generality of students of his time. So that in a few years his name was wonderfully advanced, not only at home, but in foreign countries; and was usually styled the great dictator of learning of the English nation.»

In 1618, after issuing several other works, he published a 'History of Tithes,' which had been licensed without question by the censor, but nevertheless excited such an outcry that its author was summoned before the King, and subsequently before the High Commission Court, and forced to recant. He acknowledged the error that he had committed in publishing the book, but appears not to have acknowledged any error in the book. The book was suppressed, and afterward «confuted» by Dr. Montagu; and King James told Selden, «If you or your friends write anything against his confutation, I will throw you into prison.» He soon had an opportunity to test the King's prisons for other reasons. He was incarcerated for five weeks in 1621, for his share in the protest of the House of Commons in respect to the rights and privileges of the members; and again in 1629 he was imprisoned in the Tower for many months on the charge of sedition. He entered Parliament in 1624, and with the exception of Charles's first Parliament, and the Short Parliament, he appears to have been a member until his death. In the Long Parliament he represented Oxford University, being returned without opposition.

Selden was always a conservative, not so much in the political as in the natural, the literal, sense. During the earlier years of the long contest between the King and the Commons, he leaned toward the latter; but in after years his attitude was less satisfactory to them. He was the arch-supporter of the law,—of human law: for the Higher Law—at all events for the *Jus Divinum* as interpreted by the clergy—he had slight esteem as against the law of the land. In this he represented to the full one side of the shield: the other, that which exhibits the supreme inner right of the individual, he seemed sometimes wholly to ignore.

His reputation was so great that his support was sought on all sides; but his independence caused him to reject some overtures, while it prevented others. King Charles thought to make him Keeper of the Great Seal; but was dissuaded on the ground that «he would absolutely refuse the place if it were offered to him.» In 1647 he

was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but declined. It is said that he was so bent on preserving his thoughts that he would sometimes write while under the barber's hands; which seems to show that the barber did not make it a point to be so entertaining in those days as of latter time.

For the last twenty years of his life, the Rev. Richard Milward was his amanuensis; and it was by him that the 'Table-Talk' was taken down bit by bit. It was not published until many years after the death of both. Says Milward in his dedication: "I had the opportunity to hear his Discourse twenty years together; and least all those Excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to writing. . . . Truly the Sense and Notion here is wholly his, and most of the words." The book is a rich storehouse. Coleridge says: "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer."

In taking passages from it here and there, it should be premised that other samples might be found of a sense quite different.

FROM THE 'TABLE-TALK'

The Scriptures

The Text serves only to guess by: we must satisfie our selves fully out of the Authors that liv'd about those times.

In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10,—meaning four was but four Unities, and five, five Unities, etc., and that he had in all but ten pounds; the other that sees him, takes not the Figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports that he hath five pounds in one Bag, and six pounds in another Bag, and nine pounds in another Bag, &c., whenas in truth he has but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a Text here and there to make it serve our turn; whereas, if we take it all together, and consider'd what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

The Bishops

The Bishops were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aim'd at. The old Story of the

Fellow that told the Gentleman that he might get to such a place if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

. . . . . .

Bishops are now unfit to Govern, because of their Learning. They are bred up in another Law; they run to the Text for something done amongst the Jews that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a Man would have a Kettle, and he would not go to our Brazier to have it made as they make Kettles, but he would have it as Hiram made his Brass work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple. . . .

They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of Government, do as he that pulls down an old House and builds another in another fashion: there's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble; the old rubbish must be carryed away, and new materials must be brought; Workmen must be provided: and perhaps the old one would have serv'd as well.

Books

In Answering a Book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long I shall give my Adversary a huge advantage: somewhere or other he will pick a hole. . . .

To quote a modern Dutch Man where I may use a Classic Author, is as if I were to justify my Reputation, and I neglect all Persons of Note and Quality that know me, and bring the Testimonial of the Scullion in the Kitchen.

Ceremony

Ceremony keeps up all things. 'Tis like a Penny-Glass to a rich Spirit, or some Excellent Water: without it the water were spilt, the Spirit lost.

Of all people, Ladies have no reason to cry down Ceremonies, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with Ceremony,—with Compliments and Addresses, with Legs, and Kissing of Hands,—they were the pittyfullest Creatures in the World; but yet methinks to kiss their Hands after their Lips as some do, is like little Boys, that after they eat the Apple, fall to the paring, out of a Love they have to the Apple.

Clergy

The Clergy would have us believe them against our own Reason, as the Woman would have her Husband against his own Eyes. "What! will you believe your own Eyes before your own sweet Wife?"

The House of Commons

The House of Commons is called the Lower House in Twenty Acts of Parliament; but what are Twenty Acts of Parliament amongst Friends?

Competency

That which is a Competency for one Man, is not enough for another: no more than that which will keep one Man warm, will keep another Man warm; one man can go in Doublet and Hose, when another Man cannot be without a Cloak and yet have no more Cloaths than is necessary for him.

Conscience

He that hath a Scrupulous Conscience is like a Horse that is not well weigh'd: he starts at every Bird that flies out of the Hedge.

A Knowing Man will do that which a tender Conscience Man dares not do, by reason of his Ignorance: the other knows there is no hurt,—as a Child is afraid to go into the dark, when a Man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

Consecrated Places

All things are God's already: we can give him no right by consecrating any, that he had not before; only we set it apart to his Service. Just as when a Gardiner brings his Lord and Master a Basket of Apricocks, and presents them, his Lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains; and yet the Apricocks were as much his Lord's before as now.

Council

They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils; when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.

Devils

A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his head (I wonder'd what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me (with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was mad); he said he knew I could Cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolv'd to go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an Opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubl'd him, took him in hand, warranted him if he would follow my directions to Cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a Card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of Taffata, and put strings to the Taffata, and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his Neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his House, and askt him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me: he had four Devils in his head, and he perceiv'd two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise." So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck: three days after, he came to me to my Chamber and protest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extreamly thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but my self and one Physitian more in the whole Town, that could Cure the Devils in the head; and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wisht him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could Cure his Disease, as well as my self. The Gentleman lived many Years, and was never troubl'd after.

Friends

Old Friends are best. King James us'd to call for his Old Shoos: they were easiest for his Feet.

Humility

Humility is a Vertue all preach, none practice; and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his Servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.

Jews

Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are Cursed, they thrive where e'er they come; they are able to oblige the Prince of their Country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together: and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

The King

The King calling his Friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at Oxford, is as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the Cellar, and takes the Spiggot; in the mean time all the Beer runs about the House: when his Friends are absent the King will be lost.

The Court of England

The Court of England is much alter'd. At a solemn Dancing, first you had the grave Measures, then the Corrantoes and the Galliards, and this is kept up with Ceremony, at length to French-more, and the Cushion-Dance, and then all the Company Dance, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchen-Maid, no distinction. So in our Court in Queen Elizabeth's time Gravity and State were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but French-more and the Cushion-Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly, polly, hoite come toite.

Language

If you look upon the Language spoken in the Saxon time, and the Language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a Cloak that he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since, here has put in a piece of Red, and there a piece of Blew, and here a piece of Green, and there

a piece of Orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latine, as every Pedantick man pleases.

We have more words than Notions,—half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometime we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a Piece a Gun. The word Gun was in use in England for an Engine to cast a thing from a man, long before there was any Gun-powder found out.

Words must be fitted to a man's mouth: 'twas well said of the Fellow that was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he desir'd to take the measure of his Lordship's mouth.

Libels

Tho' some make slight of *Libels*, yet you may see by them how the wind fits: as take a straw and throw it up into the Air, you shall see by that which way the Wind is; which you shall not do by casting up a Stone. More solid things do not show the Complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

Marriage

Of all Actions of a man's life, his Marriage does least concern other people; yet of all Actions of our Life, 'tis most medled with by other people.

Measure of Things

We measure the Excellency of other men by some Excellency we conceive to be in our selves. Nash, a Poet, poor enough (as Poets us'd to be), seeing an Alderman with his Gold Chain, upon his great Horse, by way of scorn said to one of his Companions, Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks: why, that fellow cannot make a blank Verse!

Number

All those misterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground; because number in it self is nothing, has not to do with Nature, but is merely of Human Imposition, a meer sound. For Example, when I cry one a Clock, two a Clock, three a Clock,—that is but Man's division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in Nature if those Hours had been call'd nine, ten, and eleven. So when

they say the Seventh Son is Fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise Fortunate?

Oaths

When men ask me whether they may take an Oath in their own Sense, 'tis to me as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own Legs: I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

Opinion

Opinion and Affection extremely differ: I may affect a Woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the Handsomest Woman in the World. I love Apples the best of any Fruit, but it does not follow I must think Apples to be the best Fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give Reason why all the World should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

'Tis a vain thing to talk of an Heretick; for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the Primitive times there were many Opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held. One of these Opinions being embrac'd by some Prince, and received into his Kingdom, the rest were Condemn'd as Heresies; and his Religion, which was but one of the several Opinions, first is said to be Orthodox, and so have continu'd ever since the Apostles.

Peace

Though we had Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e'er things be settled. Tho' the Wind lye, yet after a Storm the Sea will work a great while.

Pleasure

Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it,—Orchards, Gardens, etc.,—and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy

Councillor,—if you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

Prayer

"God hath given gifts unto men." General Texts prove nothing: let him shew me John, William, or Thomas in the Text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble Tongue, we say, He hath the gift of Prayer. His gift is to pray long,—that I see; but does he pray better?

We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say any thing.

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty Reasons why he should grant this or that: he knows best what is good for us. If your Boy should ask you a Suit of Cloaths, and give you Reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad, but he shall discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a Suit of Cloaths.

Preaching

The main Argument why they would have two Sermons a day, is, because they have two Meals a Day; the Soul must be fed as well as the Body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two Noses because I have two Eyes, or two Mouths because I have two Ears. What have Meals and Sermons to do one with another?

Preferment

When the Pageants are a coming there's a great thrusting and a riding upon one another's backs, to look out at the Window: stay a little, and they will come just to you; you may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new Statesman or Officer is chosen: there's great expectation and listening who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.

Reason

The Reason of a Thing is not to be inquired after, till you are sure the Thing it self be so. We commonly are at "What's

the Reason of it?" before we are sure of the Thing. 'Twas an excellent Question of my Lady Cotten, when Sir Robert Cotten was magnifying of a Shooe which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondring at the strange Shape and Fashion of it: But Mr. Cotten, says she, are you sure it is a Shooe?

Religion

Men say they are of the same Religion for Quietness's sake; but if the matter were well Examin'd, you would scarce find Three any where of the same Religion in all Points.

Disputes in Religion will never be ended, because there wants a Measure by which the Business would be decided. The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: if he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another; and there is, I say, no Measure to end the Controversie. 'Tis just as if Two men were at Bowls, and both judg'd by the Eye: one says 'tis his Cast, the other says 'tis my Cast; and having no Measure, the Difference is Eternal. Ben Jonson Satyrically express'd the vain Disputes of Divines by Inigo Lanthorne, disputing with his Puppet in a Bartholomew Fair: It is so; It is not so; It is so; It is not so,—crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together.

'Tis to no purpose to labor to Reconcile Religions, when the Interest of Princes will not suffer it. 'Tis well if they could be Reconciled so far that they should not cut one another's Throats.

Thanksgiving

At first we gave Thanks for every Victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a Child: give him a Plum, he makes his Leg; give him a second Plum, he makes another Leg; at last when his Belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do: then his Nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his Duty—*Where's your Leg?*

Wife

He that hath a handsome Wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her and be in her company: but the Husband is cloy'd with her. We are never content with what we have.

You shall see a Monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great way below on this side; the Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog,— himself is got up very high, takes place of the Temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

'Tis reason a man that will have a Wife should be at the charge of her Trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a Monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the Glasses he breaks.

Wisdom

Never tell your Resolution before hand; but when the Cast is thrown, Play it as well as you can to win the Game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to Play Size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

ÉTIENNE PIVERT DE SENANCOUR

(1770–1846)

ONE work of Senancour's has lived. The others — moral and philosophical treatises, and one feeble novel, 'Isabelle,' written in his old age as a sequel to his famous 'Obermann' — are now forgotten. "But 'Obermann,'" says Matthew Arnold, "has qualities which make it permanently valuable to kindred minds." Arnold himself, while suffering the spiritual isolation there portrayed, did not go off alone to suffer; but did a great and practical work in the world of men. Other noble minds have sympathized with Obermann, among them George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; but for most people, such writing, however noble and eloquent, must needs be somewhat futile. It must after all be healthy instinct which guides men as well as children to turn from abstractions to accounts of positive achievement. Heroic action is far more thrilling than even its prompting impulse, unfulfilled. It is so much more satisfactory to receive some practical lesson in living, some stimulus to richer sensation, than to be disheartened by the wailings of failure.

Senancour early showed a want of adaptability to existing social conditions. He was born at Paris in November 1770, of a noble family, to whom the Revolution brought ruin. Sickly from childhood, he was destined to the Church. Obliged by his father to enter St. Sulpice, he rebelled against the monastic constraint, and aided by his mother, escaped to Switzerland. There he married, and lived till toward the end of the century; when, after his wife's death, he returned to Paris.

'Obermann' appeared in 1804. It is a treatise on disillusion and hopelessness, lacking in vitality; and although noble in tone, has not been widely appreciated. It is less a novel than an exposition, in a series of letters, of Senancour's own point of view. Obermann, the hero, is Senancour in very slight disguise. He is "a man who does not know what he is, what he likes, what he wants; who sighs without cause; who desires without object; and who sees nothing except that he is not in his place: in short, who drags himself through empty space and in an infinite tumult of vexations."

'Obermann' is valuable and interesting as a pathological study; as a reflection of the spirit of revolt and discouragement which swept over Europe, and spurred on Rousseau, Byron, and many others.

Senancour strongly felt himself a product of his time. Voltairean cynicism struggled in him with Rousseauesque sensibility,—the latter augmenting a longing to believe, while the former made faith impossible. He had the terrible controlling self-consciousness which prevented a moment's escape from his own unsatisfied desires. He was too noble, too much of an idealist, to enjoy what was petty and possible; but there are envious tones in Obermann, who sometimes seems half to despise himself that he cannot do and feel like other men.

The strong note of Senancour's character was an uncompromising need of sincerity. He detested hypocrisy in himself and others. He sought truth at the price of all pleasant illusion. His work evidences Rousseau's influence; but unlike Rousseau, he never posed. His confidences are genuinely unreserved. His constant unhappiness—as George Sand pointed out in an appreciation which prefaces the later editions of 'Obermann'—was caused by want of proportion between his power of conception and his capacity to perform. He had a life-long realization of failure. He was akin to Amiel, but less scholarly; more emotional and less intellectual.

In love of nature he found perhaps his keenest satisfaction. He is eloquent in description of the Alpine summits with their fair cold austerity, and the pleasant valleys, the mountain streams, and the green pastures, upon which he loved to look down.

Senancour was always oppressed by poverty. Forced to write for his living for half a century, and unable to win favor, he fell into want in his old age. His friends' efforts, especially those of Thiers and Villemain, obtained for him a small pension from Louis Philippe, which rendered him comfortable until his death at St. Cloud in 1846.

ALPINE SCENERY

From 'Obermann'

IMAGINE a plain of white and limpid water. It is vast but circumscribed; in shape oblong and somewhat circular, it stretches toward the winter sunset. From lofty summits, majestic chains close it in on three sides. You are seated on the slope of the mountain, above the northern strand which the waves alternately quit and then recover. Perpendicular rocks are behind you. They rise to the region of clouds. The sad polar wind has never breathed upon this happy shore. At your left open the mountains: a tranquil valley stretches along their

depths; a torrent descending from snowy summits closes it; and when the morning sun shines on the mists between the frozen peaks, when voices from the mountains indicate châlets above the meadows still in shadow, it is the awakening of primitive earth,—it is a monument of our destinies ignored!

Behold the first nocturnal moments, the hour of repose and sublime sadness. The valley is hazy, it begins to grow dark. Toward noon, the lake is in night. The rocks surrounding it are a shadowy belt under the icy dome which surmounts them, and which seems to retain the daylight in its rime. Its last fires gild the numerous chestnut-trees on the wild rocks: they pass in long rays under the lofty spires of the Alpine pines, they burnish the mountains, they illume the snows, they kindle the air; and the waveless water, glowing with light and blending with the heavens, becomes infinite like them, and still purer, more ethereal, more beautiful. Its calm astonishes, its limpidity deceives, the airy splendor it reflects seems to penetrate its depths; and under these mountains, separated from the globe, and as it were suspended in space, you find at your feet the emptiness of heaven and the immensity of the world. Then there is a time of illusion and oblivion. You no longer know where the sky is, where the mountains are, nor where you stand. You no longer find a level; there is no longer a horizon. Your ideas change, your sensations are novel, you have emerged from common life. And when the darkness has covered this valley of water, when the eye no longer discerns objects or distances, when the evening wind has raised the waves,—then the end of the lake toward the sunset is illumined by a pale light, but all that the mountains surround is only an indistinguishable gulf. And in the midst of darkness and silence, you hear, a thousand feet below, the rhythmic cadence of the ceaseless waves which tremble on the beach at regular intervals, are swallowed up in the rocks, and break against the wall with a sound which echoes like a long murmur in the invisible abyss.

It is in sounds that nature has placed the strongest expression of the romantic character. Especially by the sense of hearing we receive strongly, and in a few touches, the realization of extraordinary places and things. Odors produce quick and immense but vague perceptions; those of sight seem to affect the mind rather than the heart: we admire what we see, but we feel what we hear. The voice of a beloved woman is still more

beautiful than her features. The sounds which render places sublime make an impression profounder and more durable than is created by their forms. I have never seen a picture of the Alps which made them as truly present to me as the Alpine air itself.

The 'Ranz des Vaches' does not merely recall memories, it paints. I know that Rousseau has said the contrary, but I think he was mistaken. This is not an imaginary effect: it happened that as two persons were glancing over the 'Tableaux Pittoresques de la Suisse' [Picturesque Views of Switzerland], both said at sight of the Grimsel, "There is the spot to hear the 'Ranz des Vaches.'" If expressed with truth rather than skill, if he who plays it feels it deeply, the first sounds take us to the high valleys, under the bare reddish-gray rocks, under the cold sky, under the burning sun. You are on the top of the rounding summits covered with pastures. You realize the slowness of things, and the grandeur of the place. There is the slow march of the cows and the measured movement of their great bells, near the clouds, in the gently sloping stretch from the crests of immovable granite to the ruined granite of the snowy ravines. The winds shiver austerely in the distant larches; you discern the rolling of a torrent in the precipices where it has been excavating for long centuries. To these sounds isolated in the space, succeed the hurried heavy accents of the *küheren* [the men who lead the cows to the high pastures and care for them there]; nomad expression of a pleasure without gayety,—of a mountain joy. The songs cease. The men are going away; the bells have passed the larches; you hear nothing but the shock of falling pebbles, and the interrupted fall of trees pushed toward the valley by the torrent. The wind intensifies or holds back these Alpine sounds; and when you lose them, all seems cold, dead, and motionless. It is the domain of the man who feels no eagerness. He comes out from under the broad low roof which is assured against tempests by heavy stones. If the sun is burning, if the wind is strong, if the thunder is rolling under his feet, he does not know it. He goes where the cows should be: they are there. He calls them: they gather together, they approach one after another; and he returns with the same slowness, loaded with the milk destined for the plains he will not know. The cows stop; they chew the cud. There is no visible movement, there are no more men. The air is cold, the wind has ceased

with the evening light; there remain only the gleam of the ancient snows and the fall of waters, the wild murmur of which, rising from the depths, seems to add to the silent permanence of the glaciers, the lofty summits, and the night.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS

From ‹Obermann›

FONTAINEBLEAU, August 7.

MONSIEUR W——, whom you know, said lately: «While I take my cup of coffee I put all the world in order.» I too permit myself similar dreams; and when I walk on the heaths among the junipers still wet, I sometimes surprise myself imagining men happy. I assure you, it seems to me they might be. I do not wish to create another species or another globe. I do not wish to reform everything. Such hypotheses lead to nothing, you will say, since they are not applicable to anything known. Very well: let us take what necessarily exists; let us take it as it is, and only arrange what is accidental therein. I do not desire new or chimerical species; but behold my materials, — with them I will make my plan according to my thought.

I desire two things certain: a fixed climate, true men. If I knew when the rain would cause the waters to overflow, when the sun would dry up my plants, when the hurricane would shake my dwelling,— my industry would have to fight against the natural forces opposed to my needs; but when I am ignorant of the moment anything will happen, when the evil oppresses me without the danger having warned me, when prudence may destroy me, and when the interests of others confided to my precautions forbid unconcern and even security,— is it not necessary that my life should be anxious and unhappy? Is it not true that inaction succeeds forced labor, and that, as Voltaire has so well said, I consume all my days in convulsions of disquiet or in the lethargy of weariness?

If men nearly all dissimulate, if the duplicity of a part forces others at least to be reserved, does it not follow necessarily that they augment the inevitable harm which many for their own benefit do to others, with a much greater mass of needless injuries? Does it not follow that people harm each other reciprocally in spite of themselves, that each is eying the other, that each is

prejudiced, that enemies are inventive and friends are cautious? Does it not follow that an honest man is ruined in public opinion by an indiscreet suggestion, by a false judgment; that an enmity born of an ill-founded suspicion becomes mortal; that those who would have liked to do right are discouraged; that false principles are established; that cunning is more useful than wisdom, courage, magnanimity; that children reproach their father for not having committed a trickery, and that States perish from not committing a crime? In this perpetual uncertainty, I ask what becomes of morality; and in the uncertainty of all things, what becomes of surety? Without surety, without morality, I ask if happiness is not a child's dream?

The moment of death should remain unknown. There is no evil without duration; and for twenty other reasons death should not be put in the number of misfortunes. It is well to ignore when all must finish: one rarely begins what may not be concluded. I think then that with man about what he is, ignorance as to the length of life is more useful than embarrassing; but the uncertainty of the things of life is not like that of their duration. An incident that you could not foresee deranges your plan, and prepares you long vexations. As for death, it annihilates your plan, it does not derange it: you will not suffer from what you do not know. The plan of those who remain may be thwarted, but to be certain about one's own affairs is to have certainty enough; and I do not wish to imagine things altogether good according to man. I should doubt the world I am arranging if it did not contain more evil, and I cannot suppose perfect harmony except with a kind of fright. It seems to me that nature does not admit of it.

A fixed climate, and above all, men who are true, inevitably true,—these suffice me. I am happy if I understand things. I leave to the sky its storms and thunderbolts; to the earth its wet and dry; to the soil its sterility; to our bodies their weakness and degeneration; to men their differences and incompatibilities, their inconstancy, their errors, even their vices and their necessary egoism; to time its slowness and irrevocability: my city is happy if everything is ruled, if thoughts are known. It needs only a good legislation; and if thoughts are known, it cannot fail to have one.

OBERMANN'S ISOLATION

From 'Obermann'

I WISH I had a trade: it would animate my arms and tranquillize my head. A talent would not do this; yet if I knew how to paint, I think I should be less unquiet. I have long been in a stupor; I am sorry to have waked. I was in a depression more tranquil than actual depression.

Of all the rapid and uncertain moments when I have thought in my simplicity that one was on this earth to live, none have left me such profound remembrances as those twenty days of forgetfulness and hope, when, about the period of the March equinox, near the torrent before the rocks, between the happy hyacinth and the simple violet, I imagined it would be given me to love.

I was touching what I could never seize. Without inclinations, without hope, I might have been able to vegetate, bored but tranquil. I had a presentiment of human energy, but in my shadowy life I endured my sleep. What sinister force opened the world to me, and thus removed the consolations of nothingness?

Drawn into an expansive activity, eager to love all, to sustain all, to console all; ever struggling between a need of seeing a change in many sad things and a conviction that no change will occur,—I am wearied with the evils of life, and still more indignant at the perfidious seduction of pleasure; my eyes always arrested by the immense heap of hatreds, iniquities, opprobriums, and miseries upon this misguided earth.

And I! I am in my twenty-seventh year: the fine days are over, I did not even see them. Unhappy in the age of happiness, what can I expect of other ages? I spent in emptiness and weariness the happy season of confidence and hope. Everywhere oppressed, suffering, my heart empty and torn, I have attained while still young the regrets of old age. Accustomed to see all the flowers of life shrivel under my sterile steps, I am like those old men from whom everything has escaped; but more unhappy than they, I have lost all long before my own end. With my ardent spirit I cannot rest in this silence of death. . . .

What places were ever to me what they are to other men? What times were tolerable, and under what skies did I find repose of heart? I have seen the stir of towns, the emptiness of country places, and the austerity of mountains. I have seen the

grossness of ignorance and the torment of the arts. I have seen the useless virtues, the indifferent successes, and all good things lost in evil things; man and fate always unequal, ceaselessly deceiving themselves; and in the mad struggle of all the passions, the odious conqueror receiving as price of his triumph the heaviest link of the ills it has caused.

If man were adapted to unhappiness, I should pity him far less; and considering his transitory duration, I should despise for him as for myself the torment of a day. But all good things surround him; all his faculties bid him enjoy, all say to him, "Be happy": and man has said, "Happiness shall be for the brute: art, science, glory, grandeur, shall be for me." His mortality, his griefs, his crimes themselves, are but the slightest part of his wretchedness. I deplore his losses,—calm, choice, union, tranquil possession. I deplore a hundred years that millions of sentient beings have wasted in anxiety and restrictions, in the midst of what would make security, liberty, joy; living with bitterness upon a voluptuous earth, because they have desired imaginary and exclusive good things.

However, all that amounts to very little. I did not witness it half a century ago, and in half a century more I shall see it no longer.

I said to myself: If it was not part of my destiny to recall to primordial morals an isolated circumscribed land, if I ought to force myself to forget the world, and think myself happy enough in obtaining tolerable days upon this deluded earth,—then I would ask but one favor, one spirit in that dream from which I no longer wish to awaken. There rests upon earth, such as it is, an illusion which can still deceive me; it is the only one. I would have the wisdom to be deceived by it: the rest is not worth an effort. This is what I said then; but chance alone could grant me the inestimable mistake. Chance is slow and uncertain: life rapid and irrevocable, its springtime passes; and this unsatisfied craving, by wasting my life, must finally alienate my heart and change my nature. Sometimes already I feel myself growing sour: I become angry, my affections narrow; impatience makes my will fierce, and a kind of contempt bears me toward great but austere designs. However, this bitterness does not endure in all its force: afterward I abandon myself as if I felt that distracted men, and uncertain things, and my life so short, did not merit a day's uneasiness, and that a severe awakening is useless when one must soon sleep forever.

SENECA.

SENECA

(About 4 B. C.–65 A. D.)

The greatest of Christian evangelists was haunted by the awful dread lest, while he pointed out to others the path to bliss, he himself «should become a castaway.» The most fluent, tolerant, and persuasive of Roman ethical teachers, Seneca, demonstrated by his tragic failure in the trying crises of his life, how hard it was to be brave, consistent, or even free from crime, under the mad despotism of a Caligula, a Claudius, and a Nero.

At Cordova there is still shown a ruined villa bearing by tradition the name «House of Seneca.» In Spain, then, the native land of so many Roman scholars and authors, the great philosopher's father was born. The race was already wealthy, and enjoyed the privileges of Roman knighthood. The father was at least a devoted amateur student of rhetoric, and endowed with a memory as phenomenal as Macaulay's. After once hearing a speech of several thousand words, he could easily repeat it verbatim. He knew the world-city well, for he had repeatedly heard all the orators and pleaders since Cicero. Still, especially after his rather late marriage, he seems to have preferred more and more the security and quiet of his estates in Spain.

The two books by the elder Seneca of which we hear, were probably both undertaken largely for the education of his three sons. His history of the civil wars and the early empire is wholly lost. We are told that in a general preface he compared the earlier epochs in the development of the State to the stages of human life. This comparison itself has a certain pedagogical sound. His other work, extant in a fragmentary form, is chiefly made up of quotations from the noted rhetoricians he had heard, taking both sides in a series of very academic *Adversariæ*, or subjects for debate, such as—«Should Leonidas retreat from Thermopylæ?» «Should Cicero beg his life from Antony?» etc., etc. In his prefaces to the various books the elder Seneca shows a pleasing wit, an unexpectedly pure Latin style, —and his prodigious memory.

The three sons already mentioned are memorable for very different reasons. The youngest, Mela, was merely the father of the poet Lucan, whose brief life ended in utter ignominy and cowardice, dragging his parents down with him.

The eldest of the trio was adopted by his father's friend Gallio. Under that name he has enjoyed an unwelcome fame among Christians,

as the Roman governor of Greece who "cared for none of these things" (Acts, xviii. 12–17). As to the strife between the old Hebrew Paul of Tarsus and his fellow Jews, or even as to street brawls in Corinth, though the Greeks mobbed and beat the Israelitish high priest before the very judgment-seat of the Prætor, Gallio of course maintained the indifference and contempt shown by the typical Roman aristocrat toward all quarrels among the subject races of the empire. Canon Farrar reminds us effectively how trifling and soon forgotten this incident was to the man who was destined to be remembered chiefly thereby, and not by his famous brother's loving words: "No mortal was ever so sweet (*dulcis*) to any one as he was to all men."

The greatest man of the race, however,—the most brilliant literary figure of three imperial reigns,—was the second son, Lucius Annæus Seneca, like his father a native of Corduba. Born shortly before the Christian era, and always of a delicate and sickly constitution, he devoted himself, not like his kinsmen chiefly to rhetoric, but rather to philosophy. The Stoic school was far more sympathetic to Roman character than its only powerful rival, the sect of Epicurus. With these devotees to duty rather than to pleasure as the chief end of life, Seneca associated himself. He also had a strong regard for the Cynics, whose school may be regarded as the superlative degree—or as the *reductio ad absurdum*—of Stoicism. But it is a pleasing trait in this genial and tolerant nature, that he saw too how nearly Epicurus himself and his austerest followers had arrived by a different road at the same ethical goal. Indeed, in Rome at any rate, such commonplaces as the uncertainty of all prosperity, or the duty of meeting calamity with fortitude, needed in those evil days no instiller save the demoniacal caprice of "Cæsar," and the insatiate cruelty and greed of countless satellites, informers, and spies.

Such lessons Seneca has left us in a hundred sermons,—under which general title we may include nearly all his epistles, the avowed essays, and the "dialogues," which narrow to monologues as inevitably as a Ciceronian treatise or a poem of Wordsworth. The themes are few, and not often new; the illustrations, epigrams, tropes, disguise the monotony and obviousness of the thought. As Quintilian sternly says, the style is an essentially vicious one, and doubly dangerous because its errors are clothed in brilliant beauty. The tendency of Seneca is constantly to put manner above matter, to hide familiar and undisputed truth under striking and picturesque ornament.

This advocate of contented poverty was the wealthiest and most profuse of courtiers. He assured his disciples that contentment abides only in the huts of humility,—and entertained them at five hundred splendid tables of cedar and ivory. Such inconsistency, indeed, he

frankly confesses; bidding us follow rather his aspirations and future intentions than his present example.

The very prominence of Seneca's position exposed him to yet more deadly perils and temptations. His youthful successes as an advocate exposed him to the dangerous jealousy of Caligula, who was only mollified by the assurance that the feeble consumptive was already at death's door. Promptly banished by the next emperor, Claudius, Seneca for eight years (41–49 A. D.) languished an exile in Corsica. Thence he addressed to the dissolute freedman Polybius, favorite of the half-witted tyrant Claudius, the most fulsome flatteries intended for the ears of both. One of the great philosophic treatises 'On Consolation' is nominally written to condole with this arch-villain upon the death of a brother. The long-prayed-for return to Rome came at last through the infamous Agrippina, when she had destroyed her imperial rival, and begun her lifelong machinations for the advancement of her ungrateful son, the future emperor Nero. Of this precocious monster Seneca became the guardian or tutor. Whether the sage connived at the murder of the emperor Claudius (54 A. D.), is an insoluble problem of court scandal. He did not denounce the guilty, and he shared the fruits of the crime. He even composed and read, to amuse his pupil and the guilty queen mother, a heartless and irreverent account of Claudius's reception and condemnation in the world of the dead. This is the same Claudius who was so extolled and flattered in the 'De Consolatione ad Polybium'!

Nero in the first five years of his reign gave some promise of statesmanlike development and a juster balance of character. Doubtless for the best acts of this period his mentor deserves the chief credit. While his fellow guardian, the sturdy Burrus, lived to control the turbulent prætorian guards, Seneca was as secure in his position as he can be who draws his breath by the permission of a young tyrant with madness in his blood, bred to folly and self-indulgence. The culminating horror in Nero's lurid reign is of course the monarch's assassination of his own mother, whose worst crimes had been committed in the son's interest. After condoning at least, and justifying as a political necessity, this awful deed, Seneca himself must have felt that his pulpit should be vacated. He soon realized that his only hope of life was in the abdication of all authority, the "voluntary" proffer of his wealth to the young emperor, and a prompt retirement to Cordova or some equally remote retreat. Even this path he found blocked. Accused of treason, he was commanded to put an end to his own life. Thus set face to face with the inevitable, Seneca offered the usual example of a philosophic death (an example, by the way, which his pupil Nero, almost alone among

eminent Romans, failed to follow). This was in 65 A. D. His wife attempted to share his fate, and was rescued against her will.

There are numberless pleasing traits in Seneca's character. Indeed, it is much the same here as with his literary style. The central motive we may be forced to condemn, yet a hundred charming touches lend to it a dangerous attractiveness. He loved power, wealth, glory; and to them sacrificed his own approval and his after fame. But he was faithful to all the ties of human friendship, in a century when betrayal and ghastly selfishness were inbred in most men. Especially in his love for children, and his delight in them, he is almost un-Roman. In many of his educational and social doctrines he is surprisingly in advance of his age. And after all, the errors of his life are largely inferred rather than proven,—and certainly have long since ceased to do harm. Many of his ethical doctrines are of so lofty a nature that he has actually been recognized by popes and councils as at least in part an authority for Christian doctrine.

Perhaps to the same cause we may attribute the well-invented but baseless legend that Seneca was in correspondence, and even on terms of personal friendship, with the apostle Paul, during his two years' imprisonment in Rome. Seneca, like the other Romans of his day, made no distinction between the Christians and the other sects of the "most detestable" Jews. Indeed, he never mentions the new sect by name. When Seneca's brother Gallio refused to hear Paul speak in his own defense, the opportunity for personal influence of the great apostle upon that gifted and haughty family undoubtedly passed by forever.

Most of Seneca's prose works we have already characterized. There is indeed one series of essays, in which he attempts to discuss the laws and phenomena of the physical world. Based of course upon the Ptolemaic system, these books had much influence throughout the Middle Ages, but have become mere curiosities in the broader daylight of modern science.

The mocking satire upon the dead Claudius is written partly in prose and partly in verse; and so may be classed as an example of "Menippean" satire. Most of Seneca's other poetic productions have perished.

An important exception to the last statement must probably be made, in that ten tragedies have been handed down to us under his name. Composed long after the decay of drama, rhetorical and bombastic, unsuited to our ideas of scenic effect, these have nevertheless an extreme interest and importance, as the only specimens of serious Roman drama still extant. The 'Octavia' in particular, a harrowing tragedy of contemporary court life under Nero, is absolutely unique. It contains, however, unmistakable allusions to the manner

of Nero's death; and must therefore be from the hand of some survivor of both teacher and pupil. The other nine all bear Greek titles; and like the Roman comedies which we possess, are no doubt rather adaptations than creative work.

The complete prose works of Seneca in Latin are excellently edited in the Teubner text. There is also a satisfactory edition of the tragedies by Leo. He is not an author who demands elaborate annotation. There is no satisfactory translation in English of recent date. Two volumes have been contributed within a few years to the Bohn Library by Aubrey Stewart, M. A. This accurate translation should by all means be completed. There is also a version of the tragedies by Holtze. The fullest and most interesting treatise in English upon Seneca has already been cited more than once in this study. It is an early essay by Canon Farrar, occupying the greater portion of his volume 'Seekers after God,' where it is combined with briefer chapters upon two other enlightened pagans, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

TIME WASTED

In the distribution of human life, we find that a great part of it passes away in evil-doing, a greater yet in doing just nothing at all, and in effect, the whole in doing things beside our business. Some hours we bestow upon ceremony and servile attendance, some upon our pleasures, and the remainder runs to waste. What a deal of time is it that we spend in hopes and fears, love and revenge; in balls, treats, making of interests, suing for offices, soliciting of causes, and slavish flatteries! The shortness of life, I know, is the common complaint both of fools and philosophers,—as if the time we have were not sufficient for our duties. But it is with our lives as with our estates—a good husband makes a little go a great way; whereas, let the revenue of a prince fall into the hand of a prodigal, it is gone in a moment. So that the time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough to answer all the ends and purposes of mankind; but we squander it away in avarice, drink, sleep, luxury, ambition, fawning addresses, envy, rambling voyages, impertinent studies, change of councils, and the like: and when our portion is spent we find the want of it, though we give no heed to it in the passage; insomuch that we have rather made our life short than found it so. You shall have some people perpetually

playing with their fingers, whistling, humming, and talking to themselves; and others consume their days in the composing, hearing, or reciting of songs and lampoons. How many precious mornings do we spend in consultation with barbers, tailors, and tire-women, patching and painting betwixt the comb and the glass? A council must be called upon every hair we cut, and one curl amiss is as much as a body's life is worth. The truth is, we are more solicitous about our dress than our manners, and about the order of our periwigs than that of the government. At this rate let us but discount, out of a life of a hundred years, that time which has been spent upon popular negotiations, frivolous amours, domestic brawls, saunterings up and down to no purpose, diseases that we have brought upon ourselves,—and this large extent of life will not amount, perhaps, to the minority of another man. It is a long being, but perchance a short life. And what is the reason of all this? We live as if we should never die, and without any thought of human frailty; when yet the very moment we bestow upon this man or thing may peradventure be our last.

Paraphrased from Seneca by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

INDEPENDENCE IN ACTION

All men, brother Gallio, wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving exactly what it is that makes life happy: and so far is it from being easy to attain to happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must therefore define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we may most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to get a good understanding. Let us not therefore decide whither we must tend, and by what path,

without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the region which we are about to enter: because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in them some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whither we ought, but whither the rest are going.

PRAISES OF THE RIVAL SCHOOL IN PHILOSOPHY

MEN are not encouraged by Epicurus to run riot; but the vicious hide their excesses in the lap of philosophy, and flock to the schools in which they hear the praises of pleasure. They do not consider how sober and temperate — for so, by Hercules, I believe it to be — that "pleasure" of Epicurus is; but they rush at his mere name, seeking to obtain some protection and cloak for their vices. They lose, therefore, the one virtue which their evil life possessed, — that of being ashamed of doing wrong; for they praise what they used to blush at, and boast of their vices. Thus modesty can never reassert itself, when shameful idleness is dignified with an honorable name. The reason why that praise which your school lavishes upon pleasure is so hurtful, is because the honorable part of its teaching passes unnoticed, but the degrading part is seen by all.

I myself believe, though my Stoic comrades would be unwilling to hear me say so, that the teaching of Epicurus was upright and holy, and even, if you examine it narrowly, stern; for this much-talked-of pleasure is reduced to a very narrow compass, and he bids pleasure submit to the same law which we bid virtue do, — I mean, to obey nature. Luxury, however, is not satisfied with what is enough for nature. What is the consequence? Whoever thinks that happiness consists in lazy sloth and alternations of gluttony and profligacy, requires a good patron for a bad action; and when he has become an Epicurean, having been led to do so by the attractive name of that school, he follows, not the pleasure which he there hears spoken of, but that which he brought thither with him; and having learned to think that his vices coincide with the maxims of that philosophy, he indulges in

them no longer timidly and in dark corners, but boldly in the face of day. I will not, therefore, like most of our school, say that the sect of Epicurus is the teacher of crime; but what I say is, it is ill spoken of, it has a bad reputation, and yet it does not deserve it.

INCONSISTENCY

IF ANY one of those dogs who yelp at philosophy were to say, as they are wont to do: — "Why then do you talk so much more bravely than you live? why do you check your words in the presence of your superiors, and consider money to be a necessary implement? why are you disturbed when you sustain losses, and weep on hearing of the death of your wife or your friend? why do you pay regard to common rumor, and feel annoyed by calumnious gossip? why is your estate more elaborately kept than its natural use requires? why do you not dine according to your own maxims? why is your furniture smarter than it need be? why do you drink wine that is older than yourself? why are your grounds laid out? why do you plant trees which afford nothing except shade? why does your wife wear in her ears the price of a rich man's house? why are your children at school dressed in costly clothes? why is it a science to wait upon you at table? why is your silver plate not set down anyhow or at random, but skillfully disposed in regular order, with a superintendent to preside over the carving of the viands?" Add to this, if you like, the questions: — "Why do you own property beyond the seas? why do you own more than you know of? — it is a shame to you not to know your slaves by sight; for you must be very neglectful of them if you only own a few, or very extravagant if you have too many for your memory to retain." I will add some reproaches afterwards, and will bring more accusations against myself than you think of; for the present I will make you the following answer: —

"I am not a wise man, and I will not be one in order to feed your spite; so do not require me to be on a level with the best of men, but merely to be better than the worst: I am satisfied if every day I take away something from my vices and correct my faults. I have not arrived at perfect soundness of mind; indeed, I never shall arrive at it: I compound palliatives rather

than remedies for my gout, and am satisfied if it comes at rarer intervals and does not shoot so painfully. Compared with your feet, which are lame, I am a racer.» I make this speech, not on my own behalf,—for I am steeped in vices of every kind,—but on behalf of one who has made some progress in virtue.

«You talk one way,» objects our adversary, «and live another.» You most spiteful of creatures, you who always show the bitterest hatred to the best of men, this reproach was flung at Plato, at Epicurus, at Zeno; for all these declared how they ought to live, not how they did live. I speak of virtue, not of myself; and when I blame vices, I blame my own first of all: when I have the power, I shall live as I ought to do: spite, however deeply steeped in venom, shall not keep me back from what is best; that poison itself with which you bespatter others, with which you choke yourselves, shall not hinder me from continuing to praise that life which I do not indeed lead, but which I know I ought to lead,—from loving virtue and from following after her, albeit a long way behind her and with halting gait.

ON LEISURE (OTIUM)

With leisure we can carry out that which we have once for all decided to be best, when there is no one to interfere with us, and with the help of the mob pervert our as yet feeble judgment; with leisure only can life, which we distract by aiming at the most incompatible objects, flow on in a single gentle stream. Indeed, the worst of our various ills is that we change our very vices, and so have not even the advantage of dealing with a well-known form of evil; we take pleasure first in one and then in another, and are besides troubled by the fact that our opinions are not only wrong, but lightly formed: we toss as it were on waves, and clutch at one thing after another; we let go what we just now sought for, and strive to recover what we have let go. We oscillate between desire and remorse: for we depend entirely upon the opinions of others; and it is that which many people praise and seek after, not that which deserves to be praised and sought after, which we consider to be best. Nor do we take any heed of whether our road be good or bad in itself; but we value it by the number

of footprints upon it, among which there are none of any who have returned. You will say to me:—"Seneca, what are you doing? do you desert your party? I am sure that our Stoic philosophers say we must be in motion up to the very end of our life: we will never cease to labor for the general good, to help individual people, and when stricken in years to afford assistance even to our enemies. We are the sect that gives no discharge for any number of years' service; and in the words of the most eloquent of poets,—

'We wear the helmet when our locks are gray.'

We are they who are so far from indulging in any leisure until we die, that if circumstances permit it, we do not allow ourselves to be at leisure even when we are dying. Why do you preach the maxims of Epicurus in the very headquarters of Zeno? nay, if you are ashamed of your party, why do you not go openly altogether over to the enemy rather than betray your own side?"

I will answer this question straightway: What more can you wish than that I should imitate my leaders? What then follows? I shall go whither they lead me, not whither they send me.

Now I will prove to you that I am not deserting the tenets of the Stoics; for they themselves have not deserted them: and yet I should be able to plead a very good excuse even if I did follow, not their precepts, but their examples. I shall divide what I am about to say into two parts: first, that a man may from the very beginning of his life give himself up entirely to the contemplation of truth; secondly, that a man when he has already completed his term of service has the best of rights—that of his shattered health—to do this; and that he may then apply his mind to other studies, after the manner of the Vestal Virgins, who allot different duties to different years,—first learn how to perform the sacred rites, and when they have learned them, teach others.

I will show that this is approved of by the Stoics also: not that I have laid any commandment upon myself to do nothing contrary to the teaching of Zeno and Chrysippus, but because the matter itself allows me to follow the precepts of those men; for if one always follows the precepts of one man, one ceases to be a debater and becomes a partisan. Would that all things were already known; that truth were unveiled and recognized, and that none of our doctrines required modification! but as it is, we have

to seek for truth in the company of the very men who teach it. The two sects of Epicureans and Stoics differ widely in most respects, and on this point among the rest; nevertheless, each of them consigns us to leisure, although by a different road. Epicurus says, "The wise man will not take part in politics, except upon some special occasion." Zeno says, "The wise man will take part in politics, unless prevented by some special circumstance." The one makes it his aim in life to seek for leisure, the other seeks it only when he has reasons for so doing; but this word "reasons" has a wide signification. If the State is so rotten as to be past helping, if evil has entire dominion over it, the wise man will not labor in vain or waste his strength in unprofitable efforts. Should he be deficient in influence or bodily strength, if the State refuse to submit to his guidance, if his health stand in the way, then he will not attempt a journey for which he is unfit; just as he would not put to sea in a worn-out ship, or enlist in the army if he were an invalid. Consequently, one who has not yet suffered either in health or fortune has the right, before encountering any storms, to establish himself in safety, and thenceforth to devote himself to honorable industry and inviolate leisure, and the service of those virtues which can be practiced even by those who pass the quietest of lives. The duty of a man is to be useful to his fellow-men; if possible, to be useful to many of them; failing this, to be useful to a few; failing this, to be useful to his neighbors; and failing them, to himself: for when he helps others, he advances the general interests of mankind. Just as he who makes himself a worse man does harm not only to himself, but to all those to whom he might have done good if he had made himself a better one,—so he who deserves well of himself does good to others by the very fact that he is preparing what will be of service to them.

Let us grasp the fact that there are two republics: one vast and truly "public," which contains alike gods and men, in which we do not take account of this or that nook of land, but make the boundaries of our State reach as far as the rays of the sun; and another to which we have been assigned by the accident of birth. This may be that of the Athenians or Carthaginians, or of any other city which does not belong to all men but to some especial ones. Some men serve both of these States, the greater and the lesser, at the same time; some serve only the lesser, some only the greater. We can serve the greater commonwealth

even when we are at leisure: indeed, I am not sure that we cannot serve it better when we are at leisure to inquire into what virtue is, and whether it be one or many; whether it be nature or art that makes men good; whether that which contains the earth and sea and all that in them is, be one, or whether God has placed therein many bodies of the same species. . . .

"But," say you, "it makes a difference whether you adopt the contemplative life for the sake of your own pleasure, demanding nothing from it save unbroken contemplation without any result; for such a life is a sweet one and has attractions of its own." To this I answer you: It makes just as much difference in what spirit you lead the life of a public man; whether you are never at rest, and never set apart any time during which you may turn your eyes away from the things of earth to those of heaven. It is by no means desirable that one should merely strive to accumulate property without any love of virtue, or do nothing but hard work without any cultivation of the intellect; for these things ought to be combined and blended together: and similarly, virtue placed in leisure without action is but an incomplete and feeble good thing, because she never displays what she has learned. Who can deny that she ought to test her progress in actual work; and not merely think what ought to be done, but also sometimes use her hands as well as her head, and bring her conceptions into actual being? But if the wise man be quite willing to act thus,—if it be the things to be done that are wanting, not the man to do them,—will you not then allow him to live to himself? What is the wise man's purpose in devoting himself to leisure? He knows that in leisure as well as in action he can accomplish something by which he will be of service to posterity. Our school at any rate declares that Zeno and Chrysippus have done greater things than they would have done had they been in command of armies, or filled high offices, or passed laws; which latter indeed they did pass, though not for one single State, but for the whole human race. How then can it be unbecoming to a good man to enjoy a leisure such as this, by whose means he gives laws to ages to come, and addresses himself not to a few persons, but to all men of all nations, both now and hereafter? To sum up the matter, I ask you whether Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and Zeno lived in accordance with their doctrine? I am sure that you will answer that they lived in the manner in which they taught that men ought to live; yet no

one of them governed a State. "They had not," you reply, "the amount of property or social position which as a rule enables people to take part in public affairs." Yet for all that, they did not live an idle life: they found the means of making their retirement more useful to mankind than the perspirings and runnings to and fro of other men; wherefore these persons are thought to have done great things, in spite of their having done nothing of a public character.

Moreover, there are three kinds of life, and it is a stock question which of the three is the best: the first is devoted to pleasure, the second to contemplation, the third to action. First let us lay aside all disputatiousness and bitterness of feeling, which, as we have stated, causes those whose paths in life are different to hate one another beyond all hope of reconciliation; and let us see whether all these three do not come to the same thing, although under different names: for neither he who decides for pleasure is without contemplation, nor is he who gives himself up to contemplation without pleasure; nor yet is he whose life is devoted to action, without contemplation. "It makes," you say, "all the difference in the world, whether a thing is one's main object in life or whether it be merely an appendage to some other object." I admit that the difference is considerable: nevertheless, the one does not exist apart from the other; the one man cannot live in contemplation without action, nor can the other act without contemplation: and even the third, of whom we all agree in having a bad opinion, does not approve of passive pleasure, but of that which he establishes for himself by means of reason; even this pleasure-seeking sect itself, therefore, practices action also. Of course it does; since Epicurus himself says that at times he would abandon pleasure and actually seek for pain, if he became likely to be surfeited with pleasure, or if he thought that by enduring a slight pain he might avoid a greater one. With what purpose do I state this? To prove that all men are fond of contemplation. Some make it the object of their lives: to us it is an anchorage, but not a harbor.

ACCOMMODATION TO CIRCUMSTANCES

Suppose however that your life has become full of trouble, and that without knowing what you were doing, you have fallen into some snare which either public or private fortune has set for you, and that you can neither untie it nor break it: then remember that fettered men suffer much at first from the burdens and clogs upon their legs; afterwards, when they have made up their minds not to fret themselves about them, but to endure them, necessity teaches them to bear them bravely, and habit to bear them easily. In every station of life you will find amusements, relaxations, and enjoyments; that is, provided you be willing to make light of evils rather than to hate them. Knowing to what sorrows we were born, there is nothing for which Nature more deserves our thanks than for having invented habit as an alleviation of misfortune, which soon accustoms us to the severest evils. No one could hold out against misfortune if it permanently exercised the same force as at its first onset. We are all chained to fortune: some men's chain is loose and made of gold, that of others is tight and of meaner metal; but what difference does this make? We are all included in the same captivity; and even those who have bound us are bound themselves, unless you think that a chain on the left side is lighter to bear. One man may be bound by public office, another by wealth; some have to bear the weight of illustrious, some of humble birth; some are subject to the commands of others, some only to their own; some are kept in one place by being banished thither, others by being elected to the priesthood. All life is slavery; let each man therefore reconcile himself to his lot, complain of it as little as possible, and lay hold of whatever good lies within his reach. No condition can be so wretched that an impartial mind can find no compensations in it. Small sites, if ingeniously divided, may be made use of for many different purposes; and arrangement will render ever so narrow a room habitable. Call good sense to your aid against difficulties: it is possible to soften what is harsh, to widen what is too narrow, and to make heavy burdens press less severely upon one who bears them skillfully.

MATILDE SERAO

(1856–)

AMONG the novel-writers of the present generation in Italy, Matilde Serao occupies a place of honor and popularity. She was born on March 7th, 1856, in Patras, a seaport of Greece; so that Italian is in reality for her an acquired language. Her mother was a Greek, and descended from the princes Scanavy, who gave emperors to Trebizond. Her father was a Neapolitan exile, who returned to his native city only when Matilde was twelve years of age. Signora Serao superintended the early education of her daughter, who is said to have been a lazy child, with a strong dislike of study. She found reading a pleasant pastime, however, and was interested in people and in the general routine of life. When sent to school in France she fed her mind on the novels of the French realistic school, and soon began to write on her own account. When seventeen years of age she published her first story, which was entitled 'Opal.' This tale created some little stir; and De Zerbi, editor of the Neapolitan Piccolo, offered her a place on his journal. The Serao family was poor, and this offer was eagerly accepted. In order to do better work as a reporter, she assumed a man's dress and cropped her hair. The adaptability of her temperament enabled her to write to order with great facility. When her talent was left entirely free she usually wrote sensuous love tales, in which the dews of the fields and the stars of the sky were called upon to witness the raptures and the sorrows of her heroes and heroines. With equal ease, however, she produced sermons and criticisms. Her teeming imagination overflowed the restriction of subject. Despite her versatility and her need of money, it seems to have been always her aim to do the best of which she was capable; and thus her work was always a means of development to her talent. She married Signor Eduardo Scarfoglio, and with him established the Corriere di Roma. They afterwards removed to Naples, where they edited the Corriere di Napoli. In 1881 and 1883 she published two long romances, and gathered into volumes those of her short stories which she deemed worthy to live. She is fond of studying child life; and in her story 'Little Minds,' written for grown people, she pictures the little woes and pleasures and philosophies of children with that detail and objective passion which is characteristic of her.

'An Unsteady Heart' was her first long novel, and was followed by 'Fantasia.' This is the story of a morbid and fanatically religious invalid, who through her sickly romanticism is led into sinful feeling. She infatuates the husband of her dearest friend, and finally leaves her own husband to run away with him; but, overcome with remorse, evades her lover, and smothers herself with charcoal, to secure the happiness of the deserted wife.

Madame Serao's plots are usually tragedies, and are worked out with precision and refinement of passion. She is a painter of details; no incident or expression is too trivial for her observation, and she loves the minutest traceries of life, which she sees purely from its emotional side. She is sometimes called «La petite Sand Italienne»; but while her mind has perhaps been influenced by French realists, her stories are essentially the creations of a more southern temperament. She is the best exponent of the new literary movement in Italy, which was born among the hot breezes of Naples.

FROM 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM'

Massimo was alone. A friend of his youth whom he had not seen for years until to-day, when he had accidentally met him in the street, had returned to dine with him at seven o'clock after the happy recognition took place. Massimo was enduring wearily the burden of a summer in town. Always before he had gone to the country in June; but he had looked forward to this as a happy evening of memories in the companionship of his recovered friend. Between the pleasures of dinner, of cigarettes, and of wine, they had indeed passed two cozy hours in chatting of old times. They began all their sentences by saying «Do you remember?» They laughed deliciously at dear memories which crowded upon their minds; interrupting each other occasionally by an exclamation of regret or a sigh of longing for the return of those old days.

Yet in the very midst of the friendly merriment which filled their hearts, they had become conscious of a sense of melancholy. The two men had traveled different paths through life, and had become very unlike in everything. They had set out from the same point, and had studied together. But the friend was now a well-known lawyer in one of the provinces; he had a wife and family, was guided by simple, practical ideas, and by a mind and

temperament somewhat slow and deliberate. Massimo, on the contrary, had wandered for ten or fifteen years in foreign countries, connected now with this legation, now with that; a diplomat without enthusiasm; indolent, and unable on account of his laziness to build up a career. He was content or not, according to his mood, with his position of secretary. He was a handsome man of the southern type, but had already lost the freshness of youth; his hair was growing thin over his forehead, and his eyes were lustreless. He had comfortable means without being extremely rich, and was now playing the martyr in Naples on a leave of absence; his friends called it a penance. Massimo was refined, and a man of spirit and intelligence; but he was consumed by the monotony of his existence, and also oppressed by private cares and sorrows. His friend was a man of talents, but strong and quiet; rather stout and lethargic in his appearance; controlled always by sound provincial common-sense, which condemns originality as folly, and sacrifices the pleasures of the present for the sake of enjoying a too distant future.

Thus, while one man told the story of his life, the other listened and judged it according to his temperament; judged it coldly in his heart, though for the sake of the old friendship he was not too honest in his expressions, but gently modified his speech. Nevertheless, they felt the distance which was between them. At one juncture they even searched each other's face in doubt, so much like strangers did they seem; but they said nothing. Perhaps in his heart Massimo envied the provincial lawyer of reputation, with his limited ambition and his power of assiduous work, envied him his fat, peaceful family, so well sheltered from the storms of life, and his comfortable house, which had been the house of his ancestors and which would become the home of his descendants; envied him his practicality, his seriousness and equilibrium, and indeed all those possessions which were lacking to himself. And the lawyer envied Massimo his vagabond life of an aristocrat in foreign courts; his future, which he had the power to make splendid; his bachelor freedom, and the adventures of his ideal existence; and the elegant and exquisite apartments which he shared with no one. These were dreams which had never disturbed his provincial sleep.

Simultaneously they sighed. The evening was hot; the door was open between the room where they smoked and the balcony, but no breath of air came to them; only a heavy fragrance of

jessamine. They were conscious of having grown sad. They had recalled too much of the past, had unearthed too many buried monuments, evoked too many lost friends who had once been dear, and too many dead loves. This cannot be done without a mingled feeling of sadness and pleasure; and the pleasure soon vanishes, while the sadness remains. They smoked on in silence, their heads resting on the high back of the sofa. Then the lawyer looked at his watch, and said out of courtesy: —

"Will you come out with me?"

Had they not said all which they had to say? Had they not, perhaps, done foolishly in telling so much? Massimo replied politely that he was obliged to write some urgent letters, but that he would be at the villa later, at about eleven o'clock. The lawyer replied in an indifferent tone that he too would be there then; and the friends separated, each assured that they would not meet again this evening,—perhaps indeed that they would never meet again. However sweet the past has been, it is dead; and phantoms, however beautiful they may be, trouble the soul of the most courageous.

When he was alone, Massimo regretted that he had brought this friend to his house. So many closed wounds had begun again to bleed in these last two hours! While he continued to smoke, he heard his servant arranging things in the small dining-room. After a little, the boy came to ask if his master had need of him this evening; if not, he wanted to go out with a few friends and find relief from the heat. Massimo dismissed him readily; the door closed, and he was entirely alone. But his evening was lost. He had imprudently ascended the river of the past in company with a person whom he had loved; the voyage had discouraged him, had made him lose all which had remained to him of moral force, through which he had been enabled to endure the loneliness and discomforts of a Neapolitan summer. In his hours of rebellion, when he was spiritually prostrated and the victim of excessive physical inertia, and when his heart rose within him resentfully, he was wont to smoke certain soothing Egyptian cigarettes, which usually in the end quieted him. On this summer evening, however, the cigarettes went out between his drawn lips, and he threw them away one by one when they were but partly burned. He went to the balcony. He lived on the third floor of a large palace in the Via Gennaro Serra; and because on account of the slope of the street the houses in front

of him were lower than his, he had a glimpse of the sea and saw a great sweep of starry sky.

The night was most beautiful; the Milky Way was trembling luminously: but no breeze stirred, and the air hung heavy. His head seemed on fire. Though alone and weary, he could not keep still; he took a pen and tried to write. Suddenly his face grew whiter than the paper in front of him; it was as though he had seen a vision among the shadows of the room. There was a continuous rumble of carriages in the Via Gennaro Serra. All the people were coming out of their houses and walking the streets in search of air to breathe; they wanted to look at the stars, and to enjoy the Neapolitan night, beautiful, and even cool in the small hours. Again he went to the balcony; he was suffocating. He returned to his desk to write, but was unable to do so. Why should he write? Of what use are black letters traced on white paper when one is suffering from passionate loneliness? The parent or friend or sweetheart to whom they are addressed will perhaps read them aloud to some stranger, and laugh unsympathetically at their expressions. Too much time and too many events lie between the moment of writing and that of reading.

A hand-organ began to play in the Piazza Monte de Dio. It played in slow, measured time a song which should have been gay, but which thus became curiously sad. Massimo was irritated by this sentimental or tired organ-grinder, who changed a tarantella into a funeral march. Perhaps he was old, however; perhaps his day had been poor: surely he must be an unhappy creature, or he would not grind out such a mournful funeral dirge. Massimo leaned over the balcony railing, and impulsively threw him a two-franc piece. After a moment the music ceased, and Massimo was sorry. He felt more lonely, more comfortless, more desperate, than ever before during his stay in Naples. What could he do? Where could he go? where could he carry his weary soul and body? Was there any one at hand whom he knew, in whose company, no matter how insipid and unpleasing it might be, he could pass this summer night? He felt that he could not sleep. He knew indeed that there was no help for his melancholy.

[The passages from 'Fantasy' are reprinted with the permission of the American Publishers' Corporation, publishers.]

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL

From 'Fantasy.' Copyright 1890, by Henry Harland

"THE discipline for to-morrow is this," said the preacher, reading from a small card: "You will sacrifice to the Virgin Mary all the sentiments of rancor that you cherish in your hearts, and you will kiss the schoolfellow, the teacher, or the servant whom you think you hate."

In the twilight of the chapel there was a slight stir among the grown-up girls and teachers: the little ones remained quiet; some of them were asleep, others yawned behind tiny hands, and their small round faces twitched with weariness. The sermon had lasted an hour, and the poor children had not understood a word of it. They were longing for supper and bed. The preacher had now descended from the pulpit, and Cherubina Friscia, the teacher who acted as sacristan, was lighting the candles with a taper. By degrees the chapel became flooded with light. The cheeks of the dazed, sleepy little girls flushed pink under it; their elders stood immovable, with blinking startled eyes and weary indifferent faces. Some prayed with bowed heads, while the candle-light played with the thick plaits of their hair coiled close to their neck, and with certain blonde curls that no comb could restrain. Then when the whole chapel was lighted for the recital of the 'Rosary,' the group of girl scholars in white muslin frocks, with black aprons, and the various colored ribbons by which the classes were distinguished, assumed a gay aspect, despite the general weariness. A deep sigh escaped Lucia Altimare.

"What ails thee?" queried Caterina Spaccapietra, under her breath.

"I suffer, I suffer," murmured the other dreamily. "This preacher saddens me. He does not understand Our Lady, he does not feel her." And the black pupils of her eyes, set in bluish-white, dilated as in a vision. Caterina did not reply. The directress intoned the 'Rosary' in a solemn voice, with a strong Tuscan accent. She read the 'Mystery' alone. Then all the voices in chorus, shrill and low, accompanied her in the 'Gloria Patri' and in the 'Pater.'

She repeated the 'Ave Maria' as far as the "Frutto del tuo ventre"; the teachers and pupils taking up the words in unison. The chapel was filled with music, the elder pupils singing with a fullness of voice that sounded like the outpouring of their souls: but the little ones made a game of it. While the directress, standing alone, repeated the verses, they counted the time, so that they might all break in at the end with a burst; and nudging each other, tittered under their breath. Some of them would lean over the backs of the chairs, assuming a devout collectedness; but in reality pulling out the hair of the playfellows in front of them. Some played with their rosaries under their pinafores, with an audible click of the beads. The vigilant eye of the directress watched over the apparently exemplary elder girls: she saw that Carolina Pentasuglia wore a carnation at the buttonhole of her bodice, though no carnations grew in the college gardens; that a little square of paper was perceptible in the bosom of Ginevra Avigliana, beneath the muslin of her gown; that Artemisia Minichini, with the short hair and firm chin, had as usual crossed one leg over the other, in contempt of religion: she saw and noted it all. Lucia Altimare sat leaning forward, with wide-open eyes fixed upon a candle, her mouth drawn slightly on one side; from time to time a nervous shock thrilled her. Close to her, Caterina Spaccapietra said her prayers in all tranquillity, her eyes void of sight as was her face of motion and expression. The directress said the words of the 'Ave Maria' without thinking of their meaning; absent, preoccupied, getting through her prayers as rapidly as possible.

The restlessness of the little ones increased. They twisted about, and lightly raised themselves on their chairs, whispering to each other, and fidgeting with their rosaries. Virginia Friozzi had a live cricket in her pocket, with a fine silken thread tied round its claw; at first she had covered it with her hand to prevent its moving, then she had allowed it to peep out of the opening of her pocket: then she had taken it out and hidden it under her apron; at last she could not resist showing it to the neighbors on her right and on her left. The news spread, the children became agitated, restraining their laughter with difficulty, and no longer giving the responses in time. Suddenly the cricket dragged at the thread, and hopped off,—limping into the midst of the passage which divided the two rows of chairs. There was a burst of laughter.

"Friozzi will not appear in the parlor to-morrow," said the directress severely.

The child turned pale at the harshness of a punishment which would prevent her from seeing her mother.

Cherubina Friscia, the sacristan-teacher, of cadaverous complexion and worn anæmic face, descended the altar steps and confiscated the cricket. There was a moment of silence, and then they heard the gasping voice of Lucia Altimare murmuring, "Mary— Mary— Divine Mary!"

"Pray silently, Altimare," gently suggested the directress.

The 'Rosary' began again, this time without interruption. All knelt down, with a great noise of moving chairs; and the Latin words were recited, almost chanted, in chorus. Caterina Spaccapietra rested her head against the back of the chair in front of her. Lucia Altimare had thrown herself down, shuddering, with her head on the straw seat and arms hanging slack at her side.

"The blood will go to your head, Lucia," whispered her friend.

"Leave me alone," said Lucia.

The pupils rose from their knees. One of them, accompanied by a teacher, had mounted the steps leading to the little organ. The teacher played a simple devotional prelude for the 'Litany to the Virgin.' A pure fresh voice, of brilliant quality, rang out and permeated the chapel, waking its sleeping echoes; a young yearning voice, crying with the ardor of an invocation, "Sancta Maria!" And from below, all the pupils responded in the minor key, "Ora pro nobis!" The singer stood in the light on the platform of the organ, her face turned towards the altar. She was Giovanna Casacalenda, a tall girl whose white raiment did not conceal her fine proportions; a girl with a massive head, upon which her dark hair was piled heavily, and with eyes so black that they appeared as if painted. She stood there alone, isolated, infusing all the passion of her youth into her full mellow voice, delighting in the pleasure of singing as if she had freed herself and lived in her song. The pupils turned to look at her, with the joy in music which is inherent in childhood. When the voice of Giovanna came down to them, the chorus rising from below answered, "Ora pro nobis!" She felt her triumph. With head erect, her wondrous black eyes swimming in a humid light, her right hand resting lightly on the wooden balustrade, her white

throat throbbing as if for love, she intoned the medium notes, ran up to the highest ones, and came down gently to the lower, giving full expression to her song: «Regina Angelorum!» One moment of silence, in which to enjoy the last notes; then from below, in enthusiastic answer, came childish and youthful voices: «Ora pro nobis!» The singer looked fixedly at the altar, but she seemed to see or hear something beyond it — a vision or music inaudible to the others. Every now and then a breath passed through her song, lending it warmth, making it passionate; every now and then the voice thinned itself to a golden thread, that sounded like the sweet trill of a bird, while occasionally it sank to a murmur, with a delicious hesitation.

«Giovanna sees heaven,» said Ginevra Avigliana to Artemisia Minichini.

«Or the stage,» rejoined the other skeptically.

Still, when Giovanna came to the poetic images by which the Virgin is designated,— Gate of Heaven, Vase of Election, Tower of David,— the girls' faces flushed in the ecstasy of that wondrous music: only Caterina Spaccapietra, who was absorbed, did not join in, and Lucia Altimare, who wept silently. The tears coursed down her thin cheeks. They rained upon her bosom and her hands; they melted away on her apron; and she did not dry them. Caterina quietly passed her handkerchief to her, but she took no notice of it. The preacher, Father Capece, went up the altar steps for the benediction. The Litany ended with the 'Agnus Dei.' The voice of the singer seemed overpowered by sheer fatigue. Once more all the pupils knelt, and the priest prayed. Giovanna, kneeling at the organ, breathed heavily. After five minutes of silent prayer, the organ pealed out again slowly over the bowed heads, and a thrilling resonant voice seemed to rise from mid-air towards heaven, lending its splendor to the sacrament in the 'Tantum Ergo.' Giovanna was no longer tired; indeed her song grew in power, triumphant and full of life, with an ebb and flow that were almost voluptuous. The throb of its passion passed over the youthful heads below, and a mystic sensation caused their hearts to flutter. In the intensity of their prayer, in the approach of the benediction, they realized the solemnity of the moment. It dominated and terrified them, until it was followed by a painful and exquisite prostration. All was silent; then a bell rang three peals. For an instant Artemisia Minichini dared to raise her eyes; she was alone, looking at

the inert forms upon the chairs, looking boldly at the altar; after which, overcome by childish fear, she dropped her eyes again.

The holy sacrament, in its sphere of burnished gold, raised high in the priest's hands, shed its blessing on those assembled in the church.

"I am dying," gasped Lucia Altimare.

At the door of the chapel, in the long gas-lighted corridor, the teachers were waiting to muster the classes, and lead them to the refectory. The faces were still agitated; but the little ones hopped and skipped about, and prattled together, and pinched each other, in all the joyous exuberance of childhood released from durance vile. As their limbs unstiffened, they jostled each other, laughing the while. The teachers, running after some of them, scolding others, half threatening, half coaxing, tried to range them in a file of two and two. They began with the little ones, then came the elder children, and after them the grown-up girls. The corridor rang with voices, calling:—

"The Blues, where are the Blues?" "Here they are, all of them." "Friozzi is missing." "Where is Friozzi of the Blues?" "Here!" "In line, and to the left, if you please." "The Greens, in line the Greens, or no fruit for dinner to-morrow." "Quick! the refectory bell has rung twice already." "Federici of the Reds, walk straight!" "Young ladies of the White-and-Greens, the bell is ringing for the third time." "Are the Tricolors all here?" "All." "Casacalenda is missing." "She is coming; she is still at the organ." "Altimare is missing."

"Where is Altimare?"

"She was here just now,—she must have disappeared in the bustle; shall I look for her?"

"Look; and come to the refectory with her."

Then the corridor emptied, and the refectory filled with light and merriment. With measured, almost rhythmic step, Caterina went to and fro in the deserted passages, seeking her friend Altimare. She descended to the ground floor, called her twice from the garden: no answer. Then she mounted the stairs again, and entered the dormitory. The white beds formed a line under the crude gaslight: Lucia was not there. A shade of anxiety began to dawn on Caterina's rosy face. She passed by the chapel twice, without going in. But the third time, finding the door ajar, she made up her mind to enter. It was dark

inside. A lamp burning before the Madonna scarcely relieved the gloom. She passed on, half intimidated despite her well-balanced nerves; for she was alone in the darkness, in church.

Along one of the altar steps, stretched out on the crimson velvet carpet, a white form was lying, with open arms and pallid face,—a spectral figure. It was Lucia Altimare, who had fainted.

The fan of Artemisia Minichini, made of a large sheet of manuscript, waved noisily to and fro.

"Minichini, you disturb the professor," said Friscia, the assistant teacher, without raising her eyes from her crochet work.

"Friscia, you don't feel the heat?" returned Minichini insolently.

"No."

"You are lucky to be so insensible."

In the class-room where the Tricolor young ladies were taking their lesson in Italian history, it was very hot. There were two windows opening upon the garden, a door leading to the corridor, three rows of benches, and twenty-four pupils. On a high raised step stood the table and arm-chair of the professor. The fans waved hither and thither, some vivaciously, some languidly. Here and there a head bent over its book as if weighted with drowsiness. Ginevra Avigliana stared at the professor, nodding as if in approval, though her face expressed entire absence of mind. Minichini had put down her fan, opened her *pince-nez*, and fixed it impudently upon the professor's face. With her nose tip-tilted, and a truant lock of hair curling on her forehead, she laughed her silent laugh that so irritated the teachers. The professor explained the lesson in a low voice. He was small, spare, and pitiable. He might have been about two-and-thirty; but his emaciated face, whose dark coloring had yellowed with the pallor of some long illness, proclaimed him a convalescent. A big scholarly head surmounting the body of a dwarf, a wild thick mane in which some white hairs were already visible, proud yet shy eyes, a small, dirty-black beard, thinly planted towards the thin cheeks, completed his sad and pensive ugliness.

He spoke without gesture, his eyes downcast; occasionally his right hand moved ever so slightly. Its shadow on the wall seemed to belong to a skeleton, it was so thin and crooked. He proceeded slowly, picking his words. These girls intimidated him: some because of their intelligence, others because of their

impertinence, others simply because of their sex. His scholastic austerity was perturbed by their shining eyes, by their graceful and youthful forms; their white garments formed a kind of mirage before his eyes. A pungent scent diffused itself throughout the class, although perfumes were prohibited; whence came it? And at the end of the third bench, Giovanna Casacalenda, who paid not the slightest attention, sat, with half-closed eyes, furiously nibbling a rose. Here in front, Lucia Altimare, with hair falling loose about her neck, one arm hanging carelessly over the bench, resting her brow against her hand and hiding her eyes, looked at the professor through her fingers; every now and then she pressed her handkerchief to her too crimson lips, as if to mitigate their feverishness. The professor felt upon him the gaze that filtered through her fingers; while, without looking at her, he could see Giovanna Casacalenda tearing the rose to pieces with her little teeth. He remained apparently imperturbable, still discoursing of Carmagnola and the conspiracy of Fiesco, addressing himself to the tranquil face of Caterina Spaccapietra, who penciled rapid notes in her copy-book.

"What are you writing, Pentasuglia?" asked the teacher Friscia, who had been observing the latter for some time.

"Nothing," replied Pentasuglia, reddening.

"Give me that scrap of paper."

"What for? There is nothing on it."

"Give me that scrap of paper."

"It is not a scrap of paper," said Minichini audaciously, taking hold of it as if to hand it to her. "It is one, two, three, four, five, twelve useless fragments—"

To save her schoolfellow, she had torn it to shreds. There was silence in the class: they trembled for Minichini. The teacher bent her head, tightened her thin lips, and picked up her crochet again as if nothing had happened. The professor appeared to take no notice of the incident, as he looked through his papers; but his mind must have been inwardly disturbed. A flush of youthful curiosity made him wonder what those girls were thinking of; what they scribbled in their little notes; for whom their smiles were meant, as they looked at the plaster bust of the King; what they thought when they drew the tricolor scarves round their waists. But the ghastly face and false gray eyes of Cherubina Friscia, the governess, frightened him

"Avigliana, say the lesson."

The girl rose, and began rapidly to speak of the Viscontis, like a well-trained parrot. When asked to give a few historical comments, she made no reply: she had not understood her own words.

"Minichini, say the lesson."

"Professor, I don't know it."

"And why?"

"Yesterday was Sunday, and we went out, so I could not study."

The professor made a note in the register; the young lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Casacalenda?"

This one made no answer. She was gazing with intense earnestness at her white hands, — hands that looked as if they were modeled in wax.

"Casacalenda, will you say the lesson?"

Opening her great eyes as if she were dazed, she began, stumbling at every word, puzzled, making one mistake upon another; the professor prompted, and she repeated, with the winning air of a strong, beautiful young animal; she neither knew nor understood nor was ashamed — maintaining her sculpturesque placidity, moistening her rustic Diana-like lips, contemplating her pink nails. The professor bent his head in displeasure, not daring to scold that splendid stupid creature, whose voice had such enchanting modulations.

He made two or three other attempts; but the class, owing to the preceding holiday, had not studied. This was the explanation of the flowers, the perfumes, and the little notes: the twelve hours' liberty had upset the girls. Their eyes were full of visions; they had seen the world yesterday. He drew himself together, perplexed; a sense of mingled shame and respect kept every mouth closed. How he loved that science of history! His critical acumen measured its widest horizons; his was a vast ideal, and he suffered in having to offer crumbs of it to those pretty, aristocratic, indolent girls, who would have none of it. Still young, he had grown old and gray in arduous study; and now, behold — gay and careless youth, choosing rather to live than to know, rose in defiance against him. Bitterness welled up to his lips, and went out towards those creatures, thrilling with life and contemptuous of his ideal; bitterness in that he could not like them be beautiful and vigorous, and revel in heedlessness,

and be beloved. Anguish rushed through his veins, from his heart, and poisoned his brain, that he should have to humiliate his knowledge before those frivolous, scarcely human girls. But the gathering storm was held back; and nothing of it was perceptible save a slight flush on his meagre cheek bones.

"Since none of you have studied," he said slowly, in a low voice, "none of you can have done the composition."

"Altimare and I have done it," answered Caterina Spaccapietra. "We did not go home," she added apologetically, to avoid offending her friends.

"Then you read, Spaccapietra: the subject is, I think, Beatrice di Tenda."

"Yes: Beatrice di Tenda."

Spaccapietra stood up and read, in her pure, slow voice:—

"Ambition had ever been the ruling passion of the Viscontis of Milan, who shrank from naught that could minister to the maintenance of their sovereign power. Filippo Maria, son of Gian Galeazzo, who had succeeded his brother Gian Galeazzo, differed in no way from his predecessors. For the love of gain, this prince espoused Beatrice di Tenda, the widow of a condottiere (a soldier of fortune); a virtuous and accomplished woman of mature age. She brought her husband in dowry the dominions of Tortona, Novara, Vercelli, and Alessandria; but he tired of her as soon as he had satisfied his thirst for wealth. He caused her to be accused of unfaithfulness to her wifely duty, with a certain Michele Orombello, a simple squire. Whether the accusation was false or made in good faith, whether the witnesses were to be relied upon or not, Beatrice di Tenda was declared guilty, and with Michele Orombello mounted the scaffold in the year 1418, which was the forty-eighth of her life,—she having been born in 1370."

Caterina had folded up her paper, and the professor was still waiting; two minutes elapsed.

"Is there no more?"

"No."

"Really, is that all?"

"All."

"It is a very meagre composition, Spaccapietra. It is but the bare narrative of the historical fact, as it stands in the text-book. Does not the hapless fate of Beatrice inspire you with any sympathy?"

« I don't know," murmured the young scholar, pale with emotion.

« Yet you are a woman. It so happens that I had chosen a theme which suggests the manifestation of a noble impulse; say of pity, or contempt for the false accusation. But in this form the story turns to mere chronology. The composition is too meagre. You have no imagination, Spaccapietra."

« Yes, professor," replied the young girl submissively, as she took her seat again, while tears welled to her eyes.

« Let us hear Altimare."

Lucia appeared to start out of a lethargy. She sought for some time among her papers, with an ever increasing expression of weariness. Then, in a weak inaudible voice, she began to read, slowly, dragging the syllables, as if overpowered by an invincible lassitude.

« Louder, Altimare."

« I cannot, professor."

And she looked at him with such melancholy eyes that he repented of having made the remark. Again she touched her parched lips with her handkerchief, and continued:—

« . . . through the evil lust of power. He was Filippo Maria Visconti; of a noble presence, with the eye of a hawk, of powerful build, and ever foremost in the saddle. The maidens who watched him pass, clad in armor under the velvet coat, on the breastpiece of which was broidered the wily, fascinating serpent, the crest of the lords of Visconti, sighed as they exclaimed, 'How handsome he is!' But under this attractive exterior — as is ever the case in this melancholy world, where appearance is but part of the *mise-en-scène* of life — he hid a depraved soul. O gentle, loving women, trust not him who flutters round you with courteous manner, and words that charm, and protestations of exquisite sentiment: he deceives you. All is vanity, all is corruption, all is ashes! None learnt this lesson better than the hapless Beatrice di Tenda, whose tale I am about to tell you.

« This youthful widow was of unblemished character and matchless beauty: fair was her hair of spun gold, soft were her eyes of a blue worthy to reflect the firmament; her skin was as dazzling white as the petals of a lily. Her first marriage with Facino Cane could not have been a happy one. He, a soldier of fortune,— fierce, bloodthirsty, trained to the arms, the wine, and the rough speech of martial camps,— could scarcely have been a man after Beatrice's heart. Woe to those marriages in which one consort neither understands nor

appreciates the mind of the other. Woe to those marriages in which the man ignores the mystic poetry, the mysterious sentiments, of the feminine heart! These be the unblessed unions with which, alas! our corrupt and suffering modern society teems. Facino Cane died. His widow shed bitter tears over him; but her virgin heart beat quicker when she first met the valorous yet malefic Filippo Maria Visconti. Her face turned as pale as Luna's when she drags her weary way along the starred empyrean. And she loved him with all the ardor of her stored-up youth, with the chastity of a pious soul loving the Creator in the created, blending Divine with human love. Beatrice, pure and beautiful, wedded Filippo Maria for love: Filippo Maria, black soul that he was, wedded Beatrice for greed of money. For a short time the august pair were happy on their ducal throne. But the hymeneal roses were worm-eaten: in the dewy grass lay hidden the perfidious serpent, perfidious emblem of the most perfidious Visconti. No sooner had he obtained possession of the riches of Beatrice than Filippo Maria wearied of her, as might be expected of a man of so hard a heart and of such depraved habits. He had besides formed an infamous connection with a certain Agnese del Maino, one of the most vicious of women; and more than ever he was possessed of the desire to rid himself of his wife.

« There lived at the court of the Visconti a simple squire named Michele Orombello, a young troubadour, a poet, who had dared to raise his eyes to his august mistress. But the noble woman did not reciprocate his passion, although the faithlessness and treachery of Filippo Maria caused her the greatest unhappiness, and almost justified reprisals: she was simply courteous to her unfortunate adorer. When Filippo Maria saw how matters stood, he at once threw Michele Orombello and his chaste consort into prison, accusing them of treason. Torture was applied to Beatrice, who bore it bravely and maintained her innocence. Michele Orombello, being younger and perchance weaker to combat pain, or because he was treacherously advised that he might thereby save Beatrice, made a false confession. The judges, vile slaves of Filippo Maria, and tremblingly submissive to his will, condemned that most ill-starred of women and her miserable lover to die on the scaffold. The saintly woman ascended it with resignation; embracing the crucifix whereon the Redeemer agonized and died for our sins. Then, perceiving the young squire, who, weeping desperately, went with her to death, she cried: 'I forgive thee, Michele Orombello;' and he made answer: 'I proclaim thee the purest of wives!' But it availed not; the prince's will must needs be carried out; the axe struck off the squire's dark head. Beatrice cried, 'Gesù Maria!' and the axe felled the blonde head too. A pitiable spectacle, and full of horror for those assembled! Yet none dared to proclaim the infamy of the mighty

Filippo Maria Visconti. Thus it ever is in life: virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphs. Only before the Eternal Judge is justice; only before that God of mercy who has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

A profound silence ensued. The pupils were embarrassed, and looked furtively at each other. Caterina gazed at Lucia with frightened, astonished eyes. Lucia remained standing, pale, panting, contemptuous, with twitching lips. The professor, deep in thought, held his peace.

"The composition is very long, Altimare," he said at last. "You have too much imagination."

Then silence one more — and the dry, malicious, hissing voice of Cherubina Friscia, "Give me that composition, Altimare."

All trembled, seized by an unknown terror.

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' VOW

From 'Fantasy'

THERE was only one flickering jet of gas burning at the entrance to the dormitory that contained the little white beds in which the Tricolors passed the last night of their school days. There had been short dialogues, interrupted by sighs, melancholy reflections, and regrets, until a late hour. They would have liked to sit up all night to indulge in their grief. But fatigue had melted their project away. When they could hold out no longer, sleep mastered those restless beings, weary with weeping. A languid "Good-night" was audible here and there; gradually the irregular breathing had subsided, and the sobs had died out. Complete repose reigned in the dormitory of the Tricolors.

When the great clock struck two after midnight, Lucia Altimare opened her eyes. She had not slept; devoured by impatience, she had watched. Without rising, she gently and noiselessly took her clothes from the chair near her bed and put them on, thrust her bare feet into her slippers, and then crept out of bed. She moved like a shadow, with infinite precaution, casting in passing an oblique glance at the beds where her companions slept. Now and again she looked towards the end of the hall where Cherubina Friscia lay. There was no danger. Lucia passed like a tall white phantom, with burning eyes, through the heavy gloom to Caterina's bedside.

Her friend slept quietly, composedly, breathing like a child. She bent down and whispered close to her ear:—

"Caterina, Caterina!"

Caterina opened her eyes in alarm; a sign from Lucia froze the cry that rose to her lips. The surprise on her face spoke for her, and questioned her friend.

"If you love me, Caterina, dress and follow me."

"Where are we going?" the other ventured to ask, hesitatingly.

"If you love me—"

Caterina no longer questioned her. She dressed herself in silence, looking now and then at Lucia, who stood there like a statue, waiting. When Caterina was ready, she took her by the hand to lead her.

"Fear nothing," breathed Lucia, who could feel the coldness of her hand. They glided down the passage that divided the beds from the rest of the room. Artemisia Minichini was the only one who turned in her bed, and appeared for a moment to have opened her eyes. They closed again; but perhaps she saw through her lids. No other sign of waking. They shrank closer together when they passed the last bed, Friscia's, and stooped to make themselves smaller. That moment seemed to them like a century. When they got into the corridor, Caterina squeezed Lucia's hand, as if they had passed through a great danger.

"Come, come, come!" murmured the siren voice of Lucia, and suddenly they stopped before a door. Lucia dropped Caterina's hand and inserted a key into the keyhole; the door creaked as it flew open. A gust of chill air struck the two young girls; a faint diffuse light broke in upon them. A lamp was burning before the image of the Virgin. They were in the chapel. Calmly Lucia knelt before the altar, and lighted two candelabra. Then she turned to Caterina, who, dazed by the light, was catching her breath, and once more said, "Come."

They advanced towards the altar. In the little whitewashed church, with two high windows open on the country, a pleasant dampness tempered the heat of the August night. The faintest perfume of incense still clung to the air. The church was so placid and restful, the candelabra in their places, the tapers extinguished, the sacrament shut away in its pyx, the altar-cloth turned up to cover it. But a quaintly fashioned silver arabesque, behind which Lucia had lighted a taper, projected on the wall the profile of a strange monstrous beast. Caterina stood there in a dream,

with her hand still clasped in Lucia's, whose fever it had caught. Even at that unusual hour, in the dead of night, she no longer asked herself what strange rite was to be solemnized in that chapel illuminated only for them. She was conscious of a vague tremor, of a weight in the head, and a longing for sleep; she would fain have been back in the dormitory, with her cheek on her pillow. But like one who dreams of having the well-defined will to do a thing, and yet while the dream lasts has neither the speech to express nor the energy to accomplish it, she was conscious, between sleeping and waking, of the torpor of her own mind. She looked around her as one in a stupor, neither understanding nor caring to understand. From time to time her mouth twitched with an imperceptible yawn. Lucia's hands were crossed over her bosom, and her eyes fixed on the Madonna. No sound escaped her half-open lips. Caterina leant forward to observe her; in the vague turn of thought that went round and round in her sleepy brain, she asked herself if she were dreaming, and Lucia a phantom. She passed one hand across her brow, either to awake herself or to dispel the hallucination.

"Listen, Caterina, and try and comprehend me better than I know how to express myself. Do you give your whole attention?"

"Yes," said the other with an effort.

"You alone know how we have loved each other here. After God, the Madonna Addolorata, and my father, I have loved you, Caterina. You have saved my life; I can never forget it. But for you I should have gone to burn in hell, where suicides must eternally suffer. I thank you, dear heart. You believe in my gratitude?"

"Yes," said Caterina, opening wide her eyes the better to understand her.

"Now we who so love each other must part. You go to the left, I to the right. You are to be married: I know not what will happen to me. Shall we meet again? I know not. Shall we again come together in the future? Who knows? Do you know?"

"No," replied Caterina, starting.

"Well, then, I propose to you to conquer time and space, men and circumstances, should they stand in the way of our affection. From afar, howsoever we may be separated, let us love each other as we do to-day, as we did yesterday. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"The Madonna hears us, Caterina. Do you promise with a vow, with an oath?"

"With a vow, with an oath," repeated Caterina monotonously like an echo.

"And I too promise that no one shall ever by word or deed lessen this our steadfast friendship. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"And I too promise that neither shall ever seek to do ill to the other, or willingly cause her sorrow, or ever, ever betray her. Promise: the Madonna hears us."

"I promise."

"I swear it,—that always, whatever befalls, one shall try to help the other. Say, do you promise?"

"I promise."

"And I too. Besides, that either will be ever ready to sacrifice her own happiness to that of the other. Swear it; swear!"

Caterina thought for an instant. Was she dreaming a strange dream, or was she binding herself for life? "I swear," she said firmly.

"I swear," reiterated Lucia. "The Madonna has heard. Woe to her who breaks her vow! God will punish her."

Caterina bowed her assent. Lucia took her rosary from her pocket. It was a string of lapis-lazuli bound together by little silver links. From it depended a small silver crucifix, and a little gold medal on which was engraved the image of the Madonna della Saletta. She kissed it.

"We will break this rosary in two equal parts, Caterina. Half of it you shall take with you, the other half I will keep. It will be our keepsake, to remind us of our vow. When I pray at night, I shall remember. You too will remember me in your prayers. The missing half will remind you of your absent friend."

And taking up the rosary between them, they pulled hard at it from either side. Lucia kept the half with the crucifix, Caterina the half with the medal. The two girls embraced. Then they heard the clock strike three. When silence reigned once more in the college and in the empty chapel, both knelt down on the steps of the altar, crossed their hands on their bosoms, and with closed eyes repeated in unison—

"Our Father—"

Translation of Henry Harland.

MARIE DE SEVIGNE.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

(1627–1696)

AMONG the great writers of the world, Madame de Sévigné is perhaps the only one except Lady Nairne whose purely literary fame was entirely posthumous. It is true that when Louis XIV. became possessed of a number of her letters, upon the arrest of her friend Fouquet the Superintendent of Finance, he proclaimed that their style was matchless in grace of thought and expression; and the little court world which took from the King its opinions, on matters of taste as in so much else, henceforth placed Madame de Sévigné at the head of that group of charming women who wrote charming letters in seventeenth-century France. Her subsequent correspondence was frequently handed about from friend to friend; but the interest it excited depended quite as much upon the amusing news of the court and the salons which it contained, as upon the style in which the agreeable gossip was related. That in later times her name should stand high in the literature of France, and her house be visited as the shrine of her gracious memory, was anticipated by none of her contemporaries; least of all by herself.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, the only child of Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, and of Marie de Coulanges his wife, was born in the Château de Bourbilly, Burgundy, on February 5th, 1627. Left an orphan when five years old, she was consigned to the care of her uncle Philippe de Coulanges; and upon his death in 1636 she became the charge of his brother Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé de Livry. To the latter she was indebted for her careful education under the best masters of the day,—among them Chapelain and Ménage. Of the training received from "Le Bien-bon," as she termed her uncle, she says: "I owed to him the sweetness and repose of my life; all my gayety, my good-humor, my vivacity. In a word, he has made me what I am, such as you have seen me; and worthy of your esteem and of your friendship."

When sixteen years old, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal married Henri, Marquis de Sévigné,—a profligate young noble of a distinguished Breton family. It was said of him, "He loved everywhere; but never anything so amiable as his own wife." He was killed in 1651 in a duel, undertaken in defense of an unworthy name, leaving his wife with a young son and daughter. Madame de Sévigné spent the early years of her widowhood with her children at "Les Rochers"—her

husband's estate in Brittany — returning to Paris in 1654. Charles de Sévigné, her eldest child, inherited his father's pleasure-loving nature; and during the years of his early manhood caused his mother much anxiety. On resigning his commission in the army, he retired to his estate in Brittany, married a good woman, became "serious," and spent the rest of his years in the study of the Fathers and of Horace.

When Madame de Sévigné presented her daughter Françoise at court, this "prettiest girl in France" seemed destined to set the world on fire. On her the affection of the mother's heart, which had met disappointment in so many other directions, was lavished. Mademoiselle de Sévigné married in 1669 François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan; and the following year went with him to Provence, where he exercised viceregal functions,—nominally during the minority of the Duc de Vendôme, but as the duke never in fact assumed authority, the count was the actual ruler of the province for forty years. From the moment when, on entering her daughter's vacant room, Madame de Sévigné's grief was renewed at sight of the familiar objects, relief was found only in pouring forth her heart in constant letters to Madame de Grignan, which every courier carried to Provence. The wonderful series is as vividly fresh now as then, when by the direct aid of Providence and the postal service of the day they reached Château Grignan on its heights above the sea.

The letters were full of domestic and public news: the details of daily life, the books the writer had read, the people she had met; what was said, thought, and suspected in the world of Paris. Very much too of contemporary history is woven into the correspondence. The letters addressed in 1664 to M. de Pomponne, the former minister of Louis XIV., then living in exile on his estate, contain the most vivid and detailed account of the trial of Superintendent Fouquet which remains to us. In them the course of the proceedings is daily related, the character of witnesses and judges discussed, the nature of the testimony weighed, and the hopes and anxieties of the prisoner's friends communicated. There are among the collection letters to other friends; but the mass of the correspondence was addressed to Madame de Grignan, and it contains a detailed account of the mother's life from 1670 to 1696.

Madame de Sévigné died at Château Grignan, on April 18th, 1696, and was buried in the church of Grignan. Her tomb was undisturbed during the storms of the Revolution, and may still be seen.

Unauthorized editions of a portion of the letters of Madame de Sévigné were published in 1726; but so incomplete and full of errors were the collections, that her granddaughter, Madame de Simiane, was forced very reluctantly to consent to the issuing of the correspondence in a more correct form and under her own supervision. She

disliked the publicity thus given to private letters, however, believing that "one should be at liberty to be witty with impunity in one's family." Even this last-named collection was not complete; and diligent research has subsequently increased the number of letters, and given rise to numerous editions of the entire correspondence. The one printed in Paris in 1823, and edited by M. Gault de Saint-Germain, contained letters from many of Madame de Sévigné's friends, and has very full biographical and critical notices.

Into the literary work of Madame de Sévigné no moral purpose obtrudes, although it unconsciously reveals not only her intellectual power but also the strongly ethical bent of her character. It had no other inspiration than the passion of motherhood, which was her controlling impulse; was conceived without reference to audience or critics, nor with thought of inspection by other eyes than those of her daughter. She wrote of the world, but not for the world; to amuse Madame de Grignan, and relieve her own heart by expressing the love and longing which filled it. The correspondence is full of wit, of humor, of epigram; not designed to dazzle or attract, but after the manner of a highly endowed and highly cultured nature. Her style, formed under the guidance of authors of distinction, has become a model for imitation throughout the world. Her language is pure in form and graceful in expression. It is true that in the freedom of family correspondence, she occasionally used provincial terms; but they were always borrowed with due acknowledgment of their source,—not as being a part of the personal *appanage* of the writer. It was said of her: "You don't read her letters, you think she is speaking; you listen to her." To her friends so much of Madame de Sévigné's personal attraction was associated with what she wrote, that it is not strange they could not dissever them. Even after the lapse of two centuries, that personal grace and charm is so present in the written speech, that we can believe in what was said of her by her cousin Count Bussy de Rabutin:—

"No one was ever weary in her society. She was one of those people who should never have died; as there are others who should never have been born."

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES

PARIS, Monday, December 15th, 1670.

I AM going to tell you something most astonishing, most surprising, most miraculous, most triumphant, most bewildering, most unheard-of, most singular, most extraordinary, most incredible, most unexpected, most important, most insignificant,

most rare, most ordinary, most startling, most secret (until to-day), most brilliant, most enviable; finally, something of which past ages furnish only one example, and that example is not exactly similar. Something which we in Paris can hardly credit, and how then can it be believed at Lyons? Something which makes all the world cry "Bless me!" Something which overwhelms Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive with joy.[1] Something, finally, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who will see it will think they are blind. Something which will happen on Sunday, and yet by Monday may not be done. I can't make up my mind to tell you,—you must divine it. I'll give you three guesses. Do you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you: M. de Lauzun[2] is to marry on Sunday, at the Louvre,—can you imagine whom? I'll give you three guesses, I'll give you ten, I'll give you a hundred! I know Madame de Coulanges will say, "That is not difficult to imagine. It is Mademoiselle de La Vallière." Not at all, madame. "Is it then Mademoiselle de Retz?" By no means; you are far astray. "Ah, yes; we are stupid: it must be Mademoiselle Colbert!" you say. Still less. "It certainly is then Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not right yet. I shall have to tell you. He is to marry — on Sunday at the Louvre, by permission of the King — Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — now tell me her name! On my word — on my sacred word — on my word of honor — MADEMOISELLE! LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE; Mademoiselle the daughter of the late Monsieur[3]; Mademoiselle the granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu; Mademoiselle de Dombes; Mademoiselle de Montpensier; Mademoiselle d'Orleans; Mademoiselle, first cousin to the King; Mademoiselle, destined to a throne; Mademoiselle, the only match in France who was worthy of Monsieur[4]! This is a pretty subject for reflection! If you exclaim, if you are beside yourself, if you say I am telling a lie, that it is all false, that I am making fun of you, that it is a joke and rather a stupid one too,—we shall agree that you are right: we have said the same thing. Adieu: the letters which go by this post will show you whether we are telling the truth or not.

[1] From seeing a royal lady marry below her rank as they had done.

[2] The Duke of Lauzun.

[3] Gaston, Duke of Orleans, uncle to Louis XIV.

[4] Philippe, Duke of Orleans (brother of Louis XIV.), whom she had refused.

TO M. DE COULANGES

PARIS, Friday, December 19th, 1670.

WHAT happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries is what one might call a fall from the clouds — but I must begin at the beginning. You heard of the joy, of the transports, of the bliss, of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday that the affair was announced as I wrote you. Tuesday passed in talking — in wondering — in complimenting. On Wednesday Mademoiselle made a donation to M. de Lauzun, with the object of endowing him with the titles, names, and necessary decorations, that they might be enumerated in the marriage contract, which was made the same day. She gave him, in preparation for something better, four duchies: the first was the county of Eu, which is the first peerage in France; the duchy of Montpensier, whose title he bore through that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault,— the whole valued at twenty-two millions. The contract was finally prepared, in which he took the name of Montpensier. On Thursday morning — which was yesterday — Mademoiselle hoped that the King would sign the contract, as he had agreed to do; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the Queen, Monsieur, and some busybodies convinced the King that this affair would injure his reputation. Accordingly, having summoned Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, his Majesty announced to them, before M. le Prince, that he forbade them absolutely to think of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received this order with all the respect and submission, all the firmness and all the despair, which became so great a fall. But Mademoiselle — characteristically — burst into tears, shrieks, and groans, and bitter complaints. She kept her bed the whole day, taking nothing but bouillons.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN

I

LIVRY, Holy Wednesday, March 25th, 1671.

I HAVE been here three hours, my dear child. I left Paris with the Abbé, Hélène, Hébert, and Marphise,* with the intention of retiring from the world and its tumult until Thursday evening. I am supposed to be in retreat. I am making a kind

*Her pet dog.

of little "La Trappe," where I may pray to God and indulge in a thousand pious reflections. I have resolved to fast here, for various reasons: to make up in walking for all the time that I have been in my room; and chiefly, to be bored for the love of God. But what I shall do far better than all these, is to think of you, my child. I have not ceased to do so since I arrived; and not being able to restrain all my feelings, I have seated myself to write to you, at the end of this little shady walk which you love, upon a mossy bank where I have so often seen you lying. But, *mon Dieu!* where have I not seen you here! and how these memories grieve my heart! There is no place, no spot,—either in the house or in the church, in the country or in the garden,—where I have not seen you. Everything brings some memory to mind; and whatever it may be, it makes my heart ache. I see you; you are present to me. I think of everything and think again. My brain and my heart grow confused. But in vain I turn—in vain I seek: that dear child whom I passionately love is two hundred leagues distant from me. I have her no more; and then I weep, and cannot cease. My love, that is weakness; but as for me, I do not know how to be strong against a feeling so powerful and so natural.

I cannot tell in what frame of mind you will be when reading this letter: perhaps chance may bring it to you inopportunely, and it may not be read in the spirit in which it is written,—but for that there is no remedy. To write it, at least, consoles me now; that is all I ask of it at present, for the state into which this place has thrown me is inconceivable. Do not speak of my weaknesses; but you must love and respect my tears, since they proceed from a heart which is wholly yours.

II

FRIDAY EVENING, April 24th, 1671.

I MEANT to tell you that the King arrived at Chantilly last evening. He hunted the stag by moonlight; the lanterns were very brilliant; and altogether the evening, the supper, the play,—all went off marvelously well. The weather to-day makes us anticipate a worthy close to such a beginning. But I have just heard something as I came here from which I cannot recover, and which makes me forget what I was about to write you. Vatel—the great Vatel—*maître d'hotel* of M. Fouquet, and who has recently been in the service of M. le Prince—the man

above all others in ability, whose good head was capable of carrying the affairs of a State — this man, such as I knew him, finding that at eight o'clock the fish had not arrived, and unable to sustain the humiliation which he foresaw, stabbed himself. You can imagine the horrible disorder into which such a dreadful accident threw the fête.

PARIS, Sunday, April 26th, 1671.

THIS letter will not go before Wednesday; but this is not a letter,— only an account of what Moreuil has just told me for your benefit, concerning Vatel. I wrote you on Friday that he had stabbed himself: here is the story in detail.

The King arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade, the collation,— served on a lawn carpeted with jonquils,— all was perfect. At supper there were a few tables where the roast was wanting, on account of some guests whose arrival had not been expected. This mortified Vatel, who said several times, "My honor is gone: I can never survive this shame." He also said to Gourville, "My head swims. I have not slept for twelve nights. Help me give the orders." Gourville encouraged him as well as he could. The roast had not been wanting at the King's table; but he could not forget that there was none at the twenty-fifth. Gourville told M. le Prince, who went immediately to Vatel's room, and said to him, "Vatel, everything is going on well. Nothing could be finer than the King's supper." He replied, "My lord, your goodness overwhelms me. I know that the roast was missing at two tables." "Not at all," said M. le Prince. "Don't disturb yourself: everything is going on well." Midnight came; the fireworks, which cost sixteen thousand francs, did not succeed, on account of the fog. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel, going through the château, found every one asleep. He met a young steward, who had brought only two hampers of fish: he asked, "Is that all?"—"Yes, sir." The lad did not know that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waited some time; the other purveyors did not arrive: his brain reeled; he believed no more fish could be had: and finding Gourville, he said, "My dear sir, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville ridiculed him. Vatel went up to his chamber, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart; but only on the third attempt — for he gave himself two thrusts which were not

mortal — did he fall dead. Meanwhile the fish arrived from every quarter; and seeking for Vatel to give it out, they went to his room, knocked, burst in the door, and found him drowned in his blood. They ran to M. le Prince, who was in despair. M. le Duc wept; his father told the King in sorrow. It was said that this occurred because Vatel had a high sense of honor. He was praised; and his courage both praised and blamed. The King said that he had deferred going to Chantilly for five years because he knew how much trouble his visit would cause. He told M. le Prince that he ought only to have two tables, and not provide for everybody. He vowed that he would no longer permit M. le Prince to do so; but it was too late for poor Vatel. Gourville, however, tried to make up for his loss, in which he succeeded. They all dined very well: had a collation and a supper — walked — played — hunted. Everything was perfumed with jonquils; all was enchantment.

III

. . . . . .

Les Rochers, September 30th, 1671.

As for La Mousse, he catechizes on holidays and Sundays; he is determined to go to Paradise. I tell him it is only for curiosity, that he may discover once for all whether the sun is a mass of dust violently agitated, or a globe of fire. The other day he was catechizing some little children; and after a few questions they got everything so mixed up that when he asked who the Virgin was, they answered one after another, "The creator of heaven and earth." He was not convinced by the children; but finding that the men, the women, and even the old people, said the same thing, he was persuaded of the fact, and gave in to the general opinion. At last he knew no longer what he was about; and if I had not appeared on the scene, he would never have recovered himself. This novel opinion would have created quite another disturbance from the motion of the little atoms.

IV

PARIS, Wednesday, March 16th, 1672.

YOU ask me, my dear child, if I am as much in love with life as ever. I confess it has many troubles; but I am still more disinclined to die. Indeed, I am so unhappy because everything must end in death, that I should ask nothing better than to turn back if it were possible. I am involved in a perplexing engagement: entering upon life without my own consent, I must at last leave it. The thought overwhelms me. How shall I go? Where? By what gate? When will it be? In what manner? Shall I suffer a thousand thousand griefs, and die despairing? Shall I be delirious? Shall I perish by an accident? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to offer him? Will fear, will necessity, turn my heart to him? Shall I feel no emotion save fear? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Paradise? Am I fit for hell? What an alternative! What a perplexity! Nothing is so foolish as to be uncertain about one's salvation: but then, nothing is so natural; and the careless life which I lead is the easiest thing in the world to comprehend.

I am overpowered by these thoughts; and death appears to me so horrible, that I hate life rather because it leads thither, than for the thorns with which it is sown. You will say that then I want to live forever. Not at all: but if I had been consulted, I should have preferred to die in my nurse's arms,—it would have saved me from so many annoyances, and secured salvation very easily and very certainly. But let us talk of something else.

V

LAMBESC, Tuesday, December 20th, 1672.

WHEN one reckons without Providence, one must reckon twice. I was all dressed at eight o'clock; had taken my coffee, heard mass, made all my adieus; the packs were loaded, the bells of the mules reminded me that it was time to mount my litter; my room was full of people, all of whom begged me not to start because it had rained so much during the last few days,—since yesterday continually,—and at this very moment more violently than ever. I resisted sturdily all this persuasion,

out of regard to the resolution I had taken, and because of all that I wrote to you yesterday by the post, assuring you that I should arrive on Thursday. Suddenly M. de Grignan appeared in his dressing-gown and spoke seriously to me of the foolhardiness of my enterprise: saying that my muleteer could never follow my litter, that my mules would fall into the ditches, that my people would be too drenched to help me;—so that in a moment I changed my mind, and yielded completely to these wise remonstrances. Therefore, my child, boxes are being unloaded, mules unharnessed, lackeys and maids are drying their clothes, after having merely crossed the court-yard, and I am sending you a messenger,—knowing your goodness and your anxiety, and wishing also to quiet my own uneasiness,—because I am alarmed about your health; and this man will either return and bring me news of you, or will meet me on the road. In a word, my dear child, he will arrive at Grignan on Thursday instead of me; and I shall start whenever it pleases the heavens and M. de Grignan. The latter governs me with good intentions, and understands all the reasons which make me desire so passionately to be at Grignan. If M. de La Garde could be ignorant of all this, I should be glad; for he will exult in the pleasure of having foretold the very embarrassment in which I am placed. But let him beware of the vainglory which may accompany the gift of prophecy on which he piques himself. Finally, my child, here I am! don't expect me at all. I shall surprise you, and take no risks, for fear of troubling you and also myself. Adieu, my dearest and loveliest. I assure you that I am greatly afflicted to be kept a prisoner at Lambesc; but how could one foresee such rains as have not been known in this country for a hundred years?

VI

MONTELIMART, Thursday, October 5th, 1673.

THIS is a terrible day, my dear child. I confess to you I can bear no more. I have left you in a state which increases my grief. I think of all the steps you are taking away from me, and those I take away from you, and how impossible that walking in this manner we shall ever meet again. My heart is at rest when it is near you; that is its natural state, and the

only one which can give it peace. What happened this morning gave me keen sorrow, and a pang of which your philosophy can divine the reasons. I have felt and shall long feel them. My heart and my imagination are filled with you. I cannot think of you without weeping, and of you I am always thinking: so that my present state is unendurable; as it is so extreme, I hope its violence may not last. I am seeking for you everywhere, and I find that all things are wanting since I have not you. My eyes, which for fourteen months have gazed upon you, find you no more. The happy time that is past makes the present unhappy — at least until I am a little accustomed to it; but I shall never be so wonted to it as not to wish ardently to see and embrace you again. I cannot expect more of the future than of the past. I know what your absence has made me suffer. I am henceforth still more to be pitied, because I have made the habit of seeing you necessary to me. It seems to me that I did not embrace you enough when we parted: why should I have refrained? I have never told you often enough what happiness your tenderness gives me. I have never enough commended you to M. de Grignan, nor thanked him enough for all his courtesy and friendship towards me. In a word, I only live for you, my child. God give me the grace some day to love him as I love you. Adieu, my beloved child: love me always. Alas! we must be content now with letters.

VII

PARIS, Friday, December 8th, 1673.

I MUST begin, my dear child, with the death of the Comte de Guiche, which is the interest of the day. The poor boy died of disease and weakness, in M. de Turenne's army; the news was received on Tuesday morning. Father Bourdaloue announced it to the Maréchal de Gramont, who suspected it, knowing the desperate condition of his son. He sent every one out of his room — he was in a small apartment which he has in the Capuchin monastery. When he was alone with the Father, he threw himself on his neck, saying that he well knew what he had to tell him; that it was his death-blow; that he would receive it as from the hand of God; that he had lost the only, sole, and true object of his tenderness and of his natural affection; that

he had never experienced real happiness or violent grief save through this son, who had admirable qualities. He threw himself upon the bed, unable to say more, but not weeping; for in that condition one cannot weep. The Father wept, and had as yet said nothing; but at last he spoke of God, as you know he can speak. They were six hours together; and then the Father, to have him complete his sacrifice, led him to the church of these good Capuchins, where vigils were being said for this dear son. The Maréchal entered tottering, trembling, rather carried and pushed than on his own limbs, his face no longer recognizable. M. le Duc saw him in this state, and wept in telling us about it at Madame de La Fayette's house.

The poor Maréchal at last returned to his little room; he is like a condemned man; the King has written to him; no one sees him. Madame de Monaco is entirely inconsolable; as is also Madame de Louvigny, but it is because she is not at all afflicted. Do you not admire the happiness of the latter? Madame La Chancelière is transported with joy. The Comtesse de Guiche behaves very well. She weeps when told of the kind words and the excuses uttered by her husband when dying. She says: "He was lovable; I should have loved him passionately, if he could have loved me a little. I have endured his contempt with regret; his death touches my heart and awakens my pity. I was always hoping that his feelings towards me would change." This is all true, and not a farce. Madame de Verneuil is genuinely touched by it. . . . The good D'Hacqueville has gone to Frazé, thirty leagues distant, to announce the tidings to the Maréchale de Gramont, and to deliver to her a letter from the poor boy, in which he tries to make an honorable apology for his past life,—repenting of it and asking pardon publicly. He begged Vardes to forgive him; and told him many things which may be useful to him. Finally, he ended the play very well, and has left a rich and happy widow.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1673.

VERY well! very well! Lamentations over the Comte de Guiche! Alas! my poor child, here we think no longer of him; not even the Maréchal, who has returned to his occupation as courtier. As for your princesse [de Monaco], as you cleverly remark, "After all that she has forgotten, there need be no anxiety as to the effects of her emotion." Madame de Louvigny

and her husband are beside themselves with joy. The Comtesse de Guiche is not disposed to remarry, but a tabouret may tempt her. There is nobody but the Maréchale who is dying of grief.

VIII

PARIS, Friday, January 5th, 1674.

M. DE GRIGNAN is right in saying that Madame de Thiange no longer wears rouge or low dresses. You would hardly recognize her in this disguise, but nothing is more certain. She is often with Madame de Longueville, and quite on the higher plane of devotion. She is always very good company, and not at all a recluse. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant handed her a large glass of wine; she said to me, "Madame, this man does not know that I am religious,"—which made us all laugh. She speaks very naturally of her good intentions, and of her change of mind; takes care of what she says of her neighbor, and when some unkind word escapes her, she stops short, and cries out against her evil habit. As for me, I find her more amiable than ever. People are willing to wager that the Princesse d'Harcourt will not be *dévote* a year from now,—having been made lady of the palace,—and that she will use rouge again; for rouge is the law and the prophets,—Christianity itself turns upon rouge. As for the Duchesse d'Aumont, her fad is to bury the dead: it is said that on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed people for her with her badly compounded remedies, and that the other promptly buried them. The Marquise d'Auxelles is very amusing in relating all that, but La Marans is better still. I met Madame de Schomberg, who told me very seriously that she was a *dévote* of the first rank, both as regards retreats and penitence: going no longer into society, and even declining religious amusements. This is what is called "worshiping God in spirit and in truth," with the simplicity of the Early Church.

The ladies of the palace are under strict discipline: the King has had an explanation with them, and desires that the Queen should always have them in attendance. Madame de Richelieu, although she no longer waits at table, is always present at the Queen's dinner, with four ladies who serve in turn. The Comtesse d'Ayen, the sixth, is in dread of this office, and of not going

every day to vespers, to the sermon, or to *salut*. Indeed, nothing in this world is so saintly. As to the Marquise de Castelnau, she is fair, fresh, and consoled. *L'Eclair*, people say, has only changed apartments, at which the first floor is ill pleased. Madame de Louvigny does not seem sufficiently pleased with her good fortune. She cannot be pardoned for not loving her husband as much as she did at first,—which is certainly the first occasion on which the public has been scandalized at such a fault. Madame de Brissac is lovely, and dwells in the shadow of the late Princesse de Conti. Her affairs with her father are in arbitration; and poor M. d'Arnusson says he has never seen a woman so honest and so frank. Madame de Cresqueu is very much as you have seen her. She has had made a skirt of black velvet, with heavy embroidery of gold and silver, and a mantle of flame-colored tissue, with gold and silver. This costume cost enormous sums: but although she was really resplendent, people thought her dressed like an actress; and she was so unmercifully laughed at that she did not dare to wear it again.

La Manierosa is somewhat chagrined at not being lady of the palace. Madame de Dura, who does not wish the honor, ridicules her. La Troche is, as you have known her, passionately devoted to your interests. The ladies of the palace have been slandered in a way that made me laugh. I said, "Let us revenge ourselves by abusing them." Guilleragues said yesterday that Pelisson abused the privilege which men possess of being ugly.

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESSE BE Ye MAN Ys SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE
HOLY TRINITY CHURCH
STRATFORD-ON-AVON

SHAKESPEARE

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

IF AN Academy of Immortals chosen from all ages could be formed, there is no doubt that a plébiscite of the English-speaking peoples would send Shakespeare as their chief representative to that august assembly. He alone could speak on their behalf of life and its joys in the presence of Homer, of death and its mysteries in Dante's presence; he alone could respond to the wisdom of Goethe with a broader and a sunnier wisdom; he alone could match the laughter of Molière with a laughter as human and more divine. There is a grace in literature which corresponds to the theological grace of charity: he who loses his life in his vision of the world shall save it; he who does not clamor, or assert himself, or thrust forward his individuality, yet is forever operating over the entire field of nature like light,—illuminating, interpreting, kindling, fructifying,—he it is who while remaining unknown is of all men best known. We are familiar with the thews and bulk of Shakespeare's great contemporary Ben Jonson; we stand in his shadow and are oppressed by his magnitude; we know him as a huge and impressive, if somewhat ungainly, object. Shakespeare disappears from view, because he plays around us like the intangible air and sunshine, and has entered into us and become a portion of our own life.

He came at a fortunate time, when it was possible to view the world in a liberal spirit, free from the harshness of the ascetic and the narrowness of the sectary. A mediæval Shakespeare might have found that seriousness implied severity, or that mirth meant revolt and mockery; he might have been forced to regard the mundane and the supermundane as hostile powers; he might have staggered under a burden of theology, or have thrown it off and become militant and aggressive in his vindication of the natural man. Had he lived when Milton lived, he could hardly have stood neutral between two parties which divided the people of England: yet transformed to a political combatant, Shakespeare must have given to party something that was meant for mankind; the deep human problems which interest him might have been replaced or obscured by temporary questions urgent for the moment, by theories of government, of popular rights, of ecclesiastical organization, of ceremony and ordinance, of Divine decrees, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, as formulated in dogma. Born in the eighteenth century, Shakespeare would have

breathed with difficulty: for the higher enthusiasm of poetry, the age of Addison was like an exhausted receiver; the nobler wisdom of Elizabethan days had cooled and contracted into good sense. Even as a contemporary of Byron and of Wordsworth he would have been at a disadvantage: the poetry of social movement was turbid with passion or doctrinaire in its theories of revolution; serenity was attainable, as Wordsworth proved, but it was to be attained rather through the spirit of contemplation than by dealing with the insurgent forces of modern life.

In the age of Bacon and Spenser and Shakespeare, three great streams, afterwards to be parted, had united to form a broad and exultant flood. The new ideals of the Renaissance, the new sense of the worth of life on earth, the new delight in beauty, had been deepened and enriched by the seriousness of the Reformation; the sense of national power, the pride of country,—suddenly enhanced by the overthrow of the naval might of Papal Spain,—had coalesced with these. For the imagination, the glories of Italy and of ancient Greece and Rome; for the conscience, the words of Hebrew prophets and singers and Christian teachers; for the heart,

> «This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise, . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.»

During one brief period, Englishmen discovered that gravity might be gay and gayety might be serious, while both gayety and gravity were supported by an energy of will which enabled them to do great things; they could be stern without moroseness, and could laugh aloud because such laughter was a part of strength, and of their strenuous acceptance of the world as good.

It was a fortunate moment for a dramatic artist. The epic breadth and the moral purport of the mediæval religious drama had not been lost; but they had submitted to the new and happier forms of Renaissance literature. Italian and classical models had served to make tragedy and comedy shapely, organic, vertebrate. But the pedantry of scholars had not suppressed the instincts of popular pleasure. The spectators of the theatre included both a cultured minority, and the ruder mass that desired strong appeals to pity and terror, and a frank invitation to mirth. The court favored but did not dominate the theatre; the stage remained essentially popular, but it showed how a common pleasure could be ennobled and refined. Shakespeare's predecessors had prepared the way for him in tragedy, comedy, and chronicle play. He received from Marlowe that majestic instrument of poetic expression, blank verse; it was his triumph to discover in time how to extend the keyboard, and to touch its various stops. The years from 1590 to 1610 were the high midsummer of the English drama, when the fruitage was maturing from its

early crudities, and was still untouched by that overripeness which streaked and spotted the later Jacobean and Caroline drama, and gave it the sick-sweet odor of decay. Nor as yet, in the struggle for existence between literary species, had the novel entered into competition with the drama. When it did so, in the eighteenth century, the high tragedy of the age was Richardson's 'Pamela,' the most genial comedy was Fielding's 'Tom Jones.'

These advantages Shakespeare gained from his environment and from the moment when he appeared; all else that contributed to his work may be assigned to his own genius. If he became the most learned man of his generation, the most learned man of all generations, in one department,—the lore of the passions,—it was not because he was born in this age or in that. It was because he possessed the genius of discovery; he directed his prow across the voyageable ocean of the human heart, and from a floating weed he could infer America. Each man contains all humanity in his own breast; the microcosm exhibits the macrocosm in little: but most men cherish what is peculiar to themselves, what is individual; and if they express themselves in song they are apt to tell of their private joys and griefs: we capture from them what is theirs, and appropriate it to our own uses. Shakespeare used his private experience as a chink through which he saw the world. Did he feel a momentary pang of jealous affection? There was the opening, as of an eyelet-hole, through which to discover the vast spasms of Othello's anguish. An experience no larger than a mustard-seed, a sense for all the obscure affinities of things, imagination with its dilating and its divining powers—these were the sources of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,' rather than Saxo Grammaticus and Holinshed. As Goethe in a leaf could recognize the type of plant life and start upon his research into all its metamorphoses, so Shakespeare, discovering in what seems insignificant the type of a passion, could trace it through its varieties by the divining power of the imagination. He observed himself and he observed the world, and each served to interpret the other. Not that which bulked largest in his external life was necessarily of most significance for his art: that which contained a vital germ, to be fostered by his imagination, was of capital importance. The attempts that have been made to connect the creations of such a man of genius as Shakespeare with incidents in his career are often labor spent in vain: what looks considerable from an external point of view may have been an aggregation of insignificant accidents—mere dross of life; the true career was invisible: some momentary joy or pain, of which we shall never hear, may have involved, as in a seed, the blossoms and the fruit of art. We all contain within us the ova of a spiritual population,—philosophers, saints, heroes, lovers, humorists, fantasticoes, traitors, cowards, assassins,—else

Shakespeare were unintelligible to us: but with us the germs remain mere protoplasm; with the man of genius they may mature to a Hamlet, a Jaques, a Romeo, a Rosalind, an Imogen, a Cleopatra.

Shakespeare's outward life — of which we know more than of the life of any other Elizabethan dramatist, except perhaps Ben Jonson — shows him to us as passionate and as eminently prudent. His marriage at nineteen with a woman probably uneducated, several years his elder and of inferior social position, was rash; he fled from Stratford under a cloud, to avoid the consequences of a youthful escapade; if we accept as historical the story outlined in the 'Sonnets,' we must believe that he was capable of extravagant devotion to a disloyal friend, and was for a time, against his better judgment, the victim of feminine wiles and of his own intemperate heart. But Shakespeare returned to Stratford, wealthy, honored, and beloved; he did not wreck his life, like some of his fellow-dramatists, on the rocks or quicksands of London; he never gave offense to the authorities as Jonson and others did, by indiscreet references to public persons or events; he had no part in the quarrels of authors; he neither lavished praises on his contemporaries nor stung them with epigram and satire; he neither bribed nor bullied; his amiability and high breeding earned him the epithet "gentle"; he desired the ease and freedom which worldly substance brings, and by pursuing his own way with steadfastness and good sense he attained his object. Below his bust in Stratford Church he is characterized as "in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates."

He lived in two worlds,—the extended world of the imagination, and the contracted world of his individual material life. Which was the more real? Perhaps the positive, material life was the dream:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

But he would dream the dream well. And is it after all a dream? Was it not something to possess his soul in sanity, to dismiss his airy spirits, to break his magic staff, and moving amid his fellow-townsmen, by the side of his wife and daughters, to be only a man? Only a man, but enjoying within himself the light and wisdom won through his great adventures of the imagination. His book of magic, not sunk like Prospero's below the waves deeper than ever plummet sounded, was for all the world. His personal life was for himself and those whom he loved. And even for his art, was it not well that he should be attentive to the lesser things of worldly wisdom? He had a vast burden of thoughts and visions to carry, and he must needs carry it steadily. Were it better if he had confused his art with the feverish and mean anxieties that attend on reckless living?

No: let the two lives aid each other; let his life as an imaginative creator effect a secondary and subordinate purpose in rendering his material life secure and substantial; let his life in the positive world be such as to set free, rather than pull down or embarrass, his life of the imagination. He might play the two games together, and play both with success.

What moved within the great brain and the great heart of the prosperous Stratford gentleman,—more deep and wise perhaps than all his tragedies and comedies,—we shall never know: it was a matter for himself, and he kept his secret with the taciturnity of Nature. But we can follow his adventures in the realms of fancy. In these also there was a wise economy of power: he did not dash into deep water, as has often been the way with youthful poets, before he had learnt to swim. At first he was content to take lessons in his craft: he put forth no ambitious manifestoes; he did not pose as a leader of revolt, or belabor the public, in Ben Jonson's fashion, with a doctrine of dramatic reform; he did not read lessons in ethics to his age: he began by trying to please, he ended by trying to please in a nobler manner; he taught a generation which had laughed at 'The Comedy of Errors' how to smile with Prospero in 'The Tempest'; he taught a generation which had snuffed up the reek of blood from 'Titus Andronicus' how, with pity lost in beautiful pride and sense of victory, to gaze upon the dead body of Cordelia. The great work of his life was to show how pleasure can be converted into a noble exercise of the soul; how mirth can be enriched by wisdom; how the primitive brute cry of pain may be transformed into a pure voice bearing a part in the majestic symphony of the world's mourners; how the terror that arises at the sight of violated law may be purified from gross alarms, and appear as one of the dread pillars of order which sustain the fabric of God's world.

The English people need, perhaps in a special degree, wise schooling in the pleasures. They are not lacking in seriousness; but they are prone to leave their pleasures pawing in the mire like Milton's half-created beasts, or to avert their eyes sourly and walk past in self-complacent respectability. Even Emerson, who uttered admirable sentences in his discourse on Shakespeare as the representative poet, laments the fact that he employed his lofty powers so meanly, «leading an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement;» «he converted the elements that waited on his command into entertainments; he was master of the revels to mankind.» But what if Shakespeare proved that the revels may be sacred mysteries? The service of joy in such art as his, at its highest, is something more than amusement. In Sandro Botticelli's 'Nativity' the angels circle above the manger in the gracefulest of dances; but are they only amusing themselves? In the old Italian pictures of

Paradise, the celestial company are not engaged in attending to a sermon on theology or a lecture on ethics: they are better employed in touching their harps or breathing through loud uplifted trumpets. Shakespeare's highest work does not resemble this «undisturbèd song of pure concent» sung before «the sapphire-colored throne»; but it expresses the music of the earth — with adagio and allegro, discords resolved into harmony, imperious suspensions, rain of laughters, rain of tears — more adequately than the work of any other master. Does it lessen his service to the world that such work is also a beautiful play?

Shakespeare's attainment was not snatched in haste: it was won through long and strenuous endeavor. In his early comedies he moves brightly over the surface of life. 'Love's Labour's Lost' is a young man's good-humored and confident satire of the follies and affectations of the day. How are we to learn our lesson, he asks, in the high-school of the world? Not through the pedantries of erudition, not through the fantastical subtleties of romance, not through a high-flying philosophy which disdains the plain old lore of mother Earth: such methods will only make ingenious fools. There is a better way, simple in appearance, yet really needing all our strength and skill: to accept the teaching of life itself in a manly spirit, to let both head and heart task themselves in studying the book of nature; to laugh and love; but also to temper the laughter and joy of youth by acquaintance with the sorrows of the world. Biron, the courageous jester, with seriousness beneath his mirth, is dismissed for a twelvemonth to try how mocks and flouts will sound among the speechless sick and groaning wretches of a hospital. He will laugh at the end of his period of probation, but it will be with a wiser, a braver, and a kindlier laughter. He will love the better for a year's instruction in the lessons of pain. «This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring»: the song of the cuckoo and the song of the owl are alike songs of the earth; let us cheerfully attend to both.

Such was Shakespeare's starting-point. He was a scholar, in love with the book of life, and in time he would understand its meaning. But as he turned the pages he found obscure and awful things, and it may be that for a while his vision grew perplexed. When 'Measure for Measure' was written, it seems as if he moved in some valley of the shadow of sin and death, amid encompassing gloom, and could sustain his courage only by the presence of strength, severe and virginal but not joyous, as seen in the person of Isabella. In 'Troilus and Cressida,' — the comedy of disillusion, — he gazes on life with a bitter irony, finding young love a fraud, and pretentious heroes only vulgar egoists beneath their glittering armor: if there is virtue anywhere, it must be sought in such worldly wisdom as that of Ulysses; the penetration and insight of a Machiavelli is indeed a kind

of virtue amid sham splendors, mercenary wiles, and the deceits of sensual passion.

But Shakespeare could not remain content with the poor philosophy of disenchantment. Vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, self-deceptive imaginations,—he had come to know them all; but he could not accept as final the shrunken wisdom of such a discovery. Nor would he retreat to the untenable refuge of a shallow optimism. He went forward courageously to a deeper inquisition of evil. He ceased for a time from comedy: one great tragedy—'Julius Cæsar,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Timon of Athens'—succeeded another. And searching profoundly into the mystery of evil, he rediscovered, and in a deeper way than ever before, the mystery of good. Cordelia suffers a shameful death; but she has given her life as a free gift, to win a victory of love. Othello, in the blinding simoon of passion, has struck her whom he best loved, and Desdemona lies on the bed "pale as her smock": but her spirit has conquered the malignant spirit of Iago; and Othello enters into a great calm as he pronounces the doom of a justiciary against himself, and falls where his lips can give his wronged wife the last kiss of union.

Into such a calm, but serener and more bright, Shakespeare himself passed after he had completed his studies of terror and pity. The serenity of the latest dramas, beautiful romances rather than comedies,—the plays of Prospero and Imogen and Hermione,—has in it something of the pellucid atmosphere of early autumn days; the air is bright and transparent, but below its calm there is a touch of surrender and detachment: the harvest is well-nigh gathered; the songs of spring and the vivifying midsummer ardors are withdrawn: yet the peace that is present is a vivid peace; and Shakespeare in these plays sees the spectacle of life—its joys of youth, its victories of mature wisdom and the patience of hope—with a sympathy deeper and more pure than that of his earlier exultant years:—

"Uranian clearness, come!
Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise
The light-thrilled ether of your rarest skies,
Till inmost absolution start
The welling in the grateful eyes,
The heaving in the heart."

These are the dramas of reconcilement; like the masque of his great enchanter, "harmonious charmingly." It is as if Shakespeare had solved the riddle at last, had found the secret; or not having found it, but assured that its meaning is good, could be content to wait.

Edward Dowden.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE THE MAN AND THE ACTOR

(1564–1616)

BY JOHN MALONE

THE life records of the actor-poet Shakespeare are not less ample than those of his contemporaries not in public life. The place of his birth and something of his family are known,—more than can be said of Spenser, Chapman, or Ben Jonson. Though of the marvelous industry of his pen there be only five signatures of his name to witness, yet not that can be said of Sydenham, whose works are the study of all who have a care for the health of men. It is a convincing testimony to the gentle worth and modesty of the man that the earliest notices of his life, except such as are of purely domestic character, are the results of envy and detraction. Had not William Shakespeare been early a victim to that hurt of all true and simple-hearted great ones, the sting of venomed slander, the admirers of his incomparable genius had not known how to fix with certainty the first lights of his unfading day.

«He was not of an age but for all time.» Shrewd old Ben Jonson never wrote a phrase which contributes more to his own immortality than this, in which he describes Will Shakespeare's greatness, and foretells his everlasting fame. It is one of the evidences of the conviction with which true personal character forces itself upon the mind, that Jonson, who bore such a relation to Shakespeare in the affairs of their every day that he could not help expressing his jealousy during the time the latter lived, was yet willing, after Shakespeare's death, to admit all the truth and greatness of the gentle-minded man against whom, living, he had been willing to practice the art and cunning of a court-favor-seeking rival.

This «mighty line» of rare old Ben is true both of the man and of his work. Drama is not an invention: it is innate in the heart of man; it began under the roof-tree of the first family, and its life will last so long as there shall be prattling of children upon the earth.

Knowledge of Shakespeare as a man and an actor is the best starting-point for earnest study of his work. From failure to begin their survey from this point, most of those who have voluminously written about him have floundered into the bogs and quicksand of mistake and misrepresentation.

It is a plain and simple tale:—

Born in the year 1564 at or near Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, England, he was married in 1582 and had three children, born

within the early years of his wedded life. He left Stratford suddenly, and became an actor and writer of plays famous enough to be noticed by detraction in 1589, and cited amongst the foremost men of letters in England in 1592. He followed the calling of an actor in honor and eminence from early youth until a period as late as three years before his death. He made money and accumulated property both in London and in Stratford; was the companion, associate, and friend of the greatest and wisest men of his day, and was admired and beloved by them. Finally, while yet in active life, he died in the quiet of Stratford in his prime of years and fame, in the year 1616, and was buried there in the chancel of the parish church of the Holy Trinity.

Beyond these facts all that we are told of the man Shakespeare is inference, more or less valuable according to its logical method; yet much do we know by invincible deduction from a strong array of known and recorded facts. What is positively told of him by the living witnesses of his own time may be written within the space of a visiting-card. What may be warrantably offered as logical presumptions from the circumstances of his life and times extend that space to volumes. As with all men, some of the most useful presumptions going to show his character and place in life spring from his family relations.

The natural fortress or dune upon which stands the modern Castle of Warwick was in the Roman time a præsidium or camp of guard, on the wooded frontier beyond which the free Britons had taken refuge. In the time of William of Normandy there was in the possession of this stronghold a certain Turkhill of that free race, called Turkhill of Warwick. He took no part in the contest between Harold and the Norman, and believed, upon the accession of the Conqueror, that he would be allowed to retain his possessions in peace. William, when making his 'Domesday Boke,' set down the fact that nearly all of the property in Warwickshire was held from Turkhill; but sent out his own Earl of Warwick, William of Newburg, and Turkhill was dispossessed of all his holdings, except some inconsiderable properties in what was known as Hemlingford Hundred, in the centre of the forest. To this small estate he retired, relinquishing the name of Warwick; and was thereafter known, himself and his successors, by the name of "Arden," or "of the wood Arden," signifying high or great forest. "This is the forest of Arden;" and Mary Arden, of Turkhill's race,—a woman of gentle and loving character,—was the mother of our poet and a careful and devoted spouse to her husband John, called by home people "Shaxper." It was the officers of heraldry who made invention of a punning meaning for this name; which like its woodland neighbor "Shuckborough" came evidently from the old

British combination of "Shacks"—a word well known to woodmen who use split timber for their shelter—with the term used for a settlement or colony. The shortening of this termination has analogy in the use of "Kesper" for Kexborough in Yorkshire. When John and Mary Shakespeare were married in 1555 or 1556, the father of Mary Shakespeare, Robert Arden of Wilmecot, was a substantial farmer, owning several homesteads; of one of which the father of John Shakespeare, Richard, was tenant.

Upon Robert Arden's death, Mary Shakespeare inherited two of these farms,—one called Asbies, and a smaller one in the little town of Snitterfield. John Shakespeare had given up the life of a husbandman to which he was born; and having entered into business in the market town of Stratford, was at the time of his marriage an active, prudent, and money-making man.

When William, the first son, was born in 1564, the neighborhood of Stratford was afflicted by the plague, and many of the inhabitants were carried away; but that wise Providence which watches the fall of a sparrow sheltered the life of the infant who was to become the greatest poet of our tongue.

John Shakespeare, in addition to his business, which was that of a glover and wool merchant, occupied an important position in the government of the borough. In the year 1558 he was appointed to one of the minor offices of his town, and passed through several years of service as an able alderman; until he became on September 4th, 1568, the chief magistrate or High Bailiff of the borough. It was at this period that he obtained from the Herald's Office the right to bear a coat of arms,—a gold shield with a spear in bend impaled with the arms of the family of Arden. The crest assigned him was a falcon holding a spear erect. About the year 1578 he ceased to perform any of the functions of his office of alderman; and finally, in the year 1584, after having been for nearly six years absent from the meetings of the board, though frequently requested to appear, his name was removed from the roll of alderman, and his friend John Sadler was elected in his place. This removal of John Shakespeare from the board of town governors of Stratford, which was in fact a resignation, has been attributed by many writers to a sudden and inexplicable condition of poverty. It was in 1578 that the Oath of Supremacy was enforced upon all persons holding office, and the right to be sworn according to the custom of the borough abrogated. As John Shakespeare was and remained a recusant, it must be concluded that his absence from the board of aldermen was a direct consequence of the prohibition established by law.

That John Shakespeare was a member of that class of persons who desired to practice the old religion, and that he lived in the respect

of his neighbors, under the protection of some one powerful enough to prevent the application of the penal law in its severity, is clearly established by the 'Warwickshire Book of Recusants' made up by Sir Thomas Lucy and others, the Queen's Commissioners, in 1592.

Traditions must be very carefully studied before being let into the company of facts. About William Shakespeare's youth there are several stories of a very misty kind. When we consider that there were in and around Stratford three other William Shakespeares in his time, but little faith is due to statements made half a century after his death about deer-stealing, lying drunk under roadside trees, and other tales of the simple country folk who but repeated hearsay. Whatever the cause for that single but not ill-natured instance of ridicule of his neighbor, indulged in by the gentle actor who made Justice Shallow and Sir Thomas Lucy twin laughing-stocks, it certainly was not all the memory of a merited punishment for wild and boyish pranks.

In October of the year 1583, John Somerville, a gentleman living at the manor-house of Edston, within three miles of Stratford, was arrested for some inflammatory words uttered by him against Queen Elizabeth. As this was a time when plots were rife in England for the release of Mary Queen of Scots, and the advocacy of her claim to the throne of England, every individual who had any sympathy for her was most jealously watched. Somerville had been known to express himself strongly in favor of the claims of Mary; and when he gave voice to strong language against Queen Elizabeth, he was immediately arrested, sent up to London, and a commission was appointed from the Privy Council to go into Warwickshire for the arrest of all persons related to, or in any way connected with, the Somerville family. Somerville's wife was the daughter of Edward Arden of Park Hall, the head of the family of Shakespeare's mother. This commission held its sittings in Sir Thomas Lucy's house of Charlecote, and Sir Thomas was himself most active in securing the arrest and prosecution of all persons connected with the accused. Amongst others brought before him was a boy, companion or confidential page to Somerville, not mentioned by name in any of the records, but who is referred to as having written down over his own hand an account of the proceedings of the day upon which Somerville was arrested. He must therefore have been a boy of more than common education, and of a family in a condition of life above the common sort. Somerville was about twenty years of age at this time, and was most carefully watched by his family because of his tendency to "midsummer madness." His family preserved a tradition that William Somerville, his brother,—who after John's death in prison, while under sentence for treason, became the head of the family,

and was High Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1610,—had an exquisite miniature of Shakespeare painted, which he transmitted to his descendants as a precious heirloom of the affection which existed between himself and our gentle Will. This miniature, the only portrait of Shakespeare which has lawful evidence to support its character, is now in the possession of a gentleman in London. The family, which guarded it sacredly to the opening of this century, has so far passed away that one of the most celebrated of the dormant peerage cases has waited long to put one of the race in possession of the title of Lord Somerville.

From Charlecote, Mrs. Somerville, her sister-in-law Elizabeth, Mary Arden,—daughter of Sir George Throckmorton and wife of Edward Arden,—with all their servants and dependents, were sent up to London. Edward Arden had been previously taken there, and was hanged at Tyburn on November 23d. Somerville died in Newgate, it was said upon the rack. The others were kept in prison for weary months. Of the household of Mrs. Somerville was one whom Thomas Wilkes, the clerk of the council, writes down "Wm. Chacker."

Our young poet,—at this time but nineteen years of age, newly married to a neighbor, Anne Hathaway, and father of an infant daughter, Susanna,—a close kinsman of these Ardens, was liable to be suddenly and most unexpectedly obliged to answer the serious charge of aiding and abetting an overt act of treason; and in consequence of that charge to be sent, through the ministration of Sir Thomas Lucy as committing magistrate of the county, to one of the many prisons in London in which at that time all persons charged with these political offenses were confined, and from which many of them were from time to time taken out to execution. The natural disposition of all persons who were friendly to the family would impel the neighbors and friends on such an occasion to endeavor to cover or hide the real reason; and out of this, some boyish prank, which had perhaps excited the temporary anger of Sir Thomas Lucy, was made the traditionary cause of William Shakespeare leaving his home at this time.

Evidences of the date of Shakespeare's marriage are entirely inductive. The only fact positively known is, that in February 1582 he made an application to the Bishop of Worcester for a dispensation from the usual publication of the banns, which, upon his giving bond against impediments, was granted; but whether the marriage took place before or after this dispensation, no one at present knows. It was common custom at this time, and for long before and after, to marry privately without asking dispensation, and even without going to the parish church or having the marriage registered. The presence of "old priests," as they were called, who lived in Arden in hiding,

or went from house to house as tutors of the young, made such marriages easy. In the face of such patent facts, the notion that there was anything irregular in Shakespeare's marriage is vicious.

The family of Shakespeare, at the time of his separation from his native home, consisted of his wife Anne Hathaway; his daughter Susanna, born in 1582; his twin son and daughter Hamnet (or as the name was altered in Warwickshire speech, Hamlet) and Judith, born in 1584; his father and mother; a brother Gilbert, born October 1566; a sister Joan, born April 1569; and a brother Edmund, who, born in May 1580, afterward became a player with him in London.

There are vague traditions which tend to explain the disposition of the young stranger towards the theatre when he found himself in London city. It is said that he began in a humble capacity by holding horses at the door. He is said to have been expert in the rudiments of acting, expressed in what was a common country sport known as "killing the calf." This was a homely exercise of dramatic effort, which consisted in standing behind a screen and imitating the talk of a farmer (who had brought a calf to market) with the butcher to whom it was sold, and by whom it was killed,—interspersed with the bleatings of the victim as it went through the various stages of transport and transfer. That—

> "'Twas a brute part of him
> To kill so capital a calf there,"

he had remembered as the best compliment of his fitness for the actors' calling before he looked up his former companions, then engaged in the fascinating work of the theatre under the patronage of such powerful men as the Earl of Leicester, Lord Strange, the Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Arundel.

It is an important fact that Shakespeare's companions of the theatre were Warwickshire men. Many of them had been boys, who, before the monasteries at and about Coventry were secularized in Henry VIII.'s time, learned the rudiments of dramatic art under the guidance of the monks of those institutions. The Burbages, the Fields, the Greenes, the Underhills, are mentioned frequently in the records of the dramatic entertainments given in Coventry, in Chester, in Stratford, in Leicester, and in other neighboring towns, by companies traveling under the protection and patronage of different members of the county gentry. Most and the best of the companies of players were made up of West of England men. Their patrons, with the exception of the Earl of Arundel, were all from that part of the country. In 1574 James Burbage, joiner and actor, had builded The Theatre in the fields between the city of London and Shoreditch; and had established a company there under the patronage of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and the warrant of a royal license.

Shakespeare himself, ten years of age in 1574, could have been a witness of the gorgeous pageants at Kenilworth, which were arranged and conducted by the Earl of Leicester, with the assistance of musicians and actors whom he was proud to protect, and who in their association bore the name of his servants and wore his livery. There might this wonderful boy have been himself an actor, and acquired the impulse of that dramatic spirit which has given us the inestimable privilege of enjoying in our generation the greatest of all human works of the dramatic character. If not there, in the entertainments given by the Leicester company, or by the company of the Earl of Derby, or by the Lord Chamberlain's company in the Guildhall at Stratford, under his father's patronage, he might well have taken part, and formed acquaintance with the playfellows of his after life, and established a reputation as a player which stood him in good stead when he was subsequently obliged to take shelter in the busy city of London from the danger of persecution in his own home.

The silence of contemporary record as to Shakespeare's education is apt to mislead those who do not realize how easy it was, in the unsettled social condition of the England of his day, to obtain an education without attendance at the schools. The old Oxford and Cambridge men — men who had studied at Padua and Rome and Paris and Salamanca — were scattered all over England in the houses of the great and low: in forest cells, in shops, in farm-houses, and in fishing-cots, ostensibly following the work of the poor, but in reality teaching the young in secret. The papers of the Record Office are filled with accounts of the huntings of them. When the history of the society and letters of England shall have been rewritten, as it must be, it will be known that the best of England's schools were sometimes in the hidden recluse's cell. To conclude that Shakespeare was an ignorant country lad, without the rudiments of polite learning, is only possible to those who ignore this living social power of his, and after, times. The very wood of Arden was filled with men who had been dishoused in the general secularization of religious establishments in Henry VIII.'s time, and who earned their bread by teaching the children of families connected with them by blood or by old association. Shakespeare gives us an intimation of this in the play of 'As You Like It.' When Orlando and Rosalind meet in Arden wood, and Orlando, finding the strange youth quick of wit and sharp of tongue, says that his speech savors rather of the city and the court than of the country, her answer is, "I have been told so of many, but indeed *an old religious uncle of mine here in the forest* taught me to speak." Shakespeare himself was not without an old religious uncle. Many of his name were connected with the religious institutions of Warwickshire. Isabella Shakespeare, perhaps namesake of the sweet nun of 'Measure for Measure,' had been

prioress of Wraxhall Convent, to which a Shakespeare had been bailiff. Roger Shakespeare, at the dissolution of the monastery of Baddeley, in Gloucestershire, a neighbor county to Warwick, retired upon a pension of forty shillings in the year 1553, eleven years before the poet's birth.

Be it as it may for the means, it is sure that before 1589 William Shakespeare had proved himself the foremost master of English speech. It is to be noted here that but four of those who professed play-making at this time were older than the Warwickshire boy. George Peele was born in 1552, John Lilly in 1553, George Chapman in 1559, and Robert Greene in 1561. Marlowe, who is most often referred to as a predecessor of Shakespeare, was only two months his elder, and did not leave his college at Cambridge until 1587. Marlowe, who was affectionately remembered by Shakespeare in 'As You Like It,' began in London as an actor, and if likelihoods are to be considered, was rather a pupil than a master. Shakespeare, like all simply great men, was the maker of the school of his time. He struck at once and unaided into the perfectest way of expression,— that sublime mastery of drama which was no man's before, and will be no man's again. He knew intuitively the purpose of playing. He became at once what he will always be, and what his actor ought to be,— champion of English speech.

It was then considered the duty of every scholar who could obtain the means, to travel in Italy for the purpose of finishing his education in that language, which it was believed would displace all other languages of Continental Europe, and rival Latin in the struggle to restore a universal tongue. English was the language of the common people. Many of the best writers of Elizabeth's time had no faith in the perpetuity of English as a literary language. The common speech was left to the actor, and his drudge the play-poet. But Sackville the courtier, by grafting the blank verse — and the poet Spenser the sonnet of Italy — to the sturdy English stock, had shown a way which Shakespeare the actor made safe and sure for the generations coming after, to keep all exotics from the garden of their thoughts.

The power of the drama of Elizabeth's day is never fully understood by the student of mere literature or history. Drama is a distinct thing, bearing such a relation to literature as the moving and speaking man does to an outline sketch of him. The trained actor is the only maker of drama. This Will Shakespeare well understood, as he understood most things; and so he went on with patience in his chosen work, while Greene, Marlowe, and Nash made faces at him, and called him rude and unlettered because he was nearer the great heart of nature than they were.

Drama had, in 1492, been established under royal patronage in Spain by Isabella of Castile; and one of the earliest English companies of players (1530), not tradesmen or minstrels, was that of the Lady Princess, her granddaughter, afterwards Queen Mary. The method of establishing a distinct guild of players came from Spanish example. It was the custom of the actors to divide their gains according to certain interests which were called shares. Thus James Burbage, the owner of the first established theatre, and his rival Philip Henslowe,—who set up at 'The Curtain,' so called because built in that part of the ruin of the old monastery of Holywell which was called the Curtain, just across the field from Burbage's Theatre, —paid the actors in their companies by giving certain of them a lease for a term of years of a share of the receipts. Burbage's house, a spacious playing-place, was built of wood in octagonal form, with a stage projecting from one of the sides into the middle of the yard, as the inclosed space was called. There were two galleries or stories which were roofed over. The stage was also partly roofed, and the yard was open to the sky for air and light; for performances were given only in the afternoon from one to three o'clock. There were but two doors to the structure: one at which the public entered, and the other to the actors' tiring or dressing room. There being no women actors, the common dressing-room of the theatre was a very exclusive sort of club. The stairs to the galleries or rooms were on the inside; and a fee of twopence was paid for the privilege of going above the place of the groundlings, and sixpence for a seat. To the boxes or lords' rooms, which were next the stage on either side, entrance was obtained from the stage itself or through the tiring-room. At first the actors had only a moiety of the money that was paid at the doors. As the fees were only twopence for entrance at the public door, and a shilling for the more exclusive privilege of passing through the actors' private way, it will readily be seen that the manager or owner had quite the best of the count. Yet out of their store the actors paid all costs of running the house, including the price of poets,—the least considerable of expenses, for no play was worth more than five pounds. The wages of the minor actors, called the hirelings, as well as those of the minstrels and mechanicians, were also paid by the actors. Perspectives, as scenes were then called, —painted cloths, curtains, tombs, houses, mounds, and rocks, as well as the *flies* or cloths which hung from the roof of the stage, to imitate sky and conceal the ropes by which the various machines used for the descent of gods or goblins were lowered from the property man's quarters in a little house on the roof of the stage,—belonged to the owner of the house and were provided by him. Yet a share in a company of players was highly valued, and was often divided

into many fractions, and made the subject of profitable barter. This kind of share must be kept in mind apart from another sharing first introduced by the sons of James Burbage, when they built the Globe Theatre in 1599, at which time they divided the leasehold into sixteen shares, eight of which they disposed of to Shakespeare, Heminge, Condell, and Philips.

To enter such a company in any capacity except as a hireling was impossible except by purchase of some part of a share; and shares could only be obtained by him who could show merit and experience. Even with such influence as would flow from boyhood acquaintance, and a known ability to "pen a part," the boy Shakespeare must have spent some years in the condition of apprenticeship before he could seriously be considered a person important enough to be a sharer.

When therefore, in 1589, it is found by Nash's petulant preface to Greene's 'Menaphon' that some skilled and formidable actor-poet had incurred the writer's sarcasm by putting forth a play called 'Hamlet,' instead of sticking to the trade of *noverint* or scrivener to which he was born, we have to remember that there was but one 'Hamlet,' Shakespeare's; and that Arden Waferer — a lawyer of London and counsel to Edward Arden in 1584 — was in the same degree of kindred to Walter Arden, their common ancestor, as William Shakespeare. 'Hamlet' was sold by Shakespeare to the players before he became a member of the company of the Lord Chamberlain, with which he had been some time identified when 'Romeo and Juliet' was published in 1597. The Lord Admiral's Company, which was under the management of Philip Henslow in 1589, owned 'Hamlet' in 1603, when they became the Prince's (his Highness's) players. This then old play was no longer of sufficient value as dramatic property to prevent its being published as a History "diverse times acted" in the city of London, at Cambridge and Oxford Universities, and elsewhere. New plays were plentiful, and public appetite for novelty as keen as now. There was no copyright; and a play once printed, the actors no longer held exclusive right over it. This consideration is of the first importance, and too often ignored in dealing with the history of Shakespeare's work.

The long continuance of the plague in 1593–4 gave occasion for the publication of 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece.' Shakespeare's days were days of a very busy life, wherein the study and playing of a multitude of new parts was blithely done, while he was forming the strange and bodiless creatures of imagination which sing to the ages the glory of his name. The habit of such days gave way in 1593 to an idle seclusion. In that time Shakespeare busied himself by getting out his version of old Ovid's wildwood song of 'Adonis,' — a thing done in his own boyhood, "the first heir of his invention," —

and to it he wrote a companion poem on the story of the Roman matron.

Francis Meres tells us the «Sugard Sonnets» were known as early as 1598 amongst Shakespeare's private friends. They were the whimsical recreations of a busy brain, done in the fashionable spirit of the time, to amuse himself and to please and assist his companions. That they were gathered up for a publisher eleven years after Meres first praised them, gives no reason to think they were addressed to any one person. The printer applied the sentiment of one of the sonnets to Master W. H., who had helped him to obtain them. William Hewes, a popular singer, had been the favorite minstrel of the old Earl of Essex; and to a man of his name Sonnet 20 seems to have been addressed.

Looking then from 1589 and 1592, when we get the first glimpses of his work, we must find the personal history of Shakespeare in the practice of the actor's calling. That he was of the company which went with Lord Leicester to the Low Countries in 1585, and traveled to Denmark, Germany, and it may be to Italy, are fascinating conjectures, but valueless at present for want of evidence. That he was one of the young players who went to various patrons during the first decade of his career is certain. 'Titus Andronicus,' one of the first of his plays to be printed (1594), and consequently old in public favor, was written for the company which had been Lord Derby's. 'Henry VI.' and 'The Taming of the Shrew' were written for the Earl of Pembroke's,—the company to which James Burbage belonged before 1585.

To 'Henry VI.' we owe the best evidence of Shakespeare's early industry and reputation as an actor. In 1592 Robert Greene, who, on account of dissipated habits and disregard for his obligations, had failed in his efforts to obtain recognition as a writer of plays, uttered his disappointment in the most rancorous terms, designating the players as «burrs, puppets, antic crows, apes, rude grooms, buckram gentlemen, peasants, and painted monsters.» Following these extravagant terms, and urging his companions, scholars of the university like himself, to cease writing for the stage, he says:—

«For unto none of you like me sought those burrs to cleave, those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colors. Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.»

The expression «his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide» is an unequivocal reference to a play written by Shakespeare, in which

a similar line occurs: the 'History of Henry VI.,' in the third part of which occurs the line spoken by the Duke of York to Queen Margaret:—

«O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.»

The scene in which this line occurs is one of the most dramatic in the scope of Shakespearean work. It is the description of the humiliation of the Duke of York after his capture by Queen Margaret, in one of the latest battles of the long series of bloody contests of the Wars of the Roses. This history, as arranged to suit the situations of the stage, was already old enough in 1594–5 to go into print as the 'Contention' (2 Henry VI.) and 'The True Tragedy' (3 Henry VI.).

That Jonson spoke truly when he said of Shakespeare that it was necessary to suppress much that he wrote is true in fact, but not in the inference spitefully left by him. A clear-headed study of the early prints of Shakespeare's plays shows that these greatly misunderstood works were acting copies made by Shakespeare himself from the longer and therefore unplayable originals. 'Hamlet,' 'Henry VI.,' 'Richard III.,' cannot even to-day,—when a patient public will give three instead of two hours to the theatre,—be played in their entirety. The use of unnecessary speech, a fault of the young Shakespeare, was avoided, as experience of his calling gave the actor mastery of every element of his art.

In the study of his plays for actual performance, it will be found that they show abundant corroboration of this fact. A few show plainly the marks of the author's own cutting, merciless to mere making of speeches, but always enhancing dramatic force. In the present condition of evidences it is useless to apply to them any other test of chronological order.

The slander uttered by poor Greene produced an evidence of the integrity of Shakespeare's life, as well as a further record of the fact that he was at this early period of his career known and recognized as an actor. Chettle, who had published Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit' in 1594, very soon afterward published a pamphlet called 'Kind Heart's Dream,' in the preface to which he took occasion to apologize for the harshness of Greene's attack upon Shakespeare. He spoke of Shakespeare in these words:—

«The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had: for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion,—especially in such a case, the author being dead,—that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen *his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the*

quality he professes. Besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art.»

Four important statements: That Shakespeare was an excellent actor («the quality he professes»), that he was befriended by «divers of worship,» — that is, by influential nobles, — that he was upright in his dealings, and that he wrote with grace and wit. These are not three-hundred-year-after theories: they are the spontaneous declarations of his contemporaries.

It is not important to discuss Spenser's reference in 1591, in the 'Tears of the Muses,' where Thalia laments to her sisters of the sacred choir the intrusion of distasteful plays into the «painted theatres,» and the enforced silence of —

«— the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy.»

Shakespeare's fellow actors called him «a happy imitator of Nature.» Camden, who knew him well, spoke of him in 1619 as the «late eminent tragedian.» The royal license for the establishment of the King's players in 1603 names him second in the list. Cuthbert and Winifred Burbage in 1635 testify that Shakespeare was an active player in 1613. A most convincing evidence of Shakespeare's excellence as an actor is given by Sir John Davies, who declared himself a lover of players and their quality. Writing about 1607, «To our English Terence, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare,» he said: —

«Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not *played some kingly parts in sport*,
Thou hadst beene a companion for a king,
And beene a king among the meaner sort.
Some others raile: but raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but a raigning wit;
And honesty thou sow'st which they do reape,
So to increase their stocke which they do keepe.»

In all Shakespearean or contemporaneous literature, the parts of Prince Hal and Henry V. are the only ones which can be called «kingly parts in sport.» The conclusion from Davies's lines must be that Shakespeare was their original actor. The reference to being a king among the meaner sort, alludes to an effort to obtain the place of court poet finally conferred upon Jonson. The storm of opposition which followed the production of Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.,' upon the part of the Puritans, who took great offense at the character of

Sir John Falstaff, supposed by them to be conceived in ridicule of the Protestant martyr Sir John Oldcastle, fell upon Shakespeare, and undoubtedly interfered with any good-will evinced toward him by King James; who, besides taking the company to which Shakespeare belonged into the royal household as the King's Players, never would, even when the Puritan influence became strongest at court, consent to give up his attachment for these actors, however he might be prevented from advancing one of them from his humble station.

It would have been worth all the inconvenience of living in that time, to have seen and heard Will Shakespeare making merry with the fair Catherine of France, or provoking the drolleries of Falstaff!

In a play, author unknown, but produced by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1601 or 1602, the then general estimation of Shakespeare is voiced through the mouth of Will Kempe, who speaks thus of university-bred poets:—

"Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe, ay and Ben Jonson too!"

Of Shakespeare's domestic life we know only that his wife was eight years his elder, and gave him but the three children already named. That he was attached to his home and family is plainly shown by the fact that he bought for them in Stratford in 1597 the "great house," which was regarded as the most respectable residence in the town. His son Hamnet died in 1596, and he must then have been without expectation of a male heir. Yet there is absolutely no reason to believe that he was estranged from his wife. His will, made but a short time before his death, shows him to have been prudent and careful of the interests of his family to the last.

In worldly property he was, according to the chances of his time, —though not to be compared in wealth to Edward Alleyn, the Burbages, or his fellow player John Heminge,—fairly fortunate. He accumulated an estate of about £2,000 value, most of which was in lands and leaseholds in the vicinity of Stratford. His great popularity as a play-writer brought him little money until 1599; when, upon the removal of The Theatre from the fields on the north of the city to the bankside, Southwark, where it was re-edified and called The Globe, he was admitted by Richard and Cuthbert Burbage (who had succeeded their father James upon his death in 1596) to an interest in the larger profits of his work, as one of the actors holding a share in the ownership of the house. The importance of this increase in his resources is shown by the fact that in 1602 he invested £380 in lands near Stratford, and in 1605 £440 more in a moiety of a thirty-one years' remainder of a lease of certain tithes, an investment which gave him an income of £120 per year. On March 12th, 1613, he bought land in the Blackfriars in London, for which he paid £120;

and in the same year had been admitted by the Burbages to a share in the Blackfriars Theatre, which they owned in fee, and which they then took up from Evans, the manager of the company of Paul's Boys who had leased it in 1596–7. These shares in the Globe and Blackfriars were disposed of by Shakespeare at some time between 1613 and the date of his death, April 1616. There is a hint in the purchase of the Blackfriars estate; for £80 only was paid down, and a mortgage was executed for £60 by Shakespeare and two of his fellow players,—John Heminge and Henry Condell. These two, as appears by subsequent dealings with the Globe and Blackfriars stock, became the owners of all the shares in both theatres not accounted for by the Burbages and Augustine Philips.

Shakespeare had never been a manager, although an important actor in the company. He was in the prime of life, and his investment in London property might well have set him at the head of a theatre of his own had not his death been sudden.

It is a mistake to suppose that Shakespeare retired to a life of inaction in Stratford, as some say, early in the first years of the seventeenth century, although he was buried there in April 1616. The modest, gentle player-man, known to his friends as "Sweet Master Shakespeare," simply and justly complied with the obligations of a humble and contented life,—neither the companion of kings nor an envier of their greatness. He bore the same cares which beset the lowly, with unfailing constancy; and though death took from him one by one the men-children of his own and his father's house, he uttered no vain or querulous cry against the dispensation which caused the extinction of his name. For a brief space, undoubtedly, his soul quivered at the untimely loss of his only son, when in the year 1597 he followed his little ten-year-old Hamlet, as he was fondly called, to the church-yard of Holy Trinity; but when in the early spring of 1616 the last call came to him, he was still an active player of that sublime part for which great Mother Nature had cast him,—a teacher of men by the simplest yet subtlest of arts, the drama.

ARIEL

From 'The Tempest'

Present: Prospero. *Enter* Ariel

ARIEL—
All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Prospero— Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel— To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,—
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Prospero— My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ariel— Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leaped; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Prospero— Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel— Close by, my master.

Prospero—
But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel— Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Prospero — Of the king's ship,
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ariel — Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And all upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

ARIEL'S SONGS

Ariel *enters, invisible, playing and singing;* Prince Ferdinand *following him*

Ariel sings

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden — Bow, wow [*dispersedly*].
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden — Bow, wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Ferdinand —

Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth? —
It sounds no more; — and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; — but 'tis gone. —
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden — Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand —

The ditty does remember my drowned father. —
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes — I hear it now above me.

Ariel, singing, helps to attire Prospero

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Prospero —

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom; — so, so, so. —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ariel — I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*

MARRIAGE SONG

From 'The Tempest'

JUNO — Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Rain come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres's blessing so is on you.

SILVIA

From 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise as free:
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness. —
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

FALSTAFF TORMENTED BY THE SUPPOSED FAIRIES

From the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'

EVANS —
Lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Falstaff [*to himself*] — Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pistol — Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.

Queen — With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pistol — A trial! come.

Evans — Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn Falstaff with their tapers.*]

Falstaff —
Oh, oh, oh!

Queen — Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG BY ONE

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

CHORUS

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out!

SONG: TAKE, OH! TAKE

From 'Measure for Measure'

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

BALTHAZAR'S SONG

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

LADY HERO'S EPITAPH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: The Inside of a Church. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

CLAUDIO — Is this the monument of Leonato?
Attendants — It is, my lord.
Claudio [*reads*] —

EPITAPH

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin bright;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb we go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

WHITE AND RED

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

MOTH — If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

LOVE'S RHAPSODY

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,—
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

SONG: SPRING AND WINTER

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

SPRING

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,—
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,—
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,—
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

PUCK

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

Scene: A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy *and* Puck *at opposite doors.*

PUCK— How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy— Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips all her pensioners be:
In their gold cups spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck— The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight:
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fairy— Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck— Fairy, thou speak'st aright:
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Oberon—My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck— I remember.

Oberon— That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower,—the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that is seen.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck— I'd put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE FAIRIES

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

OBERON—
Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck— Ay, there it is.

Oberon— I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;

Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these bowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,—
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck— Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene: Another part of the Wood. Enter Titania, *with her train.*

Titania— Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG

First Fairy— You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy— Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy— Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon

Oberon— What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Anointing Titania's eyelids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

THE FAIRIES' WEDDING CHARM

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

Enter Puck *with a broom on his shoulder*

PUCK— Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon *and* Titania *with all their train*

Oberon — Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania — First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we:
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait,

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

WHERE IS FANCY BRED

From the 'Merchant of Venice'

A Song [*the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself*]

Tell me, where is fancy bred,—
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All — Ding, dong, bell.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From 'As You Like It'

Amiens — Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall we see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

All together — Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques — I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens — And I'll sing it.

Jaques — Thus it goes: —

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens — What's that *ducdame?*

Jaques — 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From 'As You Like It'

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

LOVE IN SPRINGTIME

From 'As You Like It'

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that our life was but a flower,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

ONE IN TEN

From 'All's Well That Ends Well'

Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was:
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

SWEET AND TWENTY

From 'Twelfth Night'

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?
Oh, stay, for here your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting:
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,—
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

LOVE'S LAMENT

From 'Twelfth Night'

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH

From 'Twelfth Night'

Clown sings, to pipe and tabor

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still I had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

From the 'Winter's Tale'

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing!—
Doth set my prigging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WHAT MAIDS LACK

From the 'Winter's Tale'

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

LAWN, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses:
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SWEET MUSIC

From 'King Henry VIII.'

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play—
Even the billows of the sea—
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

DOUBT NOT

From 'Hamlet'

DOUBT thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

DEAD AND GONE

From 'Hamlet'

Enter Horatio, *with* Ophelia *distracted*

OPHELIA—
Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen—How now, Ophelia?

Ophelia [*singing*]—How should I your true love know
From another one?—
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen— Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?
Ophelia— Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Singing*]—He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a green grass turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, ho!

Queen— Nay, but, Ophelia—
Ophelia— Pray you, mark:—

[*Singing*]—White his shroud as the mountain snow—

Enter King

Queen— Alas! look here, my lord.

Ophelia— Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

OPHELIA'S LAMENT

From 'Hamlet'

OPHELIA [*sings*]—
They bore him bare-faced on their bier;
Hey, non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rained many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes—Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia—You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes—This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia—There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies; that's for thoughts.

Laertes—A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia—There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.

[*Sings*]— For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes—Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Ophelia [*sings*]—And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God.—God be wi' you!

[*Exit Ophelia, dancing distractedly.*

IN THE CHURCH-YARD

From 'Hamlet'

Scene: A Church-Yard. Enter two Clowns *with Spades, etc.*

FIRST CLOWN — Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown — I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clown — How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

Second Clown — Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown — It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches,— it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clown — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clown — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clown — But is this law?

First Clown — Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's-quest law.

Second Clown — Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clown — Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown — Was he a gentleman?

First Clown — He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown — Why, he had none.

First Clown — What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

Second Clown — Go to.

First Clown — What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown — The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown — I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

Second Clown — Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clown — Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown — Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown — To 't.

Second Clown — 'Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a distance*

First Clown — Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to yon'; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Second Clown.*

First Clown [*digs, and sings*]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract. Oh! the time, for, ah! my behove,
Oh! methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet — Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio — Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet — 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clown

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Hamlet — That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches,— one that would circumvent God,— might it not?

Horatio — It might, my lord.

Hamlet — Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Horatio — Ay, my lord.

Hamlet — Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clown [*sings*]

A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrouding sheet:
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Hamlet — There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Horatio — Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet — Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

Horatio — Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too.

Hamlet — They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clown — Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] — Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet — I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in 't.

First Clown — You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet — Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

First Clown — 'Tis a quick lie, sir: 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet — What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown — For no man, sir.

Hamlet — What woman, then?

First Clown — For none, neither.

Hamlet — Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clown — One that was a woman, sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet — How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.— How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clown — Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet — How long is that since?

First Clown — Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet — Ay, marry: why was he sent into England?

First Clown — Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet — Why?

First Clown — 'Twill not be seen in him there: there, the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet — How came he mad?

First Clown — Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet — How strangely?

First Clown — Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet — Upon what ground?

First Clown — Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet — How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clown — Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet — Why he more than another?

First Clown — Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet — Whose was it?

First Clown — A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Hamlet — Nay, I know not.

First Clown — A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet — This? [*Takes the skull.*

First Clown — E'en that.

Hamlet — Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, — he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen. Now, get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. — Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio — What's that, my lord?

Hamlet — Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio — E'en so.

Hamlet — And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Horatio — E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet — To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio — 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet — No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander

died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

> Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> Oh! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

IAGO'S SOLDIER-SONGS

From 'Othello'

> And let me the canakin clink, clink;
> And let me the canakin clink:
> A soldier's a man;
> A life's but a span:
> Why then let a soldier drink.

> King Stephen was a worthy peer,
> His breeches cost him but a crown;
> He held them sixpence all too dear,
> With that he called the tailor—lown.
> He was a wight of high renown,
> And thou art but of low degree:
> 'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
> Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

DESDEMONA'S LAST SONG

From 'Othello'

> Desdemona [*singing*]—
> A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
> Sing all a green willow;
> Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,—
> Sing willow, willow, willow:
> The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;
> Sing willow, willow, willow;
> Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones.—
>
> Lay by these.—
> Sing willow, willow, willow.—

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emilia—It is the wind.
Desdemona—
I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

From 'Cymbeline'

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

FEAR NO MORE

From 'Cymbeline'

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

TIME'S GLORY

From the 'Rape of Lucrece'

TIME'S glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

SONNETS

WEARY with toil I haste me to my bed,—
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame:
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name;
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,

When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
His rider loved not speed being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear:
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,—
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,—
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the Judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
Oh! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
Oh, fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
Oh, none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry;—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him;

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide:— [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair:
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a cónfined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,—
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action: and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof—and proved, a very woe:
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

BEAUTY

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good:
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found;
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress:
So beauty blemished once, for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

LIVE WITH ME

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

LIVE with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THRENOS

From 'The Phœnix and Turtle'

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phœnix's nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she:
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

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